JOHN BULL, DECEMBER 14, 1929
TWOPENCE

# JOHN BULL

No. 1226.
Vol. XLVI.

OVER A MILLION SALE

## *The best gift yet!*

## Platignum FOUNTPEN Desk Set

***There's nothing more appropriate— more acceptable***

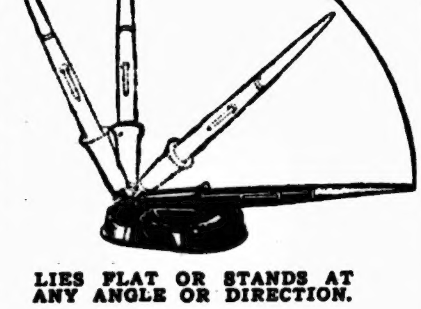
FOR YOU the Platignum Fountpen Desk Set is the end of your quest for the ideal gift—for the fortunate recipient the beginning of a lifetime's easier writing. Because 90% of all writing is done at desks or writing tables, the Platignum Fountpen Desk Set was designed. It provides a large capacity, lever-filling fountain pen of the famous Platignum make, ready to write at any moment. No feeling in your pocket for your pocket fountain pen. No cap to unscrew. You simply take the pen from the swivelled cup where its nib is always moist, sealed against the air when not in use—and write. Because they help so much to make writing easier—more pleasant, you should give Platignum Desk Sets this Christmas. They will be a lifetime's reminder of your thoughtfulness. You can buy them at your stationer's—the perfect gift, and the most useful present you can give yourself.

### NOTE THESE FEATURES—

**THE PEN.** A famous Platignum lever self-filling model with large ink capacity, highly polished black ebonite barrel, tapering ends in a variety of attractive colours. Perfectly balanced and with nib of non-corrodible Platignum metal, withstanding every kind of ink and any climate, filling lever non-tarnishing.

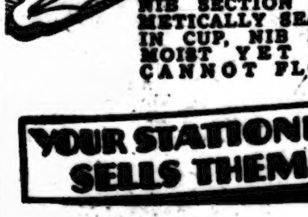
**PEN RECEPTACLE.** Specially designed to hold the pen when not in use and seal the nib end to keep it moist and ready for instant writing. So constructed that only sufficient ink for writing can reach the nib point, yet flooding cannot occur. A ball and socket joint enables cup and pen to be swivelled to any angle or laid flat.

**THE BASE,** of highly polished, non-inflammable jet black material, is shaped to serve as pencil rack and pin or ash tray, yet occupies but little space upon your desk.

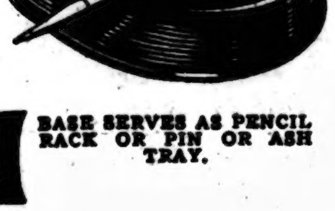


LIES FLAT OR STANDS AT ANY ANGLE OR DIRECTION.

**EXTRA DESK PENS.** These can be obtained with fine, medium, broad, oblique or A1 Nibs, Black or Triple mottle barrels and tapering ends, in a wide range of attractive mottled colours. When you get your desk set choose it with the nib that suits you best and the taper of a colour you find most pleasing. If several pens are used, select them with tapers coloured to indicate the ink they will contain. 2/6 each.



NIB SECTION HERMETICALLY SEALED IN CUP, NIB KEPT MOIST YET INK CANNOT FLOOD.



BASE SERVES AS PENCIL RACK OR PIN OR ASH TRAY.

**YOUR STATIONER SELLS THEM**

*If unable to obtain, write :*
MENTMORE MFG. CO., LTD., Dept. B.J. 7, Platignum House, Hackney, London, E 9.

# JOHN BULL'S Sensational Xmas Gift to every Reader

John Bull's Xmas Gift Voucher

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of either the "John Bull" Lever Filler 5/- Pen (guaranteed for 5 years) or the "John Bull" "Junior" 3/6 Pen (guaranteed for two years). Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment for each pen. Available only until December 31, 1929.

**NOTE.—The Pen and Pencil are packed in a dazzling golden box of special design, forming a most handsome Golden Gift.**

## ALL RECORDS BROKEN.

*Don't be too late!*

Only twelve more days and then Christmas will be here! Applications for our sensational Xmas Gift are pouring in by every post. Don't be too late for yours! Post coupon below now.

### OFFER No. 1

(1) **A GILLETTE "MAYFAIR" DE LUXE PRESENTATION SET,** containing a genuine gold-plated Gillette Razor, complete with blade in handsome case.

(2) **A HANDSOME SILVER-PLATED "EVER-POINTED" PENCIL** complete with extra leads.

(3) **A SHILLING XMAS GIFT VOUCHER** (see above), accepted in part payment of the famous 5/- "John Bull" Lever-filler Pen, fitted with 14-ct. Solid Gold Nib, Iridium tipped, guaranteed for 5 years, acknowledged to be worth 15/-.

**For this magnificent Christmas Gift Package you need only send 4/-, plus 6d. to cover postage and insurance.**

### OFFER No. 2

(1) **A GILLETTE "MAYFAIR" DE LUXE GOLD-PLATED RAZOR** (as above).

(2) **A NICKEL-PLATED "EVER-POINTED" PENCIL** (as above).

(3) **A SHILLING GIFT VOUCHER** accepted in part payment of the 3/6 "John Bull" Junior Lever Filler Pen, fitted with 14-ct. Solid Gold Nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed for 2 years.

**For this magnificent Christmas Gift Package you need only send 2/6, plus 6d. to cover postage and insurance.**

Decide NOW which Three-fold Gift you will accept. Cut out Gift Voucher, attach to Coupon below and post to-day.

## JOHN BULL'S XMAS GIFT COUPON.

**To "JOHN BULL" PEN DEPT., 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

Please send me your three-fold Xmas Gift Package as follows:—

**(CROSS OUT PACKAGE NOT REQUIRED).**

**Xmas Gift Package No. 1,** consisting of the famous 5/- "John Bull" Pen; the Free 2/6 silver-plated "Ever-Pointed" Pencil, and the Free Presentation Razor Set. Please accept Gift Voucher as One Shilling in part payment of the Pen. I enclose Postal Order for Four Shillings plus sixpence to cover Postage, Packing and Insurance, 4/6 in all.

**Xmas Gift Package No. 2,** consisting of the popular 3/6 "John Bull" Junior Pen; the Free "Ever-pointed" Nickel-Plated Pencil, and the Free Presentation Razor Set. Please accept Gift Voucher, as One Shilling in part payment of the Pen. I enclose postal order for 2/6, plus 6d. to cover Postage, Packing, and Insurance, 3/- in all.

NAME ..................................................

ADDRESS ..................................................

..................................................

Pocket Clip and Tube of Pencil Refills 6d. extra. Fine, Medium or Broad nib (cross out grades not required.)

Your name engraved in gold on Pen 6d. extra. Write in CAPITALS name or initials desired.

..................................................

Cross cheque/p.o. "/ & Co. /" and make payable to "John Bull." J.B. 14/12/29.

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# JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

*I guarantee your satisfaction*

**BUY BY POST AND SAVE MONEY**

JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. These goods have been chosen for their outstanding quality and value. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly, send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

**HOW YOU ARE SAFEGUARDED**

Only reliable and fair-dealing firms are allowed to display their goods in JOHN BULL'S Shop Window. You can buy from them as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under a strict guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full.

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Model No. 34. "It stops itself."

**7/8 SECURES** *followed by 17 monthly payments of 7/8*

Cash Price Carr. Paid U.K. **5 - 19 - 6**

Oak Jacobean Pedestal 3 ft. high, complete with new AUTO-STOP, Collaro DOUBLE SPRING Motor (plays 3 records at one winding), RIFFLE soundbox, Fullotone all-metal Sound Chamber. Gives robust purity. *Write now for Free 19 model coloured catalogue.*

FULLOTONE GRAMOPHONES (1929) LTD. (Dept. J.B.26), 72, Camden Road, N.W.1; also EAST HAM, 149, High St., N. CROYDON, 42, George Street. TOTTENHAM, 361, High Road. Also at Liverpool, Manchester, Bolton, Hull and Glasgow.

## FULLOTONE

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## A DEPENDABLE WATCH

is always a suitable and acceptable present. This square face wrist watch in heavy polished nickel case, reliable keyless lever movement, guaranteed accurate time-keeper, complete with heavy strap at the low price of **8/6** is a positive bargain. Other models in stock from 10/- to 15/-, both ladies' and gents'.

H. & W. PEAKE,
32a, Bridge Street,
Banbury, Oxon.

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## SENSATIONAL WIRELESS OFFER 6/-

**5 VALVE**

CHORALIAN Suitcase Portable—the Wizard of Wireless. British and Foreign radio at loud speaker strength. NO AERIAL, NO EARTH, NO TROUBLE. Simply open the lid and switch on. Can be carried and operated anywhere. Wonderful tonal purity and volume.

MAKERS' PRICE SAVES YOU POUNDS. Cash 14 Gns. or 6/- weekly. Carriage paid. Guaranteed 12 months. Bargain Lists Free. Write NOW.

CHORALIAN RADIO (Dept. J. B.),
37, TOTHILL STREET, S.W.1.

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## BEDDING BALE BARGAIN

comprising

2 soft woolly blankets for double bed.

2 heavy twill Bolton sheets for double bed.

1 bolster case, full size.

2 pillow cases.

1 artistic quilt, full size, in either of following colours, Pink, Helio, Blue or Gold.

FREE. A sumptuously embroidered Duchess set of 4 pieces. Cash or C.O.D.

Cash orders sent carriage paid.

Money refunded if not satisfied.

MILTODOR LTD. (Dept. B).
200, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

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## LOWDEN RADIO VALVES

**for bell-like clarity and deep rich volume.**

Extra thick filament to withstand hard knocks, full emission and perfect grid control to bring you the station you want when you want it, and the special anode of unique construction that gives you great volume of a deeper and more powerful tone than any other valve—that's the Lowden—the British made valve that makes any loud speaker sound like a moving coil reproducer! Get a Lowden Valve to-day—direct from the manufacturers. 2, 4 or 6 volts, General Purpose and H.F., 6/6 post free. Power Valve, 8/6 post free.

Trade enquiries invited.

LOWDEN VALVE WORKS,
SOUTHALL, MIDDLESEX.

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## CALENDARS of PERSONAL INTEREST from YOUR OWN FILMS 1/- EACH.

3 from assorted films 2/6

A really high-class enlargement made on Cream Silky Bromide card, size 7 in. x 5 in., mounted on stout bevelled board. Complete with ribbon hanger and calendar.

Larger size 10 x 7 in., 1/3 each. Copying prints, 6d. extra.

Cash with order—ALL POST FREE.

SCHOLASTIC SOUVENIR Co. Ltd.,
(G Dept.), BLACKPOOL.

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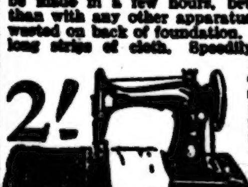
## The "LIMIT" RUG-MAKER

For making Rugs on any Sewing Machine (hand or treadle). A full-size hearthrug can be made in a few hours, better and stronger than with any other apparatus, also wool is not wasted on back of foundation. Uses any wool or long strips of cloth. Speedily makes any size rug or mat. With devices for long, short, or medium pile. No adjustment to sewing machine is required. With very simple illustrated directions, price 2/- (post 3d.).



Send NOW P.O. or Stamps 2/3 to—

WM. PENN (Dept. J.),
682, Holloway Road, London, N.19.

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## GARDEN GUNS ·410 BORE

FOLDING MODEL. A very handy light gun for small game, rooks, rabbits, etc. Ideal for garden, scaring birds, protecting seeds. Suitable for farmers. Easy terms arranged.

PRICE **30/-** Carr. paid.

NO PERMIT REQUIRED.

**ACCEPTABLE XMAS GIFT.**

As powerful as a 12-bore gun. Strong and reliable action, simple and efficient folding device. Length 43 in. Weight about 3 lb. Fires cheap ammunition. Fully guaranteed. List of other models on request.

JAMES BUCHANAN & Co.,
161, Bath Street, GLASGOW, C.2.

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## 2/6 Now 1/10 for 50!

**TEMMAH GOLD FLAKE CIGARETTES**

REAL honest value. Temmah cigarettes are made of the finest matured tobacco and will satisfy the most fastidious smoker. Try a box of 50. Send 1/10 and by return you will receive your 50 freshly made Temmah cigarettes with a Free Gift of three celebrated Razor Blades which will give you many good shaves. (Trade enquiries invited.)

TEMMAH WORKS, 14-16, Lower Clapton Road, E.5.

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## WINTER BARGAIN!

Only 20/- the lot!!

2 Soft Woolly Blankets.
2 Good Strong Sheets.
2 Lawn Pillow Slips.
1 Fine Bolster Case.
1 Thick Turkish Towel.
1 Handsome Wadded Eiderdown Quilt.

Double Bed size. Made for lasting wear. A real good bargain. The quilt alone is nearly worth the 20/-. Cash or C.O.D.

Free. Pair of Ladies' Pure Artificial Silk Stockings in each bale.

STANDARD SHEET Co.
(Dept. C.O.), 185, Princess Street, Manchester.

## THE BETTA OAK PEDESTAL GRAND.

ONLY 2/6 WITH ORDER—BALANCE ON LONG CREDIT TERMS. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Full-length plated piano hinge and automatic lid support. Two top doors open showing a gold silk backet fret and control volume of sound, bottom doors open on to a large record compartment holding about 100 records. All-metal amplifying sound chamber combined with scientifically designed sound box ensuring amazing volume and a perfect reproduction of tone. Powerful Garrard British Motor Nickel-plated dial regulator and stop.

**Cash Price £4-12-6**

**Betta** Call or write now for Free Art Catalogue J.B.4.
TRADING CO., Ltd.,
111-113, Great Portland St., London, W.1

## JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

**BUY BY POST AND SAVE MONEY**
JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. These goods have been chosen for their outstanding quality and value. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly, send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

*I guarantee your satisfaction*

**HOW YOU ARE SAFEGUARDED**
Only reliable and fair-dealing firms are allowed to display their goods in JOHN BULL'S Shop Window. You can buy from them as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under a strict guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full.

## FLOOR COVERING

AMAZING VALUE!
**72 SQ. FT. FOR 15/-** SAMPLES FREE

DAMP-PROOF & ROT PROOF.

THICKER than Lino. Specially suitable for damp stone or wood floors. Lies flat without fastening, no nails or paste required. 72 sq. feet for 15/-. Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls two yards wide. Many pretty patterns to choose from.

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS, 30, Carter St., Walworth Rd., London, S.E.17.

## PAROLEUM

## CUT YOUR OWN HAIR

GREAT HALF PRICE OFFER
SAVES TIME AND MONEY.
FOR LADIES AND GENTS.
*Trims as it Combs.*

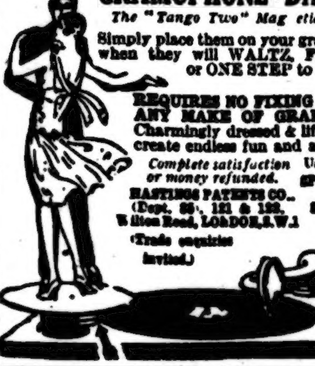
**1/-** Post 3d. Keeps Your Hair Short and Neat. Simple Adjustable Blade. A Child can use it

**FREE** An Extra Blade will be given free to all sending for above.

J. B. COLE, 24, Buckingham St., W.C.2
*(Trade enquiries invited)*

## GRAMOPHONE DANCERS

*The "Tango Two" Magnetic Dancers*



Simply place them on your gramophone, when they will WALTZ, FOX-TROT or ONE STEP to the music.

REQUIRES NO FIXING AND FITS ANY MAKE OF GRAMOPHONE. Charmingly dressed & life-like, they create endless fun and amusement.

*Complete satisfaction or money refunded.*

Usual Price, 6/6
SPECIAL XMAS OFFER
Sent by return.
Complete Set

**1/11** Post 3d. Sent C.O.D. if preferred.

HASTINGS PATENTS CO., (Dept. 33), 121 & 123, Wilton Road, LONDON, S.W.1
(Trade enquiries invited.)

## MAKE YOUR MARK

WITH THIS AUTOMATIC SELF INKING STAMP

The finest possible way to stamp your name and/or address on Linen, Notepaper, parcels, cards, bills, etc. Neat and compact—will slip into vest pocket or even purse. Press the button and ready for use.
The IDEAL XMAS GIFT—Give them stamps with their own names and addresses.
State wording required. Satisfaction or money refunded.
MATHIESON'S, 37, Semley Rd. Norbury, S.W.16.
Agents Wanted.

**2/6** *post free for three line name and address; 6d. each line extra. Ink 6d. per bottle.*

## ONLY 2/6 NOW

2/6 NOW secures free delivery of this wonderful Bedding Bale, containing 2 ALL-WOOL WITNEY Blankets, Beautiful FEATHER Down Quilt, 2 Heavy Fleecy Under Blankets, 2 White Hemmed Sheets, 2 Pillow Cases and Bolster Case, Beautiful Alhambra Counterpane. (All double bed size.) Cash price 79/6 or balance 9/- monthly. *Wadded Quilt* instead of *Down Quilt* cash price 75/- or balance 7/6 m'tly. Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. Hundreds of testimonials.

*Write Now for Free Illus. List*

HOLCOS & CO., Ld. (Dept. J.38), FOREST GATE, LONDON, E.7.

## 8/6 TYRES for 4/3

To get you to try our 8/6 "EXO" Unpuncturable Cycle Tyre, we offer 2,000 at exactly half price. Made from best Para rubber and sold everywhere at 8/6. Fitted with unique Puncture Shield. No more exasperating wayside delays—no more messy patching. Only puncture-proof tyre whose puncture shield does not "slow" the speed.

GUARANTEED 2 YEARS.

Thousands of testimonials. Price 4/3. Postage 9d. Two 9/- post paid. State size. Money back terms. Illustrated Book of Cycles, Accessories, Watches, Novelties, etc., free for 1d. stamp. TRADE ENQUIRIES INVITED.

**MOORHOUSES** (DEPT. 89), PADIHAM, LANCS.

## West End Tailored OVERCOATS for 6/- a month

Give yourself the pleasure of being tailored by Wallingfords, and so be assured of absolute satisfaction, a perfect fit and faultless finish. These overcoats are cut and made by us in our own workshops and are the keenest bargains ever offered for 42/- cash or 6/- down and 6 monthly payments. The marvellous value we have offered the Public in the past has brought us unparalleled success, and we have, therefore opened larger premises. Come and see us or write NOW for free patterns Easy self measurement chart and full particulars. Suits from 52/6, on similar easy terms. We guarantee satisfaction or money returned.

**"Wallingford's" Ltd.** (of Oxford Street.)

"We clothe the world on Credit."

(Dept. A.4), (NOTE NEW ADDRESS):—
125, EDGWARE ROAD,
LONDON, W.2.

## CURTAINS—

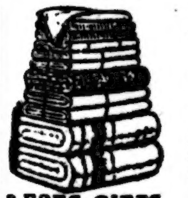
*That Last Three Times As Long And Always Look Perfect*

Nothing is so unsightly as torn curtains due to rubbing in the wash. There is no need whatever to rub curtains when washing them. Merely put them into boiling Preservene for about 15 minutes; they will come out spotlessly clean and snowy white. No washing powders should be used. There are a number of very useful hints on the washing, rinsing and drying of curtains which we shall send you if you give us your address.

Write to:—FLEMING AND WHITELAW (Dept. C.). Australia House, LONDON.

ONE WEEK ONLY—SURPLUS STOCK

## 500 Complete BEDDING SETS 500



Cash or C.O.D.

- 1 pair Heavy White Bordered Blankets, whipped edges, double bed.
- 1 pair Heavy Twill Bolton Sheets, double bed.
- 1 pretty Alhambra Quilt double bed, lovely colours.
- 1 fine White Bolster Case.
- 2 fine White Pillow Cases.
- 1 Turkish Head Towel.

**2 FREE GIFTS** A charming Lady's Work Bag and a Lady's Overall sent with every order.

All for **20/-** Carr. Paid.

Cash or C.O.D. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

CASEMENT MFG. CO. (Dept. J.B.4)
ALLUM STREET MILLS, MANCHESTER

## Save 50% BUY TROUSERS FROM ACTUAL MAKERS

SEND NOW

Why Pay Retail Profits?
Our Clothing List is a real eye-opener. Besides many other lines, it contains 50 Bargains in Trousers at knock-out prices, for work, ordinary wear and best, including
Derby Tweed Trousers **6/-**
Melton heavy-weight trousers .. .. **8/6**
Yorkshire Tweed, Dark Grey and Brown, 2 pr's 10/-, Single p'r, do., 5/6. All sizes 26-44 in. waist, post free. Sample pair at above wholesale prices. Send cash, stating waist and inside leg measurement, or write for list.
THE EXPRESS MFG. CO., 5, Aylsham Road, HODDESDON, Herts.

## £2 GRAMOPHONE ELECTRIC PICK-UP FREE

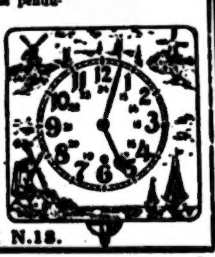
To all who WRITE NOW for our BARGAIN LISTS and ORDER WITHIN 10 DAYS! The wonderful MIRACLE 2, 3 or 4-Valve Sets, all complete ready for listening-in, yours for 5/- down. Cone or Horn-type Loud Speaker. Astonishing results. Quick Delivery LISTS FREE.

5/- DOWN

WRITE NOW.
WORLD'S WIRELESS STORES, WALLINGTON, SURREY.

## XMAS GIFT FOR THE HOME

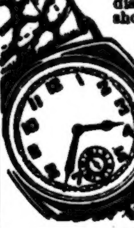
The face of this attractive CLOCK is a heavily enamelled metal tile bearing a pleasing scenic design in blue on white. It has bold, clean, easily read English figures, brass pendulum, and pleasant tick.



**2/6** DEPOSIT and three monthly payments of 5/-; or 15/- if cash with order or within 7 days. Carriage paid. Tile 8½ in. square, diameter of clock 5½ in. Goes 8 days with one winding and is a splendid timekeeper. A good match with Heraud's famous "Blue Willow Pattern" Crockery. Leaflets on request.

E. J. HERAUD,
Dept. J.B.57, NUMBER ONE,
EDMONTON, London, N.18.

## GET THIS WATCH for 1/- down



Gent's modern Wristlet, lever movement, guaranteed reliable after passing all scientific tests. Accuracy undisturbed by any ordinary vibration, shock or atmospheric variation. Fashionable cushion shape, distinct dial, indestructible nickel case, complete with strong, wide, double-stitched leather strap. Send 1/- with order, then 2/- weekly (11/6 in all; luminous dial 12/6, unbreakable glass 1/- extra); or cash with order 10/6 plain dial, 11/6 luminous.

G. E. BUSTON,
33, Alma Vale Road, Clifton. Bristol. (Watch specialist.)

## FREE!

Skilfully cut PRINCESS PETTICOAT in genuine fine gauze, heavy quality famous British Celanese Ltd.'s fabric, trimmed top and bottom with superior lace. Elastic under arm. Perfect finish throughout. S.W. and W. 8/11. O.S 1/- extra. Postage 6d. extra.
Alluring lingerie has a fascination for all ladies, therefore, we give absolutely free to each purchaser of PETTICOAT, a pair of knickers to match exactly, also a pair of Art. Silk Stockings to complete the outfit. Garments stocked in following colours: Ivory, Pink, Sky, Apple Green, Beige and Black. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Refunded.
Miltodor Ltd. (Dept. B), 300, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

## AT 50% OFF

All goods made from selected skins. Smart, durable FUR WRAP. Exceptional quality, in Marten and Sable Striped Conies. Satin lined, warm, with eight paws, four tails, etc. Fashionable wear for 1930. Approx. length 2 yards. Send 3/- with order and 7 fortnightly payments of 3/-.

Usual Price. ~~42/-~~ Cash Price. only **21/-** Post Free.

**3/-**

*Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money refunded.* Large Selection of Fur Collars, Cuffs, etc. Send for Free Illustrated Art Catalogue of Actual Fur Patterns.
H.B. MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd., Dept. J.B.3, 2, Rodney Street, E.C.1.

## NO MORE TIE TYING TROUBLES

Simply Knot ALL your ties—ONCE—by the easy Patent "TIE-TIC" Outfit. You tie any Sized or Shaped knot you prefer. Each tie then lasts ten times as long. Each tie always ready for wear. SO EASY. "On or off in a second." You use the "TIE-TIC" over and over again. Thousands used daily.

Patents Pending.

Guaranteed Invisible in wear. Money back if not completely satisfied.

Complete Set **2/-** POST FREE

When ordering state whether for Soft or Stiff Collar.
TIE-TIC CO. (Room 5), 48, Baker St., London, W.1

## 2 SHIRTS 4/9

Half Cost of Material Alone. To advertise our 20-page Catalogue of over 300 Govt. bargains, we are making a special offer to readers of this paper of 2 guaranteed shirts for the advertising price of 4/9, post 6d. This is less than half the price that you could purchase the material alone.

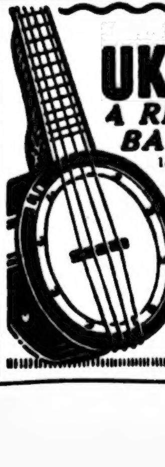
In fancy stripes of strong flannelette, full cut, gusseted and double yoke, and made for strong, hard service.

Remember, cash refunded if you do not consider these shirts honestly worth double. Send to-day, stating size of neckband, and you will receive them per return, together with our catalogue of working men's many bargains.

**NUTTALL, 1, GOODMAYES, ILFORD, E.**

LIMITED NUMBER

## UKE-BANJOS



*A REAL BARGAIN at* **5/-**

Ideal for Christmas parties and easy to learn. In one hour you can play those haunting melodies of the Southern Seas. Superb instrument (7 in. solid oak, nickel bevel and brass frets), with real Jazz Band tone. (Self-Tutor, if desired, 6d.) Send to-day.

Each Postage & Packing 9d.

(F.) HAND & CO.
20, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1

*"here's a fine gift for the kiddies"*—

## A BIG "SANTA CLAUS" STOCKING MADE BY TOM SMITH

OF CHRISTMAS CRACKER FAME

## *free* FOR 125 COUPONS

Get Father Christmas to bring the kiddies one of these fine "Santa Claus" Stockings made by Tom Smith of Christmas Cracker fame! A really first-rate gift that costs you nothing—it's free for 125 coupons from Black Cat, the first-rate quality cigarette.
The youngsters will be overjoyed with these splendid stockings—chock full of good things; an assurance of bright eyes and merry faces on Christmas morning.

# Black Cat

## VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 *for* 6<sup></sup>

10 *for* 6ᴰ 20 *for* 1/-

BLACK CAT MIXTURE TOBACCO 1/- per oz. Two Coupons in Every Packet.

You get Quality *two ways* with Black Cat. Quality Cigarettes—full size—and Quality Gifts

**5 FREE COUPONS**

(Dept. 8) Gift Dept., CARRERAS, LTD.,
Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1

*Please send me Free Booklet and Five Free Coupons.*

NAME.........................................................

ADDRESS.....................................................

.................................................................

*Only one of these signed Coupons accepted.*

JOHN BULL,
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

# JOHN BULL

For the People— —the Right to Justice and Truth

THURSDAY,
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*If you see it in "John Bull," it is so*

# Police Hero—The Man who "Might Have Been"

## Navy Cut in a Peace Pipe

### Trade Boom Whisper

Leading industrialists and business men believe that if nothing untoward occurs in the next few months Britain is in for a boom next year—particularly if the coal situation is successfully cleared up.

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After all, the acute depression in all staple industries cannot last for ever. Now railways are preparing for a great drive and other important industries are undergoing far-reaching reorganisation.

### Sidney Street

Three men played conspicuous parts in the Sidney Street "siege" in 1911, when the notorious "Peter the Painter" kept the police at bay for hours with firearms.

One was ex-Inspector Frank Hallam, who died last week. Hallam received well-merited promotion after the siege, and lived for many years to enjoy a good pension.

Another was Chief Constable Wensley, who, only a junior officer at the time, eventually attained the highest promotion in the Force. He now enjoys a well-earned retirement and an excellent pension.

### Broken

The third is Sergeant Benjamin Leeson, who, with conspicuous gallantry, was endeavouring to get to grips with "Peter the Painter" when a bullet struck him beneath the heart. For helping him at great personal risk Wensley received the King's Medal.

Leeson escaped death by a miracle. For a long time he was in a critical condition and was invalided out of the service.

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Had he emerged unscathed he would to-day have been close upon the great Wensley's heels in rank.

Instead, broken in health, and with a pension of only £2 a week, granted under the provisions of nearly twenty years ago, he is now desperately in need of work to keep his home together.

Here is a chance for the Home Secretary.

### An obvious remedy

Before Parliament rises for the Christmas holidays the new Unemployment Insurance Bill will have become law. The additional benefits are not to become operative till March 13.

We have little sympathy with the complaint that the new rate of benefits will approximate to wage rates in some parts of the country.

Because agricultural labourers and roadmen in country districts can earn only a beggarly pittance that is no reason why the unemployed should be starved in cities where the cost of living is high.

### They saw it

We long ago exposed the bogus auctioneers who work the country-mansion swindle, and deplored the fact that the police were powerless to act in the absence of suitable legislation.

Now the Public Prosecutor, in conjunction with the Home Office, is fully considering the problem, and it is no mere probability that the long-desired laws will shortly be passed.

### Why he did it

Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, who earned shining laurels as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the last Labour Government, caused surprise in Parliamentary circles when he accepted the minor post of Under-Secretary of State for the Dominions six months ago.

He has now gone down another peg—forfeiting £300 a year—by becoming a mere Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport.

The inner history of this latest step downwards speaks volumes for Mr. Ponsonby's disinterested idealism.

*"Agreed to sacrifice himself"*

An expert Parliamentarian was needed to pilot the new Traffic Bill through the Commons, and Mr. Ponsonby agreed to sacrifice himself for the purpose.

### Cut out the snakes

The strictest measures are being taken to ensure that the meeting of the Five-Power Naval Conference in London next January will be free from any subversive propaganda. The big American armament firms have been particularly cautioned.

The next step is to see that the various naval representatives do not exceed their official capacity as *advisers,* and that they are not given the power to wreck the discussions as they did at Geneva.

### The Chancellor waiting

Mr. Snowden is anxiously awaiting the outcome of the Naval Conference. If the five Powers agree to a further limitation of expenditure on naval armaments he will naturally be greatly relieved.

Any economies that can be made on the Naval Estimates will be welcome.

But it will be a tight squeeze if the decisions of the Naval Conference are to bring any relief to next year's Budget.

The discussions may easily continue till March, though it will be the object of the Prime Minister to get down to business as quickly as possible.

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Mr. MacDonald's colleagues in the representation of Great Britain will be the Foreign Secretary, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the Secretary for India.

They are a good team and the country will watch their endeavours with earnest interest.

### Zero 13

This week sees the grand finale of the watch on the Rhine. The flag will be finally hauled down on Friday, December 13.

The superstitious might find plenty to ponder on in the coincidence of this unlucky combination throughout the history of the Rhineland occupation.

The Allied occupation was complete when U.S.A. troops crossed the Rhine on Friday, December 13, 1918. The British evacuation commenced on Friday, September 13, 1929.

The final stage on Friday is called Zero 13 on the military plan, and it is exactly thirteen weeks since the evacuation commenced.

### India

The big rumpus about India appears to have fizzled out. But there is reason to believe that certain Indian elements are merely saving up their thunder until the publication of the Simon report.

It is believed that unanimous agreement will not be reached by the commission, and that in any case it will be impossible to satisfy the Indian extremists.

Pandit Sawaharlal Nehru, president of the Indian Political Congress, we notice, said in a recent speech: "I would beg you to prepare for the conflict looming ahead, and not to lose yourselves in mutual and barren strife."

India may be the Government's biggest bugbear next year.

### War-grave profiteers

We wish to make it clear that our recent article dealing with the scandalous profiteering in war-graves wreaths in France and Belgium had reference only to the firms and individuals mentioned therein.

There are a number of very reputable people in the business, and any relative wishing to have wreaths laid or graves photographed may obtain a list of duly authorised firms from the Imperial War Graves Commission, Baker Street, London, W.

### Missed martyrs' crowns

The Clydeside Labour rebel M.P.s will not be expelled from the Party. We happen to know that, on good authority.

And that is one of the matters that is making them angry.

At one time it looked as though extreme steps might be taken against them, but now there is no possibility of this being done, although they will have to listen to some very plain speaking from the heads of the Party.

### Mild activity

The officials at Labour Party headquarters, although they do not expect an election for two or three years, are taking good care not to be caught napping should the other Parties decide to spring a surprise election on them.

*He wields the Tory broom*

They are putting the official election machinery into operation at full speed, and day by day are endorsing prospective candidatures in large numbers.

Meanwhile Mr. J. C. C. Davidson is making many changes in the Tory Party headquarters. The principal alteration is one of policy. The printed propaganda of the Party is being transferred to a well-known commercial publicity organisation.

### Hut homes

As a direct consequence of our recent article exposing the wretched condition of the Welling hutments, the owners have decided to meet the aggrieved tenants and investigate their complaints.

We trust that the fairness which has animated the tenants' demands will be met by the owners in the same spirit, and that the huts will be made fit to live in.

### Few are wanted

If the Government will give facilities for the early passage into law of the Workmen's Compensation Bill, which has obtained a second reading in the House of Commons, it will earn the gratitude of thousands of men who are at present in the depths of despair.

This Bill of one clause provides that an injured workman who is unable to obtain light employment for which he may be fit shall continue to be treated as totally incapacitated.

The tragedy is that they cannot usually get the "light employment."

### All British

We are very pleased to learn on the highest authority that the policy of keeping the control of the British electrical industry out of American hands is to be maintained.

The fears we recently expressed of the possibility of a merger between the General Electric Company and the American-controlled Associated Electrical Industries are, happily, groundless.

We congratulate Sir Hugo Hirst, chairman of the G.E.C., and his associates.

# IF YOU SEE IT—*Continued*

## *Taking the profits*

Plans of the big Standard Oil Company of New Jersey are now well advanced to manufacture synthetic motor-spirit on a large scale in co-operation with the German Chemical Trust, I.G. Farbenindustrie.

Mass production will be started in February.

Although synthetic petrol can be produced much more cheaply than the real thing, it is unlikely that any of the advantage will be passed on to the public in the way of cheaper motor-spirit.

*Mr. Walter Teagle is President of the Standard Oil Company*

When the discovery of synthetic petroleum was first announced, we warned motorists that the big petrol companies would prevent competition by buying control of the process. They have done so.

## *Confirmation*

We foreshadowed several months ago that the winter would bring about a severe crisis in unemployment in Canada.

The crisis has now set in. Those who are most affected are British immigrants who, now that the harvest and lumber-work has ceased, are flocking to the cities.

The National Trade Unions Council of Toronto estimates that there are over 15,000 persons workless in the Toronto area alone.

## *Burnt fingers*

British industrialists are at last throwing off the spell of the financier. The efforts of certain prominent financiers who set out to rationalise important industries, has convinced business men that an industry is best left to those who have grown up in it and who understand it.

In the future, wonderful schemes by get-rich-quick financiers for improving business by over-capitalisation will meet with short shrift from the real organisers of business.

## *The condemned profit*

The Wallasey Corporation has found the philosopher's stone—which enables you to make money out of nothing.

Six dwelling-houses in Thomas' Buildings, Seacombe, condemned as insanitary in June, 1928, were acquired for £390.

The Corporation is still collecting the rents, amounting to £112 17s. a year, clear of rates, and a minimum is spent on repairs, since the buildings are coming down. Soon it will have got the property for nothing. But what does the late owner say?

## *Swords into ploughshares*

A London suburban reader who recently closed down her fancy drapery business asked a nearby newsagent to purchase her toys at a nominal figure, to clear. This included six and a half dozen tin soldiers and cannon.

The prospective buyer, looking over the listed toys, said, "Soldiers no good—can't sell them—but I'll take all your farm stuff."

It is a sign of the times. If the children make no demand for toys of war there need be no supply.

## *Prices and throats*

Despite the disastrous consequences to the shipbuilding yards, on which we have commented, Germany is still pursuing a suicidal price-cutting campaign in other industries.

A famous British firm of aircraft engineers was recently offered German tools 30 per cent. under the lowest tender price. In the circumstances, a 5 per cent. cut would have been ample to secure the order. These crazy business methods are having no effect on British prices, and, in fact, many British manufacturers welcome German price-cutting.

It has driven American competitors completely out of business in certain industries, where they previously enjoyed a monopoly owing to the war.

## *Christmas hints*

London shops take a lot of beating. Where else in the world can one purchase, for instance, a book bound in human skin, reputed to be that of a beautiful nineteenth-century Parisian actress? Such a rarity was recently displayed at a large London store.

The most surprising item for sale just now by one of the larger stores is a seventeenth-century Stradivarius violin, worth many thousands.

Stradivarius violins rarely come on the market, and then only at the great art auction-rooms.

But this one is offered on the hire-purchase system at £60 a month.

## *Five doctors resign*

When five out of six resident doctors in a hospital resign, there is reason to sit up and take notice. That has happened at the Swansea Hospital. The trouble seems to be over the appointment of a new house-surgeon.

Some difficulty had been found in getting one, and it was understood that one of the resident doctors would be appointed. But this did not happen.

Swansea people would like to know the facts of the case.

## *Casual warders*

How many boys have broken out of the Northern Ireland Institution for Borstal treatment and have not been searched for by the police?

When a boy escapes who is considered to be incapable of benefiting by treatment in the institution apparently the authorities do not trouble to apprehend him.

What a confession of failure!

## *Father and son*

The Oldham magistrates failed in their duty when they only bound over, and ordered to pay the costs, James W. Buckley, fifty-nine, of Grant Street, Oldham, for his brutal treatment of his fifteen-year-old son.

The boy was ill in bed; but this, instead of exciting the sympathy of the father, appeared to rouse his anger and he commenced thumping him with all his power.

Then he dragged him out of bed and set about him with a shoe.

Even after the appearance of a uniformed officer, Buckley continued thrashing the poor little chap until he was absolutely pulled away.

Bound over—not even a fine!

## *Missing, believed killed*

More than a year ago Sapper Salter, of the 56th Company, Royal Engineers, mysteriously disappeared while serving with the Shanghai Defence Force, and he has never since been heard of.

His unit was about to leave for England at the time and his family can only assume that he was the victim of foul play.

But the War Office has decided that the man is merely "illegally absent" from his unit.

The result is that Salter's wife is unable to obtain any allowance from Army funds, and she and her children are left destitute. They are at present being supported from charitable sources.

This is a very hard case, which merits further investigation.

## *Meanly housed*

In no part of London are buildings and offices so out of date as those occupied by various Government Departments in Whitehall, such as the Scottish Office; the Committee of Imperial Defence; the Ministries of Transport, Labour, Agriculture and Fisheries.

Thousands of black-coat workers spend the greater portion of their lives in cubicles which split up what were formerly dormitories, and they waste thousands of hours annually climbing up and down antiquated staircases.

There is sufficient space wasted thereabouts to erect a building that would house a dozen departments which at present are scattered.

The saving in time and rents would justify the expenditure, and would give employment to an army of workmen.

## *Slaves of the Davy lamp*

It is a pity that the Government has had to veto the Rev. R. Sorensen's Bill to regulate the employment of children.

*He champions the children of the mines*

The Bill contained some excellent provisions, one of which was to prohibit the employment in mines of boys under the age of sixteen.

At present children living in mining areas are sent down the pits at the age of fourteen to do most arduous and dangerous work.

They are required to push heavy truck-loads of coal along wet, underground galleries, in which they usually cannot stand upright. Many of them work throughout the night.

## A *secret engine*

At the Southern Railway engineering works, Ashford, an engine has been specially built, under the supervision of the company's chief mechanical engineer, Mr. R. E. L. Maunsell, which is run on powdered fuel.

Great secrecy is being observed concerning these experiments, though we understand that revolutionary plans have been made to facilitate the system of fixing the boilers.

If powdered fuel proves equal to raw coal for railway engines, it will result in an enormous saving in railroad costs.

## A *terrible taint*

We cannot commend the Elementary Schools Sub-Committee of the Leicester City Council for turning down a charitable offer to provide a thousand poor children with a Christmas feast.

The offer was made by Mr. James Hartopp, president of the local Vat of the Ancient and Honourable Order of Frothblowers.

It was turned down simply because the Ancient Order does actually blow (alcoholic) froth.

That seems hardly a sufficient reason to deprive a thousand poor children of a good meal.

## *The tool*

We have had a heartrending letter from an industrial assurance agent. He asks us not to blame the agents, and states his case.

After twenty-five years of honest service, he is summoned before his district manager, bullied and blackguarded. He must show an increase; he must have bumper collections or clear out.

And the poor fellow, fifty-two years of age, married, and with a family, is driven almost to the verge of despair.

He will not stain his record by "putting on illegal business." But he asks, fairly enough, if we blame the agent who does this sort of work. We blame the company which demands results obtained by hook or by crook.

## *Take your choice*

Champions of the three-Party system will be interested to hear of the latest developments in Germany, where it is generally held that even three Parties are not enough.

There are at present thirty-six different political Parties in Germany, and in a few days there will be thirty-seven.

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The Nationalists, whose principal mission in life is the repudiation of the "war-guilt" lie, are at loggerheads about how it ought to be done. So the moderates are plotting to break away and form a new Party.

As all the good names have already been taken, they propose to call it the German Christian Socialist People's Party of Reform.

## *Off—and on—the map*

Constantinople—in name only—is wiped off the map. Letters must be addressed to "Istamboul," or they will be returned to the sender.

The same thing applies to the Portuguese South East African port commonly known as Delagoa Bay The official name is Lourenco Marques.

Many new ports and places have been added to charts since the war, the names of which are strange to the English tongue The Post Office has a long list.

## *Rotten*

Charles Alexander Beeson was summoned at Stoke for selling, and William Hubert Fenton, butcher, for offering for sale on his stall, a carcase of beef suffering from parturition, hæmorrhage, inflammation, and advanced generalised tuberculosis.

The Medical Officer of Health said it was one of the worst cases of tuberculosis he had seen.

For this grave offence against the public health the two men were fined £15 each.

What are prisons built for?

## *Watch for the deluge*

Farmers are groaning under the floods of dumped German wheat; but it is nothing to the deluge which will shortly descend on us from America.

There is a heavy surplus of cereals in the States. Between 1926 and 1928 wheat production increased by 72 million bushels, corn by 148 million, barley by 162 million and oats by 203 million bushels.

A board, with £100,000,000 behind it, has been formed to help American farmers, and one of its first moves is going to be to get rid of the surplus stock of cereals.

## *Little by little*

We warn our readers to have nothing to do with glib gentlemen who offer them parts in new films for a small initial fee. It is unbusinesslike. The usual custom is to pay you for acting.

For instance, Eric Lane, of 51, Clephane Road, London, N., has offered, on behalf of Phœnix Films, to give parts in a new film, "London Melody," and he asks 10s. a time.

We have never before heard of Phœnix Films or of Eric Lane, nor is he known to film authorities we have consulted.

## *Absent aliens*

Following the exclusive exposures in these columns of various absent aliens, it is pleasing to note that we are now to have a little support in Parliament.

Sir Kingsley Wood proposes to secure from the Home Secretary official details as to how many alien financiers have absconded from England and what steps he is taking to bring them back.

Will things move now? We wonder.

# MY PLAN *for a* SUPERMAN CABINET

*by* The MARQUESS of TAVISTOCK

NOTHING matters so much to a country as the way in which it is governed and the kind of people who govern it. Nothing affects the quality of men's work more than the atmosphere in which it has to be carried on. The Party system is a definite and positive evil, because it encourages an inferior type of politician and provides a thoroughly bad atmosphere for political life.

We are sometimes told that a country gets the kind of government it deserves. I believe it does. However much I may admire the wisdom of the individual voter, I entertain the very lowest opinion of the British electorate as a body.

It is unreasonably fickle, a wretched judge of character, or else incapable of realising the importance of character in a Member of Parliament. It is ever ready to respond with enthusiasm to the most lamentable clichés, cheap sob-stuff, third-rate jingoism or class-conscious rant.

I remember in Portsmouth listening to a demagogue who was addressing a large and attentive crowd, mainly composed of unemployed men from the dockyard.

"The fact is," he assured his hearers, "that in this age and in every age the working class, and indeed all classes, have always progressed in accordance with the historic conception of history."

## *Sad, angry hearts*

EVERY listener maintained the rapt and serious attention of a cat watching a mouse-hole; no one smiled, no one asked what the nature of such progress might be.

"In the industrial age," continued the orator, "men must live on industry. In the agricultural age they lived on agriculture. In the Stone Age they lived on . . ." and he checked himself abruptly, but had he said "stone" I doubt if anyone would have objected.

The secret of his success lay in the fact that, in addition to talking pure bosh, he was telling his audience, men embittered by poverty and lack of work, the kind of things they liked to hear; not things either profitable or practicable, but such as are welcome fuel to the fire in sad and angry hearts.

That is the British elector all over.

Give him what he likes to hear and promise him what he wants to get, and he will desert a good man to swallow the most miserable clap-trap and support the sorriest knave who ever possessed the gift of the gab.

But granted that until we can educate the electorate to choose men of wisdom and principle we cannot hope for a high uniform standard in M.P.s and Ministers, there is no reason for placing the material we do get into an environment calculated to bring out the worst that is in them.

Yet this is exactly what the Party system does.

## *Out of the "dirty game"*

SOCIAL reformers urge the best men in the country to recognise more fully their duty of entering politics and public life.

In theory this is perfectly right; yet I find something very sinister and discouraging in what I observe in the most respected of my friends who have taken the advice.

The older among them seem disillusioned and disheartened, like men who have struggled hard in a good cause, only to find at the finish that the odds were too heavy against them, and have driven them to acquiesce in mean compromises which their better nature loathed.

They do not seem content in having run the straight race and finished the course, but are glad to be out of the "dirty game" at last.

The younger ones still in harness are not encouraging either. They speak of constant battle to keep clarity of outlook and purity of ideal. They admit occasional defeat.

There is something rotten in the state of Denmark when the best men feel thus about what should be the most thrilling and satisfying of all careers—the control of the affairs of a mighty nation.

The great fundamental weakness of our Party system lies in the fact that it forces men continually to look for the worst in others; continually to engage in destructive criticism, holding up their opponents' politics to ridicule and contempt.

A reasonable amount of criticism is healthy and necessary. But criticism overdone is the parent of hatred and inefficiency.

It is not merely a duty, but it is ordinary horse-sense in the handling of men engaged upon important work, to encourage them to look for the best in the characters and views of others; and, while refusing to tolerate the wrong measures, to be generous in excusing those who incline towards them.

The difficulty of substituting any other system for the Party system would, of course, be immense.

We should be told that the Party system is ancient and firmly established—an argument used in past times to support the retention of slavery and other such hoary evils.

## *No dummy Ministers*

OTHER organisations—such, for example, as the L.C.C.—are successfully managed by committee and sub-committee, without the inconveniences and friction of the Party system.

And it seems to me that there is no insuperable obstacle to prevent a country's affairs being conducted in a similar way.

At an election each candidate would put forward the policy which he personally believed to be the best for the nation.

Naturally, there would tend to be some grouping and alliance between candidates of similar views, even when the rigid control of the Party system had been removed. But this would be harmless, and no more than occurs in any large committee.

When Parliament met it would elect, by a majority vote, the men it considered best fitted for each Ministerial post.

It would be an understood thing that, in the country's interests, Ministers would endeavour to work together as harmoniously as possible.

Serious differences between Ministers would be referred to the arbitration of the House, and no Minister would be under any obligation to resign on account of such a crisis, unless he felt that the policy forced upon him made it impossible to continue to run his department in an efficient manner.

Similarly, a Minister who introduced a Bill which failed to secure a majority vote in Parliament would be under no more obligation to resign before the periodical election than is a member of a committee who has proposed an unsuccessful motion.

For efficient Parliamentary work it is exceedingly important that the Speaker should possess the powers, as well as the qualifications, of a chairman.

He should be single-hearted in his desire to perceive, and persuade the House to perceive, the element of truth and justice in every remark uttered by a Member. But he should be merciless to those who try to hide the weakness of their case by evasion or oratorical camouflage.

Parliamentary debates, as at present conducted, are a lamentable waste of time. They are hopeless as a means of arriving at any useful conclusion.

Mr. A, for example, will propose a Government measure, and marshal many fine arguments in its favour. Mr. B of the Opposition will declare it to be a foolish measure, and produce his reasons for saying so.

Mr. A, as a rule, in his defence, only deals with certain of Mr. B's objections, with the result that the country and the House are left guessing whether his silence concerning the rest is due to the fact that B has stumped him, or to his conviction that B's remarks are too feeble to deserve an answer.

Mr. B may or may not reply to A's defence—very often he does not, in which case the country and the House are again left in a complete fog.

## *Let them bellow*

NEXT Mr. C rises to his feet and declares his cordial admiration of A's policy, but without telling anyone why. He is followed by Mr. D, who with equal conviction and equal lack of helpful precision asserts that A's Bill, if passed, will ruin the country.

Under an efficient chairman all this could be cut down to the bare bones.

To preserve the requisite order and respect for the Chair, the Speaker-Chairman would have power to secure the silence and even the removal of any Member who created a disturbance and wasted time.

In the event of an uproar by a large number of Members, the Speaker-Chairman might suspend the debate by retiring; and Members could then enjoy what satisfaction they could from bellowing.

But no business would be done and no voting take place until the Speaker and order had both returned.

The abolition of the Party system would probably render unnecessary the continuance of a Second Chamber. Such a chamber would do more harm by retarding the passage of sound legislation than good in delaying and amending what was bad.

At present, however, I believe that the House of Lords, with all its faults, is on balance defensible, because it performs a real service to the State as a partial check on measures which threaten to be cast upon the country out of the seething cauldron of Party strife.

## CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

# The Irish (Very) FREE STATE

## *Home-Sweet-Home Jail—Paupers' Champagne—Hands Off Our Trousers!*

**H.R.H. The PRINCE OF WALES,**
*St. James' Palace, S.W.*

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—You have a genius for doing a graceful thing at the right moment.

Ill-natured pseudo-patriots were protesting against General Von Lettow-Vorbeck being made the guest of honour at the table of General Smuts and a thousand British warriors.

The hysterical ones described this display of honest sentiment as nauseating hypocrisy, but your Royal Highness received the German gentleman into your home, and engaged him in amicable conversation for half an hour.

After a fight we shake hands.

JOHN BULL.

**Rt. Hon. MARGARET BONDFIELD,**
*Minister of Labour*

DEAR MADAM,—I have to call your attention to the case of a girl named Bradley, of Barton-on-Irwell, who has had her claim for unemployment insurance disallowed.

She refused employment which entailed sleeping away from home because her mother, who is unable to walk, could not look after herself at night, when other help was unavailable, and because two of her sisters were suffering from typhoid fever.

JOHN BULL.

**Captain WINTER,**
*Portsmouth Jail*

DEAR SIR,—Everybody speaks of you as a model governor. And I sympathise with your endeavour to make the prison attractive—almost a home from home. But are you sure it is wise?

With the example of American prisons before us, let us remember that imprisonment is a punishment, and should be uncomfortable.

Is it not monstrous that a prison should be more attractive than a workhouse, so that starving men have committed a crime in order to escape the "lump"?

JOHN BULL.

**Rt. Hon. NOEL BUXTON, M.P.,**
*Minister of Agriculture*

DEAR SIR,—Are you not carrying the craze for "British marks" a little far in instituting a mark for English and Welsh broccoli?

The next step, presumably, will be to mark each brussel sprout and each broad bean.

The benefit to the consumer of all this marking is very problematical; indeed, there is good reason for believing that it is simply used by the retailer as an excuse for putting up the price.

JOHN BULL.

**Rt. Hon. Sir C. TREVELYAN, M.P.,**
*President, Board of Education*

DEAR SIR CHARLES,—Your intimation that the Government is thinking of establishing a national theatre does not move me to any enthusiasm.

Many of the most prominent mummers are already absurdly overpaid and ridiculously conceited. Don't set them up as stucco pillars of the State.

If you wish to render a real service to the drama, encourage scholars to present plays for themselves.

A State-subsidised stage would be merely an arena of jealous histrionic conflict.

JOHN BULL.

**The Rt. Hon. W. GRAHAM, M.P.,**
*President of the Board of Trade*

DEAR SIR,—When the s.s. *Molesey* was wrecked on the south coast recently, the wireless operator *and* his cabin were washed off, and he had no chance of escape.

Such cabins are put on deck anywhere, anyhow. Surely this is a mistaken policy.

I appeal to you to order the close inspection and standardising of wireless cabins on all British steamers.

JOHN BULL.

**Sir JOSIAH STAMP, G.B.E.,**
*Chairman L.M.&S. Railway Company*

DEAR SIR,—Your circular to your technical staff strikes me as somewhat unconvincing. It is bad enough that the agreements authorising deductions should be continued until May 12, 1930.

But your kind words to the members of the staff outside the scope of the national agreements and your reliance "on a further practical exercise of that spirit of ready co-operation" are a bit too thick.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. JOSEPH COMPTON, M.P.,**
*Chairman, Kitchen Committee,*
*House of Commons*

SIR,—On a point of order of alcoholic stimulant, is it advisable for members to be supplied with vodka at the bars of the House?

This most potent spirit was deemed to be so deleterious in Russia that its manufacture was prohibited during the war.

We want Russian trade, but not this Russian habit.

JOHN BULL.

**The Rev. HERBERT MOORE,**
*Chairman, House Committee,*
*Nantwich Guardians*

DEAR SIR,—Yours is the true Christian spirit. In proposing that Christmas beer should be allowed to the inmates of Nantwich Workhouse, you said that it was an ancient heresy that the pleasures of the body were evil.

And you said that if you could afford it you would stand the inmates champagne at Christmas.

Never mind the recriminations of Mr. Guardian Young. The House is with you.

JOHN BULL.

**Rt. Hon. LORD PASSFIELD,**
*Dominions Secretary*

MY LORD,—The deportation of Mrs. Aaron Van Willson, a Canadian citizen, from Canada, calls for your intervention.

While a British subject resident in the Dominion, she was deported, though there was no charge against her. In this country she married a Canadian citizen and went home with him.

He died, and when she was about to marry again she was deported. The marriage took place here.

She has been most unjustly treated.

JOHN BULL.

**Dr. A. C. JORDAN, C.B.E.,**
*82, Portland Place, W.*

DEAR DOCTOR,—Dress reform for men may be all right. Go for the stiff collar as much as you like. But hands off our trousers.

I shan't discuss the beauty of this admirable garment, because the ordinary man is not keen to look beautiful—thank heaven. But it *is* comfortable. And we ordinary men will cling to it—just because it does *not* cling to us.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. W. T. COSGRAVE,**
*President of Irish Free State*

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—There is a matter which needs clearing up. Is the Free State a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations or is it not? The point is that your membership gives certain privileges, and entails certain responsibilities.

What name shall be given to a State which, after having pledged its honour to observe a covenant, breaks that covenant; which, while blithely accepting the privileges, repudiates the responsibilities.

You are good at giving names. Here is a chance for you.

The Treaty which established the Free State provided that the Privy Council, as with other dominions, should be the ultimate Court of Appeal.

Yet your Government now declares that wherever, on an appeal from a private individual, the Privy Council reverses the judgment of your Supreme Court, your Government will make that appeal ineffective. And that has been done, sir.

What is the game? You must come to a decision. Either repudiate the Treaty or observe it. It is in the worst sense womanish to clutch the privileges of alliance and usurp the rights of isolation.

JOHN BULL.

## *STRAIGHT from the Shoulder*

PROF. E. W. MACBRIDE: "Our system of social services undermines the moral fibre of the population and unfits them for a hard life."

*Who wants them to have a hard life?*

LORD ASTOR: "Nothing holds up the country so much as class barriers."

*Then start demolishing the barriers from the top.*

MR. JUSTICE ROWLATT: "It costs a very great deal to prevent people drinking champagne all night."

*And why waste the money to stop what carries its own punishment?*

JUDGE CLUER: "There is nothing necessarily depraved about gambling."

*Except with other people's money on the Stock Exchange. And there it's legal.*

MR. A. E. GLASSEY, M.P.: "It is cheaper and safer to build friendships than warships."

*But the friendship-builders don't make so much out of it.*

---

*Not from 2LO—Mr. W. M. Adamson, M.P., obliges with—*

# A SONG of TUPPENCE

SING a song
of tuppence,
Any sort
of tune—
Patriotic ballads,
Love songs to
the moon,
"Horsey, Keep
Your Tail Up,"
"By the Briny
Beach"—
You can sing or play them
All at 2d. each.

Sing a song of tuppence;
This sum is the fee
Judged, by me, sufficient
For the B.B.C.,
Melba, Harry Lauder,
And the rest to fling
To the mere composers
Of the songs they sing.

Sing a song of Wagner
Turning in his grave;
Sing a song of Elgar,
Trying hard to save
Tuppences for dinner,
Tuppences for tea—
Then, with fervent feeling,
Sing a song of ME!

As listeners-in, you should all regard me with veneration for introducing the Musical Copyright Bill. It never occurred to Ramsay, Baldwin or L.G. to woo electors with a promise of cheaper jazz for the downtrodden proprietors of West End restaurants and night clubs.

It remained for me, a private Member, to bring forward this Bill, which provides that anybody can make use of any musical composition upon disgorging 2d.

And I am proud to say that the second reading debate on this great reform filled fifty-eight columns of "Hansard"!

Do you know that the B.B.C. has actually had to pay £45,000 for the performing rights of music?

Admittedly, it receives much more in licence fees, and this has caused some foolish people to suggest that if composers are to be paid only 2d., the B.B.C. should supply melody to listeners-in at the same price.

I will not discuss this silly argument; and, although I am a Labour Member, I am not deterred by being reminded that "The labourer is worthy of his hire." This applies only to manual labourers, and the composing of music does not come into this category.

It has been suggested that if Sullivan had been limited to performing fees of 2d. he would not have thought it worth while to compose his operas, and that present-day composers may take the same view.

This looks like a threat of a strike by music-makers, and I can only say that if such a thing is attempted we shall know how to deal with it:

There are good comic songs sung by Maxton,
While the voice of Tom Shaw is "immense";
And, attired in dress suit,
With the aid of a flute,
Jim Thomas some tunes could dispense.

Some people, of course, might yell "Blacklegs!"
But words never yet broke a bone.
If composers don't like
To take tuppence and strike,
Then we'll fill up the breach on our own.

In this way the general public,
In spite of the strikers' attack,
Will receive its full share
Of that harmony fair
Which we politicians still lack!

# GIRL'S Thirteen Terrible Years

## *Story of a Kitchen Maid*

ON the eve of temporary release to join her relatives at Christmas, a sane woman, who has been wrongly detained for years, is flung back into the depths of despair.

The permission has been revoked and her unhappy state will continue.

It is hardly credible that such things can happen in this year of grace 1929. Yet—

Miss Sarah Lacey, aged twenty-four, has for more than thirteen years been brutally severed from all association with her relatives and friends, and prohibited from any contact with the outside world.

Miss Lacey is neither a leper nor a lunatic. She is a normal, intelligent, virile young woman, of excellent capability and character, whose only defect is perhaps a slight want of the self-confidence which has been drained from her during long years of confinement and repression.

She was only eleven when her parents died within a few months of each other. The sole protector left to her and a nine-year-old brother was an elder brother, totally blind.

All the other members of the family were on war service, and the two children were removed from their home at Darliston, South Staffordshire, and taken charge of by the guardians.

For the girl it was the beginning of a bondage which might continue for the rest of her life. No attempt was made to surrender the children when their relatives returned from the war.

### *The boy escaped*

As the boy grew older he began to discern the unhappy fate which so often awaits young people in institutions of the kind where he and his sister were being kept.

At the age of fifteen, however, he baulked the intention to detain him longer by making application to enlist as an Army band-boy.

A military medical examination proved him to be physically and mentally fit, and the governors of the institution had to release him.

He has since served with the South Staffordshire Regiment in India, and is now enjoying unfettered manhood.

There was, and has been, no escape for the sister he left behind. Sarah was set to perform hard daily tasks as soon as she left the schoolroom, and she remains cut off from ordinary society, a toiler and a drudge in an establishment which gives no reward or promise of reward.

*Not only does she look sane, but she is so. Here she is, on the right, with a friend, in the grounds of the institution*

Appeals by the unfortunate girl to have her liberty restored so that she might once more rejoin her kith and kin were dismissed without explanation. Efforts to outwit the officials by finding other methods of returning to her people were frustrated.

Year after year the young woman, whose only "crime" was that she became an orphan when those who would have cared for her were serving their country, has had to work in the institution which is her prison without receiving a penny of wages.

When she suggested that her labour was worthy of some return, however small, her appeal was made in vain, and it went unheeded.

She explained that her only object was to save sufficient to enable her to go out into the world with some capital and become a useful citizen; but that, apparently, was the last thing the authorities desired.

Not long ago Miss Lacey was caught and crushed by the machinery in the institution laundry, where for so many years she had worked for nothing.

She suffered the loss of parts of two of her fingers, but not a farthing of compensation was paid to her.

Again she was refused wages when put back to work on recovering from the effects of the accident.

Her relatives became restless, and began to emphasise the question why a twenty-four-year-old woman, who was capable, sane and of clean character, should be held as a slave-labourer merely because she had lost her parents thirteen years ago.

### *Piteous letters*

Then happened one of those deplorable things which lately have been repeated far too often in connection with the poor law and lunacy administration of the country.

Not the slightest suggestion had ever been made that Miss Lacey was not mentally sound.

*Sir Leolin Forestier-Walker, M.P., is an unpaid commissioner of the Board of Control. Now is his chance to do big things*

But four months ago the Board of Control tightened its grip on her—a grip which relatives are now powerless to remove—by labelling her as mentally deficient and transferring her to an asylum for defectives called the Great Barr Park Colony, near Birmingham.

There the wretched woman has still to work without wages. Even stamps are not provided so that she can write to her relatives, and her letters to them asking for small sums of money to make simple purchases are piteous documents.

Friends, Miss Lacy was told, may visit her one day each month in her new prison. They have endeavoured to do so without success.

### *Blighted Christmas*

Miss Lacey's sister, Mrs. Eastwood, of Lawley Street, Birmingham, applied for a permit to visit the colony. One was duly sent, properly signed and dated, but it was presented in vain.

Admission to the institution was flatly refused.

Then came the tragedy which crowns all.

Miss Lacey had been led to believe that, if a relative would accommodate her, she could have four days' leave of absence this Christmas.

She rushed a letter to Mrs. Eastwood, who at once made formal application to the committee in charge of the colony for the care of her sister during the promised holiday.

Daily since then the two sisters had been exchanging happy messages, the one describing the joy which filled her at the prospect of a break in her thirteen years' imprisonment and slavery, and the other describing in detail the preparations being made for her reception and Christmas entertainment.

Their delight was premature. This week the blow fell. The application was refused.

So buoyed up had Miss Lacey become with pleasure at the prospect of obtaining a holiday and freedom, that the shock threatens seriously to impair her health.

We have made enquiries regarding the reasons for this callous decision. The only one to be found is that an official was sent from the colony to inspect the Eastwood's home.

It is a humble home certainly, and he found it in some disorder because the rooms were being turned out to be set in readiness for the arrival of the long-absent sister.

### *No human touch*

Perhaps the authorities imagine that the working classes occupy luxuriously appointed mansions.

Anyhow, this official reported that he did not consider the accommodation to be sufficiently palatial, and the application was rejected.

Mr. Eastwood naturally resented this insult to his wife and his home, and he demanded an interview with the committee who control the colony.

It refused to receive him, and repeated its determination not to allow Miss Lacey to spend Christmastide with those who are nearest and dearest to her.

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*Weekly Informations*— —*from* SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

# *Just* MOPPING UP *Fortunes!*

NUMEROUS readers have sent me the little batches of literature they have received, unsolicited, from Mr. Harry Gordon, of Whitechapel Road, London, E.

The literature is headed: "Private and confidential details for the exclusive information of ..................," the blank space being left for the person's name to be written in in ink.

Mr. Gordon, it seems, is in possession of a money-making secret which he is extremely anxious to share with perfect strangers.

Subscription is invited to the Twirlie Mop Syndicate, which is being formed to exploit "an ingenious invention in connection with mops and polishers."

I notice that "dual" profits are promised and that the venture is said to combine "the security and regular income of an investment with the enormous additional profits of a speculation."

An estimated return of 80 per cent. on the capital may sound very tempting, but I would advise my readers to ignore the offer without compunction. It is true that the names of a number of firms are given as having placed offers with the syndicate, but no details are provided as to quantities and the like.

Everything is far too vague for my liking, though I cannot help commenting upon one point on which the "prospectus" is very definite.

It asks for £15,000, divided into founders' shares of £10 and multiples thereof, and investors are instructed to send their money direct to Mr. Harry Gordon in person at his Whitechapel Road address.

Yet I have searched through the "prospectus" in vain to find out what position Mr. Gordon holds with the syndicate.

• • •

It is perfectly clear to my mind that the question of profits in this queer project is a matter of conjecture.

One very disturbing discovery that I have made is that Messrs. A. J. Harper and Co., of Copthall Avenue, London, whose name appears in the syndicate's literature as its "accountants," deny all knowledge of the venture.

This reputable firm is, naturally, highly indignant that its name should have been thus used without authority, and it is taking immediate steps to prevent its continued misuse.

• • •

Accompanying the "prospectus" are eulogistic comments on the "Twirlie Mop," reprinted from certain newspapers. I know nothing of the commercial value of this invention and, for all I know, it may be an excellent device for housewives.

But this does not alter my view that this is not the right sort of way to appeal to the public for funds, and I repeat that Mr. Harry Gordon's offer should be rejected.

I might conclude by saying that I am reinforced in this contention by the fact that Gordon has been closely associated with other dubious offers in the past which have been the subject of adverse Press criticism.

## FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

**MAKE MORE MONEY.** Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue B., Cochrane, Sons & Co., 2, Thomas St., Manchester.

**DRAPERS.**—Buy your supplies from the Largest Warehouse. Stocks of Hosiery, Remnants, Readymades, etc. Large Catalogue Free. —H. Clegg (Dept. B.), Turner St., Manchester.

**CHEAPEST** Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Marks, 1, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

**DRAPERS** remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—R. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester.

**PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL** in your spare time; every kind, good profits. 160-page Catalogue free.—MAY (173), George St., Birmingham.

**52-PAGE** Drapery Cat., full of Money-making Bargains, direct from Manufacturers, also A.B.C. Guide, free to shopkeepers & beginners. Your living assured. Example of our prices: Men's shirts, 16/11 doz. Thousands other bargains in store.—Wolfson's, Manfrs., 48, Thomas St., Manchester.

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**EARN £2 to £5 weekly.** Run a bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Partics. free. —Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

**EARN £5 weekly, plus Bonus.**—Run Bed-clothing, Drapery and Fancy Clubs amongst Friends. No outlay. Illustrated catalogue free.—Grove Mills Co. (Dept. M.), Birstall, nr. Leeds.

**1/- WEEKLY CLUB AGENTS.** Start the NEW YEAR well by forming a M.M. Club for High-Class Clothing, Boots and Household Goods. NO OUTLAY. Very generous commission. First week's parcel on approval. Send now for 56-page Catalogue.—M.M.T.A., Ltd., 66, Greenmount, Plymouth Grove, MANCHESTER.

**AGENTS** wanted by actual Manufacturers to sell Ladies' Coats and Dresses on easy payments. Full trade profit; no outlay.—Write to Mr. Scarlett, Swan Costume Co., Bradford.

**AGENTS** having completed their Chocolate Clubs for Christmas and desiring to supplement their income should form weekly Draw Clubs. 20 members, 1/- per week, each member for 20 weeks. All Household Goods, Wearing Apparel, Boots and Shoes, etc.—Write immediately to Hardy & Co., 4, Albion Street, Leeds.

**EARN GOOD MONEY** selling Ladies' Stockings and Underwear direct to public. Competitive prices.—R.S.H. Co., 9, Friday St., E.C.4.

## EMPLOYMENT.

**WHY NOT BE A SALESMAN?** It's a healthy job—and a well-paid one, with fine prospects. This was the advice given to a man who was dissatisfied with his earnings and could see no future. The friend introduced him to Mr. Wallace Attwood, and to-day he is drawing £600 a year. Suitable men can be trained by Mr. Attwood by post in their spare time. Salesmanship is one good way to help a square peg to leave a round hole and better himself. Salesmanship is one of the big professions of to-day. A very interesting book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," will be sent to you post free on request. Send for your copy to-day.—The Wallace Attwood College, 26T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7536.)

**A CHANCE OF A LIFETIME** to make £££. —Sell to your friends and others our Hosiery, Underwear, etc. It shows the biggest profit ever. Courtauld's Artificial Silk Stockings, point heel, 12/- doz. pairs. Our 16-page Illustrated Catalogue is brimful of such Bargains. We state clearly what to sell at and your profit on each line. Single articles gladly supplied. Our Large London Warehouse is open all day for Direct purchasing and assisting our patrons. Real silk shade cards supplied. Send for our Catalogues and particulars of Free Gift Scheme. — Nicksons, Mnfrs., Broadway Chambers, London, W.6.

**LOOK!** Earn £5 per week by selling Silk Stockings, Underwear, Jumper Suits, etc., direct from manufacturers. No need for shop or Big Expenses; sell from Home. Large profits. Write at once for Catalogue and start now.—DIRECT SERVICE HOSIERY CO., HINCKLEY, LEICESTER.

**POLICE ENTRANCE EXAM.**—Expert postal tuition. Success guaranteed.—For partics., write ServiceCorrespondenceCollege, Thatcham, Newbury.

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

**PRINTING.**—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 3/3 per 1,000. Samples of printing for all trades, with list of 700 prices sent for 3d. postage.—Mead and Son, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

## BARGAIN SALES.

**WANTED, 5,000 SCHOOLBOYS** to send postcards for FREE copy of the famous "EXCHANGE & MART." Thousands of jolly bargains in stamps, pets, bikes, wireless, etc.—Write, J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

**WALLPAPERS** direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 53, Trinity Street, Leeds.

**KNITTING** Wool Bundles, 8 oz. 2/-, 1½ lb. 5/6 for socks, etc. White, Navy, Grey Yarn 3/10 lb., post free. Patts. of Wools, Serges, Tweeds, etc.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B. W'house, Wellington, Som.

**WALLPAPERS** from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

**WOOLS. GREAT BARGAIN SALE.** 1d., 1½d., 2½d. oz. Silky, 2½d. oz. Rug, 6d., 1/-, 1/6½d. Rug Guide, 600 spics., free.—"Scotia" Wools, 156, New Bridge St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

**FURNITURE.**—Three rooms nicely furnished for 25 guineas. Bedroom Suite, including polished Walnut Dressing Chest of Drawers with Large Swinging Mirror, Marble-top Washstand, Full-size Massive Black and Brass Bedstead with Spring Mattress and all new Bedding Complete, Heavy Black and Brass Fender and Brasses. Strong Parlour Suite in Leather, comprising Well-Sprung Couch, 2 Arm-chairs and 4 small Chairs, Polished Walnut Centre Table and Overmantel to match, Axminster Rug and Pretty Carpet 3 yards long, Curtains, Pictures, Kitchen Furniture, including extending Dining Table, Chairs, Lino, Rugs, Oxidised Curb, etc. The lot complete accept 25 guineas. Great Sacrifice. Would separate. Quite New. Easy Terms arranged. All goods packed and put on rail free and sent any distance.—Home Furnishing Stores, 21 and 21a, Seaside Road, Eastbourne.

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*Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59 Long Acre, London, W.C.2*

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**BALLOONS**, Paper Hats, Novelties, etc., for Dances and Parties. 24-pp. list No. J.B.1140, Dudleys, Ltd., 451, Holloway Rd., London, N.7.

**SHEFFIELD-MADE** "Pixie" Razor Blades, 1/- per dozen. Good terms to buying agents. —Dronfield Tool Co., Dronfield, Sheffield.

**WOOL SALE BARGAINS.**

Hand & Machine, 1½d. oz. Rug Chenille, 7½d. lb. Thrums, 1/-, 6-ply 1/6½. Guide and Samples free.—Newcastle Wool Co., Quality Warehouse, 160, New Bridge Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

**PRINTED NOTEPAPER.**—Boxed, 50 sheets. Envelopes, White or Azure. Ideal Xmas Gift. Send 2/6 with address.—C. Westwood, 62, Crayford Way, Crayford, Kent.

**HAND-COLOURED ENLARGEMENTS** from small snaps, 5½ x 3½ in., 1/6; 8 x 6 in. Partics. of larger sizes free. Jones, Albert Works, Ilford.

**9/11 POST FREE.**—Ladies' Patent Bar Shoes, brown or black glace bars. State size and heels required.—(M) Haywood, 80, Westfield Lane, Mansfield, Notts.

**IF** you are thinking of buying a gramophone, free catalogues are offered in this issue by the following:—O'BRIEN, page 12; ROBEY, page 16; GRAVES, page 18; CRANE'S, page 20.

**CATALOGUES** of BROWN LOUDSPEAKER and S.G. RECEIVING SET can be obtained on application to Dept. G.G. See BROWN'S advt. on page 26.

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**XMAS TREES**, British on Roots 1 ft.—7 ft. 1/6—9/- carr. pd.; 5/- Flowers; Chrysants., 5/-, 10/-. Post free. Order early.—L. Skinner, Swanley.

**GET** a copy of the HORNBY BOOK OF TRAINS. It will certainly interest your boy. Free literature will be sent in accordance with the unique offer appearing in the HORNBY advt. on page 20. Be sure to mention Dept. 18 when writing.

**READERS'** attention is drawn to the RAZBRYTE advt. on page 37.

**YOU** can obtain a LISSEN WIRELESS SET on easy payments. Turn to the advt. on page 34 NOW!

**SEE OUR ADVERTISEMENTS** on the Postal Bargain pages if you are desirous of snapping up a bargain.—Mitrodor, Ltd., 200, High Holborn, London, W.C.2.

**A USEFUL NOVELTY** at the same time an amusing one, see Advertisement on page 3. —Hastings Patents Co. (Dept. 85), 120-122, Wilton Street, London, S.W.1.

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**GRAMOPHONES.**—Latest Horns and parts. Cat. Free. Cash or terms. Build £12 model for £3. Instructions 3d.—J. Burt, 185, High St., S.E.8.

## MARKETING BY POST.

**TEA.**—Buy direct. Save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon blended. Empire blend, 4 lb. 9/-, 10 lb. 19/-. Standard blend, 4 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 13/-. No. 1 dust, 7 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 7/-. Special dust, 7 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 8/-. All carriage paid.—Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

**TEA.**—It pays to buy only from the Wholesale Blenders, and save middlemen's profits. No connection with any other firm. Indian and Ceylon blends, delicious flavour, 1/2, 1/4, 1/8, 2/- per lb. Carriage paid 4 lb. and upwards. Thousands of satisfied customers. Money returned if not delighted.—PORTWAY TEA CO., 73, Portway, London, E.15.

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**SPECIAL OFFER.** — Talking Parrots with Cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/- 3 months' trial.—List free.—Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

## MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

**WORMS CURED.**—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

**DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!** Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful. No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on Trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., 465a, 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

**THE** Medicinal properties of Bols VERY OLD GENEVA are really marvellous. Try it next time you feel out of sorts and depressed. Take a SMALL glass daily. BOLS V.O. GENEVA (in the stone Bottle) keeps the system regular.

**HOW TO STOP SMOKING.** Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

**BLADDER** Weakness, Kidney troubles, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-, Boots', etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. spl.34

**NERVOUSNESS**, Blushing, Depression, Weak Nerves, Morbid Fears, etc. Sufferers should get my FREE book, "The Conquest of Fear," describing a genuine cure. Sent with £1,000 guarantee, privately, post-free.—H. J. Rivers (J.B.60), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

**COLE'S SKIN SOAP DEALS DEATH TO ALL SKIN TROUBLES.**—1/6 full size Tablet sent FREE to prove it. Cures worst forms of eruptions, Eczema, Acne, Dermatitis, Itch, Pimples, Blackheads. Send 4d. stamps for postage, and mention John Bull.—J. H. Cole, 24, Buckingham Street, London, W.C.2.

**BRONCHITIS.**—By acting directly on the inflamed passages, Vapo-Cresolene gives speedy relief. Write for Free booklet No. 86 to Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.3.

**FREE BOOK ON COLDS.** Simply fill in the coupon in the MENTHOLATUM advt. on page 31 and post it to-day.

**FREE SAMPLE of "ELASTO"** and a special Booklet are offered in the advt. on page 38.

**HEADACHES CURED.** Try "Syl-Fia" the new headache powder. Pleasant to take; does not affect the heart. Recommended by medical profession. 6 powders 1/3, postage extra.—SPRINGFIELD Mfg. Co., 3, Oxford Row, Leeds.

**BALDNESS CURED.**—ATEKA grows New Hair within eight days. Guaranteed genuine. Stops falling hair. Cures dandruff. Large bottle, 5/-.—Ateka Co., 27, Old Jewry, London, E.C.

## WANTED TO PURCHASE.

**BEST** prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 16, Woodstock St., London, W.1

**ANY** kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**64-p. BOOK** about Herbs and how to use them, 2d., post free.—Trimnell's, The Herbalists, 144, Richmond Rd., Cardiff. 50 yrs.' exp. Advice free.

**PARENTS.** A free copy of the MECCANO BOOK can be obtained for your boy if he sends the names and addresses of three of his chums. You can do this for him if you like. Simply put "No. 20" after his name and address for reference. See MECCANO advt. on page 18.

**FREE.** A trial bottle of COROFIX Hair Cream. See page 35.

**REAL XMAS "TONIC."** Lively Christmas Number of "Health & Strength" now out. Two superb colour plates FREE. Packed with "Xmassy" attractions for the would-be-fit. 6d.; 7½d. post free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

**A WELCOME CHRISTMAS GIFT.** "The Blue Peter," the pictorial magazine of the sea, ships and travel; annual subscription 13s. 6d. post free. Send 1/- for a specimen copy. "The Blue Peter" 1/- monthly of all newsagents.—Publisher, 12, St. Mary-Axe, E.C.3.

# Six Swindling Sailors

## On Seven Days' Leave

*The Blue Star is one of the lines most victimised by these cunning longshore men. Here is Lord Vestey on the "Arandora" when the Blue Star Fleet was first welcomed to the Port of London*

Posing as serving seamen on leave after a long voyage, a band of six swindlers is raiding the big liner companies and living on the fat of the land.

They all carry the salt smack of the sea—which they have long left alone—and they move so rapidly that they are hard to catch.

Scotland Yard has received many complaints about the "six jolly sailor boys" from victims who are mostly small shopkeepers. The cunning rogues throw a touch of art into their wickedness.

Only a few days ago a sun-bronzed, loose-limbed stranger strolled breezily into an outfitter's shop in Tunbridge Wells.

He explained that he was an officer in the employ of the famous Blue Star Line—of which Lord Vestey is the head—and intimated that he wished to make a number of purchases for his next voyage, which was to be to Rio de Janeiro and the Argentine.

### Life on the wave

While making his selection, he expressed great relief at being able to enjoy a day or two ashore and intrigued the shopkeeper with his graphic comments on life at sea.

His boat, he confided, was the *Almeda Star*—the finest vessel in the Blue Star fleet, whose luxurious staterooms rivalled those of any other ship of her class.

Finally, when his purchases were complete, the customer, who assumed the name of Captain J. Moss, handed over a slip of paper drawn up in the form of a cheque, and made out in his favour for £9.

When the shopkeeper, who was not conversant with such documents, asked what it was, Captain Moss explained that it was the usual type of pay-draft issued in the mercantile marine, and, being drawn on the account of the Blue Star Line, was "as good as a Bank of England note."

It certainly looked so.

There, under the printed heading of "The Blue Star Line, 40, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.3," was the signed authority of "F. Green, Master, *Almeda Star*," for "J. Moss" to draw £9 against that company's account.

Feeling quite satisfied, the shopkeeper handed over the goods, which included a pair of silk pyjamas, and change to the value of £5 11s. 3d.

His confidence in the breezy Captain Moss was rudely shaken when the puy-draft came back to him a day or two later with the information that it was one of numerous similar forgeries, the existence of which was occasioning the Blue Star Line considerable anxiety.

On the very same day, within a few moments of perpetrating this coup, Moss visited an adjoining shop and, using another alias, obtained a variety of goods in the same way, together with change to the tune of £9 9s. 3d.

Although the individual hauls are not large, the aggregate profits are immense.

### Several warrants

We could give scores of instances where Moss or some other member of this gang, which numbers six, has hoodwinked trader after trader in this fashion.

For example, at Maidenhead recently, a shopkeeper was tricked out of £5 9s. 4d. and a quantity of goods; two others were imposed on at Sittingbourne to the extent of £19, while at Aylesbury two further victims were caught on the same day for goods and additional amounts of £6 and £9 respectively.

In most of these cases the name of the Blue Star Line was impudently misused, and the various aliases employed include those of "Harry Harris," "Fred Harvey," "H. Ward," and "A. F. Adams."

The principal member of this gang of "short-leave" swindlers is a hardened young adventurer named Albert Copping.

### The patentee

He is known to Scotland Yard as one of the most accomplished forgers at large, and warrants are outstanding against him all over England.

The originator of this ingenious swindle was a rogue named Lewington—he has many aliases—who, once a genuine seaman, is now serving a long term of penal servitude.

About eighteen months ago Lewington was operating exclusively, but since he fell into the hands of the police his "patent" has been widely exploited by Copping and Co.

There is something suggestive to Scotland Yard in that name "Copping."

# LURES *of a* Dazzling BLONDE

The methods of a woman named Ethel Blanchard, some of whose recent exploits have been brought to our notice, are a clear demonstration of the saddening truth that in audacity, resource and other essential qualifications, the female trickster can usually give the male variety points and a beating.

Some eighteen months ago she was trading as Blanchard, Law and Co., estate-agents, at an address in Upper Richmond Road, Putney.

In January last year we find her advertising in the daily Press for a manager with capital to take over an established newspaper and tobacco concern in South London.

The amount required was £150, secured on the stock.

This advertisement met the eyes of a young married couple who needed just such an opportunity.

### Scraped together

They had both had experience of shopkeeping, and though the husband was out of work, they had between them just over this amount of capital, which represented their total life-savings.

They replied to the advertisement, and an interview followed with Mrs. Blanchard.

They found a tall, pleasant-mannered woman, dazzlingly fair in appearance, who plausibly outlined to them prospects no less dazzling.

She told them that the shop would be ready within two weeks, when the present occupants were leaving.

The shop would be completely stocked and their £150 would be deposited in a bank and kept intact. If by any chance they drew on this amount for further stocks she would immediately replace the sum drawn.

### "For their sakes"

Among other things they were to draw a salary of £3 10s. weekly from the takings, with a commission paid monthly, and their living accommodation was to be free.

She went on to explain that the engagement could be terminated by a month's notice on either side, and that their capital would be immediately returned.

She insisted "for their sakes" on a proper agreement being drawn up embodying these points.

In the face of such a plausible and alluring statement of the proposition, the young couple had no hesitation in accepting, and an agreement was drawn up and signed, and the £150 handed to Mrs. Blanchard on January 25 last year.

From the moment she got their money the fair and business-like Mrs. Blanchard showed a strong disinclination for their company.

The first snag was that the shop was not ready for occupation within two weeks, nor even within two months. In fact, it was not until April that they entered into possession, and in the meantime they had all but exhausted the remainder of their capital.

The young husband had made frequent visits to Mrs. Blanchard's office and home addresses to discuss the situation, but always found that lady either out or away.

All his enquiries and protests merely drew forth a flock of telegrams and letters giving evasive and lying excuses for the fact that the shop was not ready.

At last, however, the long-awaited day arrived.

To their amazement they found that barely £10 worth of stock was provided, and on this enormous capital they were expected to run the business and to obtain their week's salaries.

They struggled along for about six weeks, and then, after all attempts at securing either explanation or redress from Mrs. Blanchard had failed, they gave her the prescribed month's notice and demanded the return of their £150.

They are still waiting for it.

Enquiries at the Putney address found the office closed and Mrs Blanchard gone from her well-appointed home, which she had apparently rented furnished from the owner.

Other shops in the Shepherd's Bush and various suburban districts which she had claimed to own were found to be under different proprietorship.

Their previous managers had apparently passed through similar vicissitudes.

### Long search

The unfortunate young couple were left without either means or employment, and for the past year they have sought the fair and elusive Mrs. Blanchard high and low throughout London.

They have invoked astute legal assistance to trace the lady, but Mrs. Blanchard has proved herself to be more astute.

There are many people who would be glad to learn her present whereabouts, and we trust that it will not be long before this petty and callous female trickster is brought to book.

◆

## CHRISTMAS
## *in a Nutshell*

Eighty-four pages and sixty-four contributors—there in a nutshell you have the *Passing Show* Christmas Annual, price sixpence.

But if you wish to have the pleasure of opening this big budget of fun, you will have to hurry, as it is disappearing fast.

Famous authors and artists have really let themselves go in this wonderful number.

Don't risk the reply, "Sold Out"—get your copy to-day.

## LONDON'S BEST BARGAIN.

Satis-faction or Money Back.

THIS
Becoming
**VELVETEEN**
**FROCK**
FOR
**2/-**
WITH ORDER.

Velveteen is the most useful and certainly one of the most becoming materials for present wear, and the Frock illustrated shows this beautiful material in a charming up-to-date design, at a price which makes it a bargain indeed.

Skirt has gathered panel at front, creating a very effective finish, and the low Eton collar, Bodice, Sleeves and Tie are all trimmed with a smart fancy piping to tone.

**FULL PRICE 16/11 ONLY**

I will send this Frock at once on approval, for first payment of 2/- only, and balance of price may be paid by instalments, if preferred.

You will be delighted with this Frock—why not send Coupon NOW ?

**LENGTHS : 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches. Also out-size in lengths 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches, 3/- extra.**

**SHADES : Dark Saxe, Cardinal, Ruby, Moss Green, Nigger, Navy, Black or all Black.**

### F. 135 BARGAIN COUPON.

Please send me on approval, Frock No. F.135, at present Bargain Price of 16/11.

Length ......................................

Colour ......................................

If out-size required, please state "O.S."

I enclose 2/- deposit, together with 6d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1/6 or more. If not satisfied, and I return the Frock unworn at once, you will refund my deposit. Enclose Coupon with name and full address and Postal Order crossed thus : / /.

Overseas and Irish Free State full cash only.
JOHN BULL, 14/12/29. No. 509.

Post Order to—
Ambrose Wilson, Ltd., 509, Ambrose House,
60, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

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## "John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— in the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

*ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED*, Proprietors of "John Bull."

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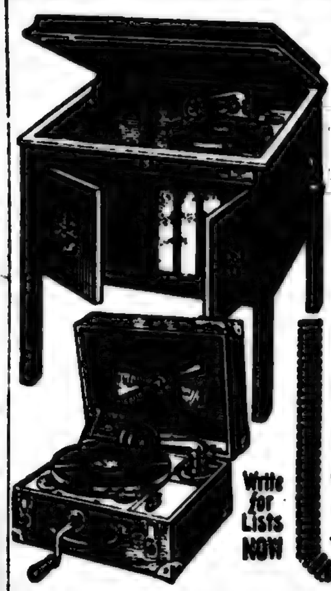

## SPECIAL BIRTHDAY OFFERS

To mark my **FORTIETH TRADING YEAR**, I shall give a Birthday Album of Records and Needles to every reader who orders a Gramophone, which I send on **14 DAYS' APPROVAL, PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID. DELIVERY BY RETURN.** Write for my **FREE ART CATALOGUE**, and see the wonderful offers of all kinds of instruments.

Edwd O'Brien Ltd
THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, DEP. 34 COVENTRY.

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## SUPREME VALUE

THE
### GRAVES
### 'ENTERPRISE' BARGAIN BALE

HERE, without the slightest doubt or misunderstanding, you have the finest QUALITY and VALUE in unstinted measure. Containing only the highest quality goods, this Bargain Bale is a wonderful example of the money-saving power of DIRECT TRADING. You cannot buy so advantageously elsewhere.

**GRAVES 'ENTERPRISE' BARGAIN BALE**

is a typical 'GRAVES SPECIALITY' and stands supreme in a class by itself. Its unquestionable merit and uniform excellence ensures entire satisfaction wherever it goes.

**WORLD'S FINEST BEDDING VALUE**

2 super quality White Woollen Blankets of remarkable durability & excellence. Blue borders & whipped edges, size 66 x 88ins, weight 8lbs pair.

2 White Fleecy Blankets of superb quality, Whipped edges. Size 66 x 86ins. weight 5½lbs pair.

2 White Pillow Cases, size 20x30ins. Excellent finish

1 Bolster Case to match, 20 x 60ins. Splendid quality

2 heavy unbleached Bolton Twill hemmed Sheets size 70x90ins, weight 6lbs

1 Fadeless Alhambra unfringed Quilt in Red, Sky or Navy, size 74 x 90ins. Weight 3lbs.

1 Bed Rug in handsome check design, soft, warm, & finished with whipped edges, size 60 x 80ins.

1 lovely Wadded Quilt 66 x 54ins, weight 4lbs. Price £4:10:0

**TERMS:** *Our Bargain Price is for deferred payments. Send 7/6 now and complete purchase in 11 monthly payments of 7/6 Fullest approval in your own home. Money back in full if in any way disappointed*

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE POST FREE.

Household & Furnishing Drapery, Carpets, Linoleums, Curtains, Dress Materials, &c. All at keenest prices and on Easy Payment Terms.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd.
SHEFFIELD.

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NO HOUSEHOLD SHOULD BE WITHOUT
A BOTTLE OF
**DR. WHITE'S**

## KOMPO FOR COLDS

**THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY**
FOR
**Colds, Influenza, Sore Throats, etc.**

Sold by all Chemists & Stores, in bottles, 1/3 and 3/-

J. F. WHITE & CO. Chemists, Leeds.

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## WHEN CHEST IS TIGHT AND WHEEZY

### By a Member of the Pharmaceutical Society.

Certainly don't neglect it; that is foolishness which may lead to bronchitis or serious lung trouble. When breathing is 'shallow' and laboured and you find it difficult to get a good filling of air into the lungs, it is obvious that germ-laden phlegm which clogs the bronchial tubes *must be dispersed*, and for this purpose I find nothing compares with honey syrup. Half a teaspoonful of 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup will instantly give amazing relief to adult or child. Containing antiseptic Pine to kill germs, Squills and Ipecac to loosen phlegm, Menthol to clear bronchial passages and Balsam of Tolu and Honey to soothe and heal soreness and inflammation. 'Pineate' Honey Syrup goes straight to the root of this distressing trouble, quickly clearing the chest and lungs and ending the irritating cough which is generally present. A bottle can be obtained from any chemist for eighteen-pence, and I strongly recommend it for immediate relief.

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## ON LEAVING SCHOOL
AND
THE CHOICE OF A CAREER

A momentous problem confronts every father and mother whose children are about to leave school. 'What shall we do with them?'

**SIR CHARLES WAKEFIELD**

helps parents to solve their great problem in the pages of his admirable and far-sighted book, 'On Leaving School.' Out of the storehouse of his great experience and understanding of present-day conditions and the needs of the future, the author has provided a true 'guide, philosopher and friend'

10TH EDITION. 3/6 NET
HODDER & STOUGHTON

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## DREADED MIDDLE-AGE.

There is not a woman anywhere, married or single, rich or poor, above the age of forty, who is not perturbed at the thought of the next few years before her.

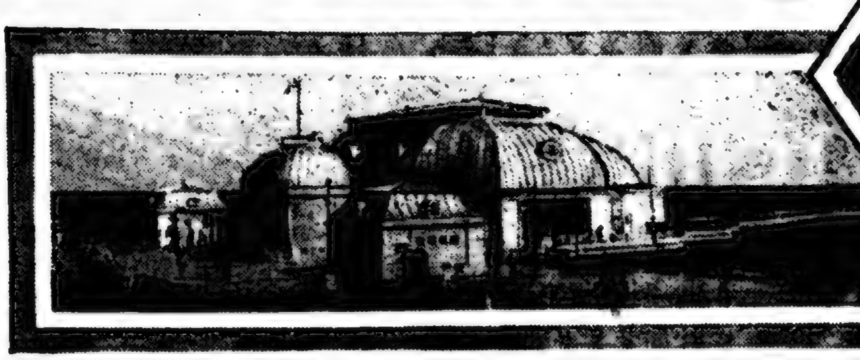
Every woman fears the miseries that often develop at this age. She fears them all the more for their uncertainty. Often the first sign is never recognised at all—a certain irritability of temper, a low-spirited depression which the patient does not attribute to its true cause until bodily suffering in the shape of violent headaches, back pains and palpitation give an unmistakable warning.

These sufferings are not unavoidable. During the last few years more and more evidence has been accumulating to prove that Dr. Williams' pink pills carry a woman in the most wonderful way through the ordeal of the "forties" without suffering or danger. This is because these pills contain important elements that give energy and life; they build up new strength, new blood, and steady nerves.

Thousands of suffering middle-aged women have found Dr. Williams' pink pills the means to a new lease of life. Let them give you a helping hand, too. All chemists sell them, 3s. 0d. box.

FREE. Every woman of middle age should read "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to C.F. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

# TWO DANGEROUS Widows of Worthing



*Violet was one of the flowers of Worthing's sunny season. She has left many sorrowing hearts*

*Inspector Leach, C.I.D., would not hesitate to pluck this Violet*

WHEN a Worthing estate-agent was approached some months ago by a magnificently attired lady, who posed as a Mrs. Violet Fossett, and gave her permanent address as The Cedars, The Gallop, Sutton, Surrey, he was greatly impressed.

His visitor, who introduced herself as a General's widow, possessed a truly charming personality, and her request for particulars of some well-furnished houses to let for short periods met with prompt attention.

Mrs. Fossett was accompanied by an elderly lady and a chubby little fair-haired boy.

After due consideration, she agreed to take over a large, well-appointed house on the sea-front on a nine-months' tenancy.

A few days later, when her references had been found perfectly satisfactory, Mrs. Fossett paid a second visit to the estate-agent, accompanied once more by the elderly lady, whom she now introduced as her mother, Mrs. Bartlett.

### *Whiff of suspicion*

The latter, it seemed, was also anxious to rent a furnished house for the season. In due course a satisfactory place was found.

Soon both women settled down and began to patronise Worthing tradespeople.

Both mother and daughter appeared to have considerable private means. They sported a car, dressed expensively and entertained richly. Orders flowed for household goods, wines and food.

The beautiful Mrs. Fossett's indebtedness locally had grown to an astonishing pitch before any of the creditors began to be uneasy over unpaid accounts.

Then, almost simultaneously with this first wave of uneasiness, came certain rumours which implied that Mrs. Fossett and her mother had a curious circle of friends.

Orientals were regular visitors, and they were being sumptuously entertained at the expense of trusting tradespeople.

Finally, six months after their descent upon Worthing, Mrs. Fossett and her mother found they could no longer stave off the creditors.

They therefore made a strategic retirement in the small hours of the morning, leaving not the slightest clue by which they might be traced.

With their departure came one revelation after another.

Uneasy about the rent, the owner of Mrs. Fossett's house visited the place, and found that all the store-rooms, cupboards and locked receptacles in which she had packed her valuables during Mrs. Fossett's tenancy had been ruthlessly plundered.

### *New locks*

Doors and lids had been cleverly forced by expert hands; everything of value had been stolen, *and all the broken locks had been replaced by new ones.*

Even the loft, containing valuable effects, had been entered and ransacked.

The "loot" thus acquired was very heavy, and included watches, jewellery, cutlery, ornaments, fur coats, blankets, dressing-cases—and even bedsteads and mattresses.

In fact, in view of the quantity and variety of the plunder, it is something of a miracle that the "get-away" was accomplished so smoothly.

### *Next husband*

That Mrs. Fossett is one of the most resourceful and intrepid adventuresses at large to-day is illustrated by one of her last acts before leaving Worthing.

Calling at a local jeweller's, she presented a handsome gold watch which bore the monogram of its rightful owner upon the back.

The initials, Mrs. Fossett unblushingly explained, were those of her late husband, and she now asked if a new back could be substituted so that she could present the watch to a gentleman whom she hoped to marry soon.

The watch was altered as required and completely renovated.

But the jeweller's bill has never been paid, and it is hardly necessary to add that the watch was one of the articles stolen from the locked store-places.

The references which Mrs. Fossett furnished in first obtaining the houses have now been found to be forgeries.

Moreover, Mrs. Fossett has never resided at The Cedars, The Gallop, Sutton, Surrey, and is quite unknown there.

Who, then, is this beautiful woman crook?

She is, we can confidently state, a lady of as many names as criminal wiles.

For while she clings to her Christian name of Violet, she has varied her surname on different occasions to "Maude," "Clapson" and "Beaumont."

### *A long trail*

Worthing is not the only centre where people are clamouring for her arrest, and in turning the limelight upon her for the first time in her career, we hope to save others from being victimised and help the authorities to bring her to book.

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# Who *is* the MONGREL?

DOG-LOVERS should beware of a dog-breeder and trainer called John L. Wagner, who has recently operated from an address in Sandringham Road, Dalston, London, N.

Wagner, who certainly seems a sound judge of dogs, established himself at Sandringham Road last Easter, and has since made a practice of advertising in papers devoted to dog-breeding.

• • •

In this way he has made known his readiness to take over dogs of all breeds for resale and "perfecting" purposes.

Numerous people who have answered his advertisements have fully believed from his plausible replies that he is a genuine dog-fancier conducting a bonâ-fide business.

They have entrusted valuable dogs to his care in the hope that he would, through his expert handling, so improve their condition that he could obtain better prices for them than the owners could do by disposing of their animals direct.

• • •

We do not know what success has attended Wagner's efforts in this direction; but we should think that he has done very well out of it, judging from the number of complaints from clients who lament that after parting with their pets they have heard nothing save excuses.

That Wagner has disposed of the dogs and pocketed the proceeds for himself seems evident from the fact that, when disappointed clients became clamorous, he decided to flit.

*He says he can put this dear old mongrel on the show-bench*

Since his departure from Sandringham Road there have been many personal callers, while numerous letters addressed to him there have been returned to the senders marked "Gone away—address unknown."

• • •

Wagner has operated in this fashion before, and he is almost certain to open up again in some new locality.

We are glad to say that the future activities of Mr. Wagner will be much curtailed by the action of one leading kennel newspaper, *Our Dogs*, which, following complaints from readers, has now entirely blacklisted him from its list of advertisers.

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# RAIDS *of a* Rate Expert

A SHOPKEEPER at Stoke-on-Trent was visited the other day by a middle-aged man, who tendered a business-card proclaiming him to be "Mr. Henry Barclay," of Messrs. Barclay, Baird and Briggs, rating valuers, of Chancery Lane, London.

The visitor said he was making a provincial tour to assist tradespeople in obtaining fair treatment from rating authorities.

• • •

His firm, he added, had long specialised in this form of business and had recovered large sums for clients in all parts of the country that would otherwise have been lost through their ignorance of the involved rating processes.

The shopkeeper listened with interest, for it so happened that he had just received his current rate demand, and he now produced it for Barclay's inspection.

Barclay asked for facts and figures, and glanced briefly through the books of account.

• • •

When he had made some rapid calculations upon a slip of paper, he announced confidently that he could secure a reduction of at least £40 without question.

His firm's fee for undertaking this work would be about £13 6s. 8d.; but it would only be necessary to pay a deposit of £2 2s. down, the balance to be deducted from the amount recovered.

• • •

Barclay said he had a number of other clients to visit in Stoke-on-Trent, and suggested that if the shopkeeper would get his books and accounts together he would call for them in two days' time.

On this the confiding shopkeeper paid over £2 2s., and was given a receipt.

That was the last he saw of the travelling rating-valuer, though he later heard that several fellow-tradesmen had similarly been persuaded to part with advance fees for services that were never rendered.

• • •

Barclay is an impostor who, armed with bogus printed matter, has been lately making a very profitable provincial tour.

Enquiry at the address given as the London headquarters of Messrs. Barclay, Baird and Briggs shows that no such firm exists, and Henry Barclay is quite unknown there.

There are far too many touring impostors of Barclay's type at large to-day, and we hope the police will now succeed in apprehending this ingenious two-guinea swindler.

# BAD LEG for 13 years

## "other remedies had all failed"

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# A GREAT MAN Out of a Job

## GRAB SMUTS FOR GREAT BRITAIN!

### by A. G. GARDINER

*Like all the truly great, Jan Smuts loves children*

THAT was a great and memorable scene at the Holborn Restaurant the other night when General Smuts and the German General against whom he had fought in East Africa dined together in the presence of a thousand of the British officers and men who had fought in the same campaign.

Following on the incident at Reading. when the commander of a British vessel spoke side by side on a League of Nations platform with the commander of a German submarine who had sunk his ship during the war and captured him, the episode shows how completely we have at last emerged from the passions engendered by the war.

While those passions held sway we could not get on with the peace. Now that they have passed we can get down to that great task.

And it is not only in England and Germany that the spring has come. In Paris a gathering of 20,000 people has just assembled to inaugurate a Franco-German friendship movement —a demonstration that would have been dangerous a year ago and unthinkable five years ago.

### The new spirit

Yes, the war spirit has passed like a cloud in the sky. And the question is how we can make the best use of the new spirit that is abroad in the world so that the clouds will never return.

In this connection the visit of General Smuts raises a question that has long exercised all thoughtful minds in this country.

In his Sidgwick Memorial lecture at Oxford the other day, General Smuts said the problem was no longer whether we could "make the world safe for democracy," but whether we could make democracy safe for the world.

Democracy has collapsed before new despotisms in Russia and Italy.

If democracy is to survive here and elsewhere, it must devise a machinery that will save it from making politics a Dutch auction in which all Parties are engaged in buying the votes of democracy without regard to the economic consequences of their bribes.

In a word, the most urgent need of the time is men of first-rate calibre who can save democracy from destroying itself.

Such men are few—few in this country and few in all countries.

And in this impoverishment of the human material available for handling the reconstruction of the world after the war it is a supreme tragedy that the most enlightened and capacious mind in the British Empire should, in Miltonic phrase, be "lodged with us useless."

I have no hesitation in putting that high estimate on General Smuts' capacity. He is, as he showed against us in the Boer War and for us in the Great War, a soldier of genius.

But he is much more than this. He is a statesman of supreme genius, with a world vision and that most rare of all gifts, a constructive faculty incomparably more accomplished than that of any other public man of this generation.

That gift has again and again been shown. It was shown at the peace of Vereeniging, at which he more than anyone else brought a happy issue to the Boer War.

It was shown in the drafting of the South African Constitution, the greatest achievement in political architecture since the establishment of the United States.

It was shown at the Peace of Paris, where his work was second only to that of Wilson, chiefly responsible for the League Covenant which was the one redeeming feature of the peace.

Why, in a world clamouring for men of genius and character to lead it out of the morass, is this great potentiality left on the scrap-heap?

### Smaller minds

It is true that he himself, after the war, chose to return to South Africa to devote his powers to consolidating the fabric that he had designed.

Whether he would have returned if some wider sphere for his unrivalled gifts had been offered him here I do not know.

He had no such offer. He was, I fear, allowed to go because smaller and more self-seeking men did not want a man of his intellectual stature to stand between them and the light.

And, in any case, it may be said that South Africa had the first claim on his services.

But the situation is changed. An unholy alliance of irreconcilable Boers with the Labour Party has put him out of action in South Africa. It is as though an alliance of the Diehard Tories with the Clydeside Communists had driven Mr. Baldwin out of office and public life.

The Boers will not forgive him for his enlightened views of the destiny of South Africa and for his desire to obliterate the racial hates of the past; and Labour will not forgive him for having once met its violence with force.

Out of this combination of bitter foes comes the tragedy that South Africa is robbed of the leadership of the most brilliant mind that has been devoted to statesmanship in this century.

But the tragedy of South Africa is the opportunity of the British Empire —or, as General Smuts would prefer to call it, the British Commonwealth.

He is still in the prime of life, young for his years, and as mentally vigorous as he was a generation ago, when his contemporaries at Cambridge used to say, "Keep your eye on Smuts," and when his successes in the law examinations seemed to foreshadow for him an almost unexampled career of triumph at the English Bar.

In the meantime, he has added to these shining gifts of the mind a wealth of experience in war and peace unequalled in any land for a century.

### To the Premier

He has emerged from that experience with a practical philosophy of world organisation, based on a complete renunciation of the primitive and narrow nationalism from which he sprang.

He sees those facts from three different angles, rarely found possible in one man. He sees them from the colonial point of view, from the home point of view, from the world point of view.

He sees them also as a practical pacifist. He has known, as few know, the bitterness as well as the futility of war, for he has seen his children die in the miseries of a Boer War prisoners' camp.

But that bitterness has left no rancour behind—only a sorrow and a pity that have purged his vision and inspired him with the passion to lift from humanity the shadow that has lain so balefully on it in the past.

If anyone should be capable of appreciating, not only the worth and outlook but the romance of this remarkable man, it is the Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, whose own career has been no less romantic and whose world sympathies are so much akin to those of General Smuts.

I will not attempt to indicate the directions in which his great gifts might be fittingly employed. Many obvious directions will occur to Mr. MacDonald if he pauses to think.

I will content myself with saying that it will be a grave wrong to this country and to the world if no work commensurate with his powers is offered to this most illustrious of the citizens of the British Commonwealth.

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*Homely Wisdom*—*by* CANON R. J. CAMPBELL. D.D.

# A Friendly Hand

*"A good mixer"*

THE late T. P. O'Connor was an old friend of mine, though we met but seldom in his later years.

Some little time before his death he wrote asking me to go and see him, stating that he was a sufferer from many infirmities and needed cheering up.

Considering that he himself was one of the most cheerful souls I ever knew, I wondered a little at this confession, especially as he was so greatly beloved and usually had troops of people round him, for he was a good mixer and loved company.

But I wondered more at what followed. He wrote, as far as I can remember the exact phraseology: "I dislike being alone. As I grow old I realise how dependent we are upon one another for whatever brightness we can get out of life."

This was rather touching, and probably it is true of most of us.

I said in this column not long ago that loneliness of spirit is a great affliction which should be fought and conquered. No one should give in to it who is within reach of his fellow-creatures. Don't retire into your shell if you would keep the flame of love alight in your soul.

I once knew a rich man, a kind-hearted man too, who, in a moment of confidence, admitted to me that his life was very drab.

"Nobody wants me," he said; "I am an uninteresting chap, and I suppose I bore people; outside of business no one seems to take pleasure in my society."

The statement was a sad one, and I think that, on the whole, his experience corresponded to it; but it need not have been so.

This week I have heard of a delightful thing which I commend to readers of JOHN BULL.

A lonely lady, who has known great sorrow, has found solace for her own heart in founding a little society for lonely people. She calls it "The Guild of the Rose."

Three evenings in every week the members meet in a warm room for companionship, chatter, and light refreshments. A special visitor or two may be invited to sing a song or give a little informal talk.

Helpful sayings, culled from anywhere—I am proud to be told that some of them are from this column—are read out at intervals. They are called rose petals—a good name for them.

At the close all present stand up and link arms. Then they send thoughts of goodwill to absent members who may be in sickness or difficulty.

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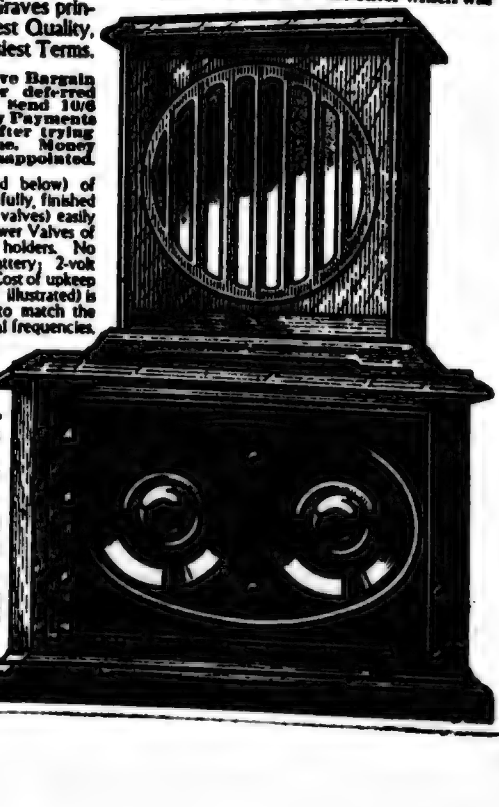

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# Secret of the BRITISH Film Collapse

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

America was clever enough to capture Charles Rosher, an Englishman, the world's greatest camera man

Clive Brook, also English, makes American films famous

SINCE the Films Act was passed in 1927, imposing on both renters and exhibitors a certain quota of British films, £2,322,200 worth of new film securities has been foisted on the public.

To-day those securities are valued in the market at £613,255.

That is a state of affairs that calls for some comment. It is a cool loss of the enormous sum of £1,708,945, which the public, in a wave of totally unfounded optimism, threw into the quicksands of British film studios.

It is extremely doubtful if the public will ever see it again.

The mere thought of the "quota"—which, to give it its proper name, is a tariff on American films—set every incompetent and inartistic film-producer in England whooping for joy.

It also caused company-promoters looking for easy money to prick up their ears.

They were aided and abetted by the newspapers, which sang pæans of praise for the golden era that was now dawning for British film production.

## Make—rubbish

For the newspapers did not tell the public that what the Quota Act said in effect was:

"Make films as hard as you can. We are going to make the exhibitor show British films to the extent of 7½ per cent. of his total programme.

"Never mind what your films are like. We don't care what rubbish you make: we will make the public see it."

They made the films, and most of them were very, very bad. Then the public took a hand in the game.

It refused to pretend that "patriotism" could make inefficiency efficient. Where it had previously smiled at British films it now laughed at them.

Very soon, to advertise a film as "British" outside a kinema was to run the risk of an empty house. The public was not to be gulled.

It continued to go to the films it liked and not to those that authority said it ought to like.

To-day, if the Quota Act is not a dead letter, it is the best imitation of one I have ever seen.

Now, there must be some reason for the bottom falling out of British film production, for to pretend that we cannot make films or that we have no competent actors is idle nonsense.

Chaplin, Clive Brook, Ronald Colman, Dorothy McKail and a dozen more are all English. "But," you will say, "they are in Hollywood. What are you talking about?"

Well, why are they in Hollywood making fortunes for themselves and their employers except because of the incredible stupidity of those in charge of British film production who let them go?

Just before I sat down to write this article I saw "The Return of Sherlock Holmes." It was made by Basil Dean and the star was Clive Brook—both Englishmen—but the film was made in Hollywood.

## They can do it

Why, except for stupidity that makes an average half-wit look intelligent, could it not have been made at Elstree?

The other night I saw "Atlantic"—a magnificent picture that was made at Elstree. Its director was a German, and, since he is one of the finest producers in the world, let it be counted to the credit of the producing company that it engaged him.

But what interested me was that the camera-man was Charles Rosher, an Englishman.

Charles Rosher was Mary Pickford's camera-man for years. He is one of the best, if not actually the best, in the world; and this is the first time we have had the sense to give him a job in his own country.

Stupidity? I guess yes, as the Americans would say.

Let us get a bit deeper into the cause of the trouble. The rock-bottom fact is, and has been ever since I first knew the film industry, that the majority of those who run our British studios are fakes.

Ignorant, often half-educated, they lack even the horse-sense to buy better men than themselves and give them a free hand.

They swell with a totally mistaken idea of their own importance, and they are too stupid even to admit their own mistakes.

Many of them have no possible qualification for the jobs they hold. In Hollywood or in Berlin they would be found out and laughed out of the studios in five minutes.

If it is true, as is often stated, that good film producers are handicapped by the films they are called on to direct and the conditions under which they have to work, it is equally true that a good many stories are handicapped by the fact that their directors are men who would be much better employed in weighing out sugar and cutting up bacon.

## Piles of junk

And behind them are too many men in control of the financial end of the game who have only the faintest conception of the nature of the business in which they are engaged.

That is why the devastating advent of the talkies caught us napping.

Much of the lost capital of the mushroom companies is lying in reels of silent film which nobody has ever seen or ever will see. They are just piles of useless junk that should never have been made.

Those films never would have been made had those in charge of British production been alive to what was going on in America.

The general incompetency of British film producers can be seen on the screens. What is not seen by the public is the wretched business management that lays its crushing hand on the industry.

A few British companies certainly earn dividends—but not out of their films. They make their money by letting their studios at exorbitant prices to other companies who do not own studios.

Let me tell you a story. I once heard a British producer boasting that he had made sixty-five reels of film in sixty-five weeks. When I saw them projected on the screen I had no difficulty whatever in believing him.

Again, a British film company once acclaimed, as something to be proud of, that a full-length scenario had been written in 23 hours 5 minutes and 2½ seconds.

When I saw the film I'd have believed it if I had been told that it had been written in the odd minutes and seconds.

## He takes a year

Chaplin thinks nothing of spending the best part of a year in making a single film. That seems to be about the only adequate comment.

What the British film industry needs is a drastic handing out of the Order of the Sack; and it is time those whose money is invested in it began to enquire into the qualifications of those who are busy losing it for them.

For "Blackmail" shows what we can do if we like. It is playing to crowded houses in the United States, despite all the wails of those who say that it is impossible to get British films shown in America.

America is beating us only because she puts brains into the business and we don't. If she hasn't got enough brains she buys them, and the tragedy is that she mostly buys them from us.

British film production will come on to the map just as soon as we entice into the business the livest and best minds, the most creative minds and the best business minds that we can command.

What the British industry needs most at the moment is a whole lot of funerals. It may sound unkind. The truth often does.

---

*The Human Machine*

## SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

WE can cultivate no more useful quality than the ability to think our own thoughts, to observe facts and form independent judgments on them.

It is rather an astonishing thing that right through history nobody seems to have had much opinion of mankind's ability to think—and yet the power of reasoned thought is supposed to be the one really distinguishing mark of the human animal.

John Stuart Mill, for instance, in his famous essay on "Liberty," says: "When we consider either the history of opinion or the ordinary conduct of human life, to what is it to be ascribed that the one and the other are no worse than they are?

"Not, certainly, to the inherent force of the human understanding; for, on any matter not self-evident there are ninety-nine persons totally incapable of judging of it for the one who is capable; and the capacity of the hundredth person is only comparative; for the majority of the eminent men of every past generation held many opinions now known to be erroneous and did or approved numerous things which none will now justify?"

Why is this? Mostly, surely because we are too lazy to go to the very considerable trouble of doing some real thinking, and because we are too apt to allow prejudices and pre-formed opinions to colour facts.

And, to some extent, because we are very unwilling to have our precious beliefs put to the test of discussion and experience. We most of us prefer to hug delusions rather than risk being proved wrong, with the consequence of being forced to do some fresh thinking.

In other words, we prefer mental laziness to mental activity; we would much rather have our thinking done for us than do it ourselves.

It is a good job for the world that there are always a handful of men and women who are not afraid to think. We should make much quicker progress towards a world really worth living in if we all used our brains—if it was only for an hour every day.

Why don't we? It doesn't cost anything.

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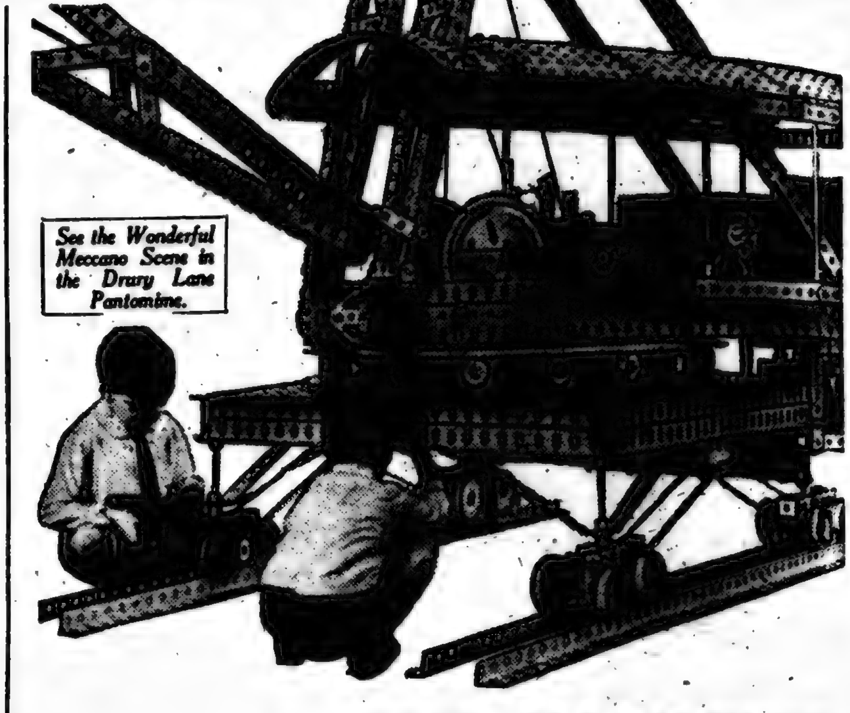

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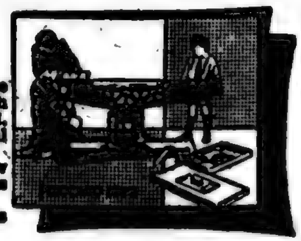

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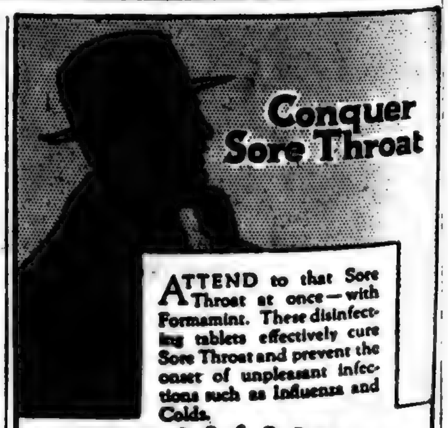

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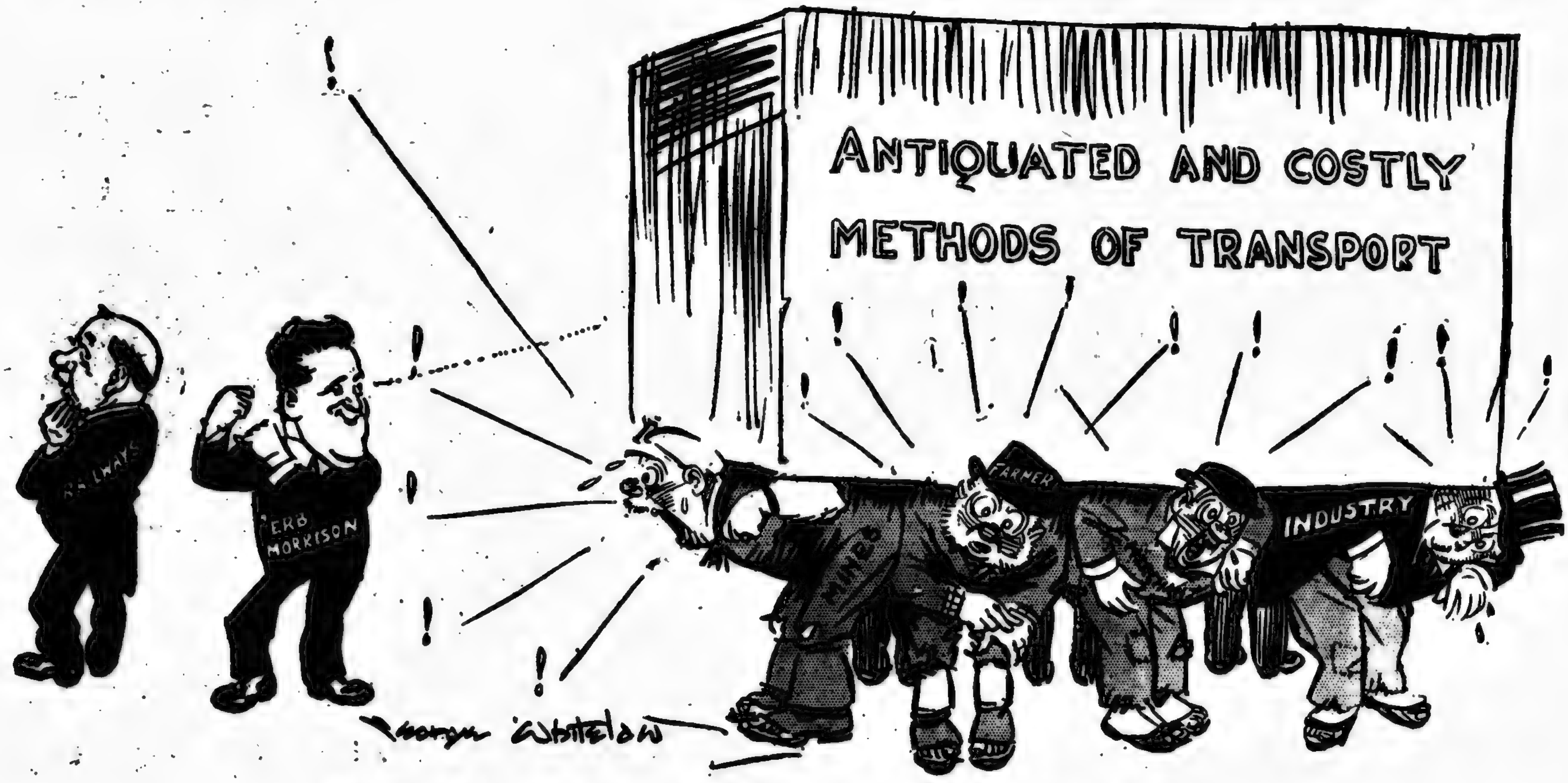


THE REAL TRAFFIC BLOCK—Fetch Your Crane, Herbert!

# RIP VAN WINKLE'S HOLD-UP

## *Without Fear or Favour*

IT is often repeated that the history of civilisation is the history of roads. No less is it true that all commercial progress is built up on cheap and efficient means of transport.

Lately the Government has outlined a plan for the control of all London passenger traffic under one authority. It is a great scheme, providing the economics are sound and safeguards against an eventual monopoly are introduced in the coming Bill.

But this is only touching the fringe of Britain's transport problem. As things are now, passenger services in all great cities, congested as they may be, are far ahead of the systems in existence for the carriage of goods.

These are wasteful, antiquated and costly. Coal is dear because rail charges are high. Exporters are often beaten in outside markets by a margin almost exactly accounted for by the higher inland transport and dock charges which they have to meet at home.

Farmers have been complaining that it has been cheaper this season to dig in their potatoes than to send them any distance by rail. We are told that it costs more to send a stone of apples from the West Country to Covent Garden than from Australia to the London Docks.

Though British ocean freight rates hold their own, dock charges at ports like Antwerp, Rotterdam and Hamburg have been reduced to a third of those at our ports, through the introduction of modern methods.

NOT so long ago, representatives of the London Chamber of Commerce pointed out to the Royal Commission on Transport the enormous cost to City merchants of the congestion and delays to traffic to and from the docks. They were reiterating the complaints of other commercial bodies at all the principal seaports.

There are many ports, such as Liverpool, where horses drawing heavy loads trudge for miles from the seaboard to the warehouses just as they did fifty years ago. Frequently roads are blocked while scores of small railway trucks are being shunted across the path of the traffic by miniature engines.

And, such delays apart, the pace of steam and motor wagons is regulated by the horse traffic. These cobwebs round the ports largely explain why it costs more to handle and ship a ton of cargo at a British port than it does to transport it thousands of miles across the ocean.

Our railway goods system, with its myriad ownership of trucks, half of which are empty most of the time, is a byword. The stagnant state of the canals, kept so by the railway bosses, who hate nothing so much as healthy competition, requires no further emphasis in these columns.

So, after London, let's have an all-British traffic Bill. If the Government tackles this problem successfully it will earn its keep.

* * *

THE ordinary common-sense person itches to get behind the Fathers of the State with a sharp bradawl—not particularly Mr. Thomas, but the whole generation of his predecessors.

### *Always "Act of God"*

Here have we been patching, plastering and tinkering with the Thames and Severn banks for countless years, and every time a little drop of extra rain falls we get a catch in the heart about lives in danger, and an inevitable amount of misery, even though there be no deaths.

Floods have recently added to the distress of the Rhondda Valley. Next time the whole valley may be gutted, and then there will be a wail about "Act of God."

Nothing of the kind. It will be act of greed and callous carelessness. For the work of safety has long been planned.

So it is with the Thames scheme. A Bill is being prepared for this session, and there is vague talk about spending £9,000,000.

Why not get on with it at once? It will have to be done in the end, and the public in any case will have to foot the bill for the work—and for any disaster in the meantime.

JOHN BULL has long given the lead on this subject. The daily Press only becomes excited when the water begins to lap over the Embankment. Here is work that must be done, and heaven knows there are thousands hungering to do it.

ANOTHER fearsome spectre laid! "The recognised strength of the Communist Party in Great Britain," says a competent authority, "appears to be not much over 2,000."

### *A Red Sunset*

The history of this so-called Party is inglorious. It has alternately been the weapon and the butt of the Conservative publicity department. It has never done anything but make itself a noisy nuisance at critical times.

The general strike read us several lessons, and not the least of these was that Communism of the foreign brand had no place in British hearts.

Its agitators aimed at red ruin when the issue was joined. There was a critical moment when law-abiding restraint threatened to crack. It did crack in one relatively small place—and the Reds scuttled away to safety, leaving their dupes to face the music.

True, for awhile their clamour bluffed the solid rank and file of Labour representatives. Then they were flung out with ignominy.

One of the great weaknesses of the Communist push was that everyone soon knew the ammunition was being supplied from abroad. There was a boom in pleasant jobs for the street-corner men, but their spoutings were received with suspicion.

The genuine indigenous agitator was not to be found among them. They had no leaders with personality—no Keir Hardies, no Ben Tilletts, nobody with the grasp of a John Burns.

They had many noisy mediocrities as leaders, and to-day their last state is no better than their first.

MEANWHILE their kind masters of the Third Internationale became dissatisfied with results. These were trifling, except that the Internationale itself had a thumping publicity from the British Press.

That sort of propaganda will always fail. British people demand their own brand of goods. This Communist liquor turns flat in British barrels, and no amount of "finings" will ever give it tone and sparkle.

# Smuggling up to da

## Colossal Traffic in Contraband

by J. S. WENTW

*The new long skirt—complete with dope garter*

SMUGGLING in Britain is a greater "industry" than it has ever been. No need to recall old stories of luggers, "preventives," and pistols and cutlasses flashing in the moonlight.

The amount in money cannot be calculated, but it certainly runs well among the millions. The "industry" began to boom six years ago, and it has grown amazingly.

Many a Christmas table this year will bear rare liquor and cigars, many a pretty woman will wear silks and lingerie which carry an extra flavour of richness because they have "run the Customs"—and cost a little less than the trade price. And who would wonder?

The coasts are open, the goods are heavily dutiable—and the rest is comparatively easy.

This state of affairs is perfectly well known to the Customs authorities. Their own officials have admitted to me their knowledge of it and their inability to deal with it.

The cause of this astonishing state of affairs is the abolition of the coastguard and substitution of a force which is totally inadequate to deal with the matter.

Up to 1923 the British coasts were guarded by some 3,000 coastguards. They were men of experience, picked naval ratings, commanded by naval officers, and instinct with all the thoroughness and efficiency which naval discipline inculcates.

### *The thin line*

Then came the Geddes axe.

To-day the total force of men available for shipwreck work, Customs duties, coast-watching, signalling and the prevention of smuggling is about 850—and of these less than 300 are empowered to deal with smugglers.

These men are controlled not by the Admiralty, but by the Customs and the Board of Trade.

The result is that the coast from Harwich down to Deal, and from Deal to Penzance, and from Penzance away up the Bristol Channel is riddled with smuggling and smugglers.

All the old arts have been revived and new ones added.

Pistol and cutlass have gone out, and motor-boat, bribe and motor-car come in. No one wears a wig or "borrows" a team of horses at dead of night, but many a smuggler of to-day wears suède shoes and drives a fast touring-car.

On the east coast the smuggler is often a harmless-looking young yachtsman, who arrives for the week-end with a pile of suit-cases and baggage, puts them aboard, garages the car and sails off for a week-end at sea.

Monday morning sees him back again, suit-cases and trunks are packed in the car, the yacht snugged down, and off he goes back to London—with a few hundreds of pounds' worth of silk in the baggage behind.

That is the Brightlingsea-Mersea - Wivenhoe - Walton - Leigh way of doing it.

On the Sussex coast many of the old smuggling families of fishermen have revived all and more of the guile of their ancestors.

The same up the coastal rivers and on the Dorset coast—but they have a way of catching people in Dorset.

"Will you let me run my boat into your island and use one of the barns—just for a little private business of my own? I'll pay you well for the privilege if you'll accept it."

This offer was made to the writer by a man whom he had met for the first time.

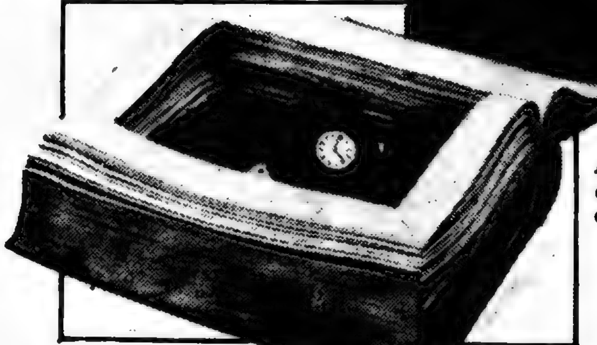
The man was a junior official in a big City firm. Neither his looks, conversation nor position indicated wealth or any notable degree of intelligence. He was just a black-coated worker on £400 to £500 a year. And likely to remain at that figure.

During the course of the talk it had been mentioned by a third person that I owned, in Essex, an island—lonely, inhabited only by an old shepherd and his wife, far from a town or station and good only for wild duck and sheep.

On this island stands a set of deserted farm-buildings. Also there are three or four "hards" and barge anchorages. Immediately he heard this, my black-coated acquaintance brightened up.

*He can see right through this bale of goods*

*His cunning belt and hip receptacle can carry a fortune*



*Costly trifles in an "expurgated" edition*

He invited me to lunch. He told me that he and a friend owned a small sea-going, motor cabin-cruiser.

It was kept at Brightlingsea, and they occasionally ran over to Holland on it for the week-ends.

But Brightlingsea was too crowded and moorings there were too dear. So my island sounded just the place for which they were looking.

"Why do you want the barn?" I asked.

"Oh, just for a sail-store and general junk," he answered.

"But you don't want sails for a motor-boat," I pointed out.

### *Right little island*

He looked confused, hesitated a moment and then said:

"Well, look here. I'll have to tell you anyway. We run stuff over from Scheveningen beach or from Nieuport most week-ends; and I want a place to put it where it's quiet and where it can be got off in an unsuspicious way.

"Your island's the very spot—and we'll pack the stuff in trusses of hay and get it up to London that way. Now, be a sport!"

"I am—that's why I keep the island for wild-fowling," I answered.

"But if you think I'm going to risk jail or a fine of a few hundreds just to let you get away with a few yards of silk or dozens of brandy you're mistaken." So we parted.

Three months after his boat was chased by a Belgian gunboat, escaped in a fog, and reached Brightlingsea with its joint owners so badly shaken that they have now given up their week-end trips.

This is one example of several which have come within my experience during the past three years.

Beyond a doubt, more smugglers smuggle than are caught.

### *Amateur yachtsman*

The writer said to a Customs officer: "I dare bet a sovereign that a cargo is run ashore somewhere on the coast every fine night in the week from May to September."

"I won't take you," he answered. Then he told a story.

It was the story of a well-to-do business man who has an office in Bloomsbury, a comfortable bank-balance, a large suburban house, a taste for yachting—and an eye-glass. This man is one of the biggest smugglers in the country.

"There aren't many summer nights when he doesn't land £500 worth of stuff somewhere," my informant said.

"We've had him once and we'll have him again. He's smart, but one of these days we'll get him, and then—good-bye for some time.

"I met him only a little while back. 'Hullo, Mr. G——!' I said, 'How's the yachting?'

"'Fine, my boy,' he said. 'Just fine—so long as I don't see too much of you.'

"He's a very nice gentleman, and I think he started it just as a lark. But now he makes so much out of it that when we do get him the only thing that will cure him will be a long stretch in jug."

This man always hires French boats, on which he places a super-cargo who is paid so well that even if he were caught it is doubtful if he would divulge the name of his employer.

The French skipper is seldom told the nature of his cargo, but is

*The quiet old tramp stea*

*Hollow logs, lying casually around — full of contraband*

# p to date

## n Contraband

by J. S. WENTWORTH DAY

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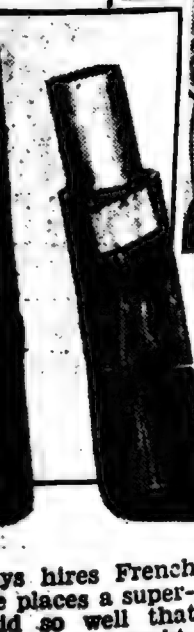

Hollow logs, lying casually around — full of contraband

Not at the ordinary Customs barrier is "big business" done. These are the honest people who suffer delays because of rogues

Private 'planes may flip back and forth. Silk stockings pack very small

merely ordered to run up such-and-such a creek and discharge at some lonely farm, wharf—or sometimes on the open beach, as was done at Cuckmere Haven by a certain boat.

One Cuckmere Haven venture came badly to grief.

It had been arranged that the boat, a French fishing-vessel, should stand off the haven, which lies in a deep cleft of the Sussex downs near Seaford, until a lamp-signal was seen from shore.

### Dirty weather

She was then to enter on the top of the spring tide, discharge on the beach and depart.

A lorry would be waiting to take the stuff straight to London.

All would have gone well but for the fact that dirty weather came on, the supercargo was violently sick, and, as he was nothing more than a clerk in his employer's office and was getting very little return for his responsibility, he ordered the French skipper to run into Newhaven.

The skipper, ignorant of his cargo, did so. The Customs people came aboard, arrests and fines followed, and the lorry went home empty.

The articles which pay best to smuggle are silks, brandy, aniline dyes, jewellery, watches, perfumes, eau-de-Cologne, saccharine, cigars, wines, gin and drugs.

Silk and brandy are probably the favourite cargoes of those who actually run boats solely for smuggling purposes. Drugs are not at all popular because of the heavy penalties attached to them and the difficulty of disposing of them.

### For "Rum Row"

Those which do come in seem to be imported mostly by Lascars and other foreign seamen.

Certain Belgian boats are suspected of carrying cargoes of whisky, which is transhipped here and sent on to St. Pierre and Miquelon for "Rum Row."

Smuggling to-day takes many forms.

First, there is the wholesale method of the big brains, the men who hire or own one or more high-powered sea-going motor-boats, fishing-boats, schooners or onion boats, and do their smuggling on the scale of running and landing from £500 to £2,000 worth of stuff in a night on three or four nights a week.

Then there are the amateurs, the reckless young men, often ex-Black-and-Tans, who own one small boat in partnership, usually a harmless-looking little yacht, from ten to thirty tons, and use it at week-ends mostly as a "lark"—but a profitable lark.

I know one young man who made £500 in six months, working from Rye and beginning with a capital of fifty shillings. Then one night his boat and cargo were stolen off Camber.

He was too frightened to enquire about it and too scared to begin again; so he started to do honest work.

Then there are the men who patronise the small short-sea traders which come from Hamburg, Bremen, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Flushing, and the Belgian ports once or twice a week.

### Nimble lightermen

These men work in conjunction with the lightermen, whose boats go up the rivers to out-of-the-way wharves.

These short-sea traders invariably discharge at the same wharf (they seldom enter a dock), and nearly always bring the same type of cargo.

Consequently, the crew, labourers and lightermen soon get to know one another.

Nothing is simpler than for one of the crew to pass a lighterman a parcel of 300 cigars, two or three bottles of brandy, and a watch or two.

The parcel is stowed away on the lighter (where no Customs officer ever treads except on special business), and a few hours later it is opened and the contents disposed of in quite another part of London.

It is estimated that £100,000 worth of duty is lost to the State by these methods each year in the Thames alone.

Occasionally visiting seamen on foreign ships adopt far more elaborate and ingenious methods, especially when drugs are being smuggled.

Bibles have been cut away in the middle to hold cocaine and then gummed together at the edges of the pages.

Not long ago a cat and six kittens were brought ashore by a woman. An official tried to stroke them. They were stuffed—with £2,000 worth of drugs.

A bundle of Boy Scouts' staves lay unclaimed in the Customs House warehouse for months. Then someone broke one by accident.

A stream of cigars poured out. Each stave was hollow and contained about £3 worth of unpaid duty.

### Tricky

Horse-collars stuffed with silk; walking-sticks full of cocaine; waistcoats interlined and interlined again with silk stockings; boots with false heels, and wooden legs that held cocaine—all these tricks have been tried by passengers; while members of crews have been equally ingenious at constructing hiding-places out of the most innocent-looking parts of the ship's interior.

For example, there was a recent case at Liverpool in which a Spaniard, Otero Mosquera, chief steward of the steamer *Orcoma*, was accused of having sawn out a part of the wainscot in the ship's canteen and hidden 28 lb. of tobacco behind it.

Broadly considered, the whole question of smuggling dutiable articles into this country must be dealt with firmly and on a big scale or it will grow to even more alarming dimensions.

The type of man who "runs a cargo" nowadays is vastly different from the coasting bargee, the Lascar, the woman passenger, and the fisherman who brought in the odd bottles of brandy, packets of drugs and silk dresses prior to 1923.

To-day, smuggling is a business, and one which can be made to show such a heavy profit that even the risk of prison will not deter many of its followers.

### Airy stockings

It is rumoured that aeroplanes have been used. I cannot confirm that, although I have been investigating the whole question for the past three and a half years. But if aeroplanes have not been used so far, they soon will be.

When a private 'plane can flip over to France and back in an afternoon, and when ten shillings profit can be made on one pair of silk stockings—five hundred pairs take up very little room—then it is time that we had not only an increased coastguard, but an air-guard.

*Give your boy and girl a "Blackbird" this Christmas!*

Imagine their delight in having a "Blackbird" of their very own. Reflect, too, that a "Blackbird" will increase their self-respect and be a real help in their studies. It is a practical gift and one that will *last*.

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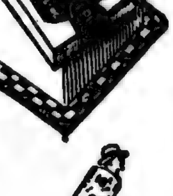

# THE Embarrassing BRIDESMAID

## by A. A. THOMSON

MY friend's name is Smith—George Smith. There would be no point in my calling him Brown or Robinson. He was (and is) a successful veterinary surgeon, living in a small Hertfordshire village.

He was (and is) a sidesman at his parish church, a Conservative and a total abstainer—in short, a model, law-abiding citizen of a fairly normal type. If he has a fault, it is that he is rather dull and unimaginative.

I am, for my sins, a novelist and journalist, and no one has ever accused me of this particular fault (or virtue), but I lay stress on George's punctilious truthfulness, which lay (and lies) as much as anything in his complete lack of imagination, because I have only his word for the first part of what I have called the adventure of "The Embarrassing Bridesmaid."

I implicitly believe this part of the story, because I know the man. He is mentally and constitutionally incapable of having invented it

Having introduced George Smith as a law-abiding citizen, I must now recount how he broke his country's laws for the first and only time in his life.

On October 16, 1908, between the hours of 10 and 11 p.m., he was guilty of what is probably the mildest crime in our calendar—namely, that of riding a bicycle without a light.

He had ridden over to the market-town, some three or four miles from his home, to play bridge with his fiancée's people. (I should have told you that he had just become engaged to the daughter of a clergyman, a charming girl named Eileen.)

*MR. A. A. THOMSON says he has drawn the main incidents of this story from real life. Those, however, who find the cauliflower too hard to swallow must bear in mind that the author is a famous humorist*

It was nearly half-past ten when George said good-bye, lit his bicycle-lamp, and set off homewards. When he had accomplished half of his journey, which was along a narrow by-road, the mishap occurred. Without any warning, his bicycle light went out.

"Tut, tut," said George, or possibly, "Dear, dear." He was not a young man given to violent language. Then he made what was for him a rather

(*Continued on page 24*)

*Drawn by Herbert Hyde*

*"At first he thought that an enormous landslide had occurred. . . . Suddenly the landslide stirred and emitted an alarming sound. . . ."*

# Avoid that feeling of strain

## —and you'll work twice as well

RELAX the nerves—relax the tension on your brain—and your mind works more clearly and easily.

The habit of nervous relaxation is no secret to users of Wrigley's Chewing Sweets. The act of chewing soothes and relaxes the whole nervous system. It calms the brain. Muscular relaxation then follows. Strain is gone. Concentration becomes easy—and with it greater efficiency.

Wrigley's will also do you good in many other ways. Taken after meals it helps the digestion—cleanses teeth and mouth—sweetens the breath—and removes all trace of eating, drinking or smoking.

In two flavours—P.K., a true peppermint flavour—Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour.

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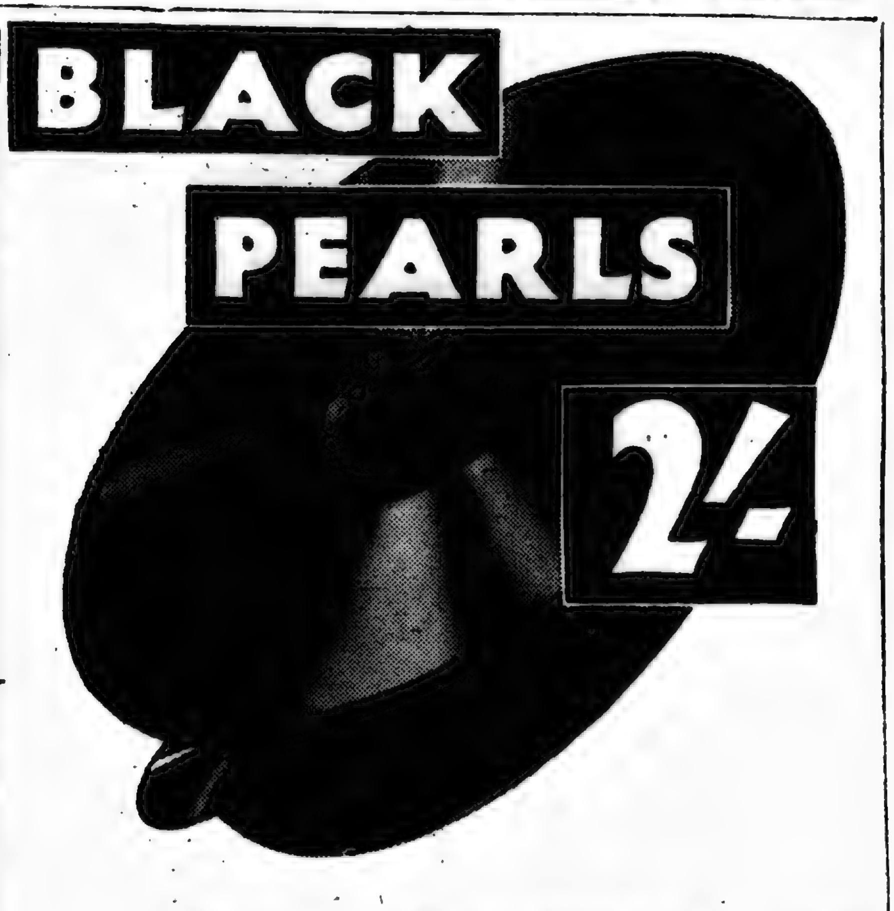

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A ....... jolly good Mincepie

To make delicious Mince Pies that all will enjoy.

Take 1 lb. Flour; ¼ lb. Lard; 1 teaspoonful Baking Powder and one pinch of Salt.

1. Rub all ingredients together as finely as possible.
2. Add enough cold water to make into a stiff paste.
3. Roll about half of paste very thin and line patty tins.
4. Put one tablespoonful of ROBERTSON'S MINCEMEAT ("GOLDEN SHRED" BRAND) in each patty tin.
5. Roll out the remaining pastry and cut with a small cutter and place on top.
6. Bake in a moderate oven for ten to fifteen minutes.
7. Sift with sugar and serve warm or cold as preferred.

Robertson's Mincemeat

GOLDEN SHRED BRAND.

Also makers of the best Black-currant Jam.

M. 4.

For your throat

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Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Your Chemist sells them

8d & 1/3 Per Box

# THE EMBARRASSING BRIDESMAID

—Continued from page 22

daring decision—to ride the rest of the way home without a light.

So he rode on, pedalling easily and ruminating vaguely on the fact that if Eileen's mother had only led spades, the result of the last rubber would have been different. If only——

Thump! George caught a momentary glimpse of an enormous dark mass completely blocking the roadway, jammed on his brakes, and flew incontinently over his handle-bars.

His bowler hat—George always wears a bowler hat—saved him from what might have been a serious concussion, and when he picked himself up, he was, except for a severe shaking, none the worse for his swallow-dive.

At first he thought that an enormous landslide had occurred, though, in perfectly flat country, that supposition was manifestly absurd.

SUDDENLY the landslide stirred and emitted an alarming sound that was something between a roar and a tremendous groan.

As the vast bulk heaved, the moon came out from behind a cloud, and George saw that he had run into the colossal hindquarters of a kneeling elephant! An elephant!

"Dear, dear," said George. He was, as I have said, a totally unimaginative man, and the problem of an elephant in a remote Hertfordshire lane completely baffled him.

Presently he saw a dim light, and made out, moving silently towards him from the further—or bow—end of the elephant the figure of a dark-skinned, white-robed Indian mahout, carrying a lantern.

"I hope, sorr," said the dusky Oriental, "that ye haven't been after hurting yerself."

It is not given to many total abstainers to encounter in an English by-lane first a recumbent elephant and then a Hindu mahout with a strong Irish accent; but George took it very well.

"What's this?" he demanded sternly.

"Sure," replied the poor Indian, "it's only Ethel."

"Ethel?"

"The best-tempered baste I iver handled, barring when she's got this sore place behind her ear, the poor darlint. Be aisy now, Ethel, the kind gentleman won't hurt ye."

Gradually George elicited the perfectly plausible explanation. The circus to which Ethel and her Hiberno-Oriental guardian were attached had been on the point of moving from the neighbouring market-town, when it was discovered that the elephant was suffering from a painful swelling behind the right ear.

All efforts to doctor her on the spot had failed and she had become extremely fractious. "Roaring and trumpeting, she was, sorr, like the angel Gabriel. . . ." The circus proprietor had left her behind in charge of her keeper with orders to seek out the nearest vet.

"And belave me," added the mahout with an air of grievance, "when we called on him, the spalpeen was out."

"I am a vet," said George, briskly. He was now on firm ground, a competent professional man ready to get on with his job.

"Glory be! The cratur just turns round and squats down and the divil and all wouldn't budge her. Would ye care to be havin' a look at the sore place now?"

"Give me that light," said George, and by the flickering illumination of the mahout's lantern he examined the cause of Ethel's distress.

"This," he declared, "wants poulticing and lancing."

I AM not a veterinary surgeon myself, and am consequently unacquainted with the details of that interesting profession. It is enough to say that George handled the ticklish job soundly.

He straightened out his buckled handle-bars, rode home, prepared an enormous poultice and what not—it may have been vinegar and brown paper for all I know—and hurried back to his patient.

He spent a couple of hours with her, and at last, to the keeper's admiration and Ethel's almost complete satisfaction, the operation was performed and the pain relieved.

"And if ye ever want a job wid a circus," said the grateful mahout, "just you write to my guv'nor. A gintleman like your honour is wasted givin' pills to sick cows."

They parted amicably.

I should never have heard of this incident if it had not been for what occurred on George's wedding-day, nearly three years later. George was married in the parish church of which his bride's father was vicar, in the summer of 1911.

I am in full possession of the facts, for the simple reason that I let myself in for the somewhat thankless office of being best man.

After I had signed the register, kissed the bridesmaids—there were four of them, delightful girls—and tipped the aged pew-opener, I hurried back into my place in the procession, which was just going out through the porch.

SIR EDWARD PARRY

*tells you next week of a "Real Life" Spirit in his Story*

"A *Legend* of LINCOLN'S INN"

It was when the happy pair reached the lych-gate of the churchyard that I saw that something was amiss.

There was a large crowd on the pavement, a much denser throng than could be accounted for by a knot of confetti-throwing friends at a country-town wedding.

THE crush, indeed, was so thick that it was impossible for the bride and bridegroom to reach their carriage.

"What's the matter?" I asked the policeman who was doing his rather inefficient best to keep the people back.

"It's the circus," he puffed, pushing back a perambulator and two small boys. "Procession's just passing down the High Street."

I looked out across the small market-square towards the main street which crossed the far side of it, and there was the head of the procession. The orchestra on the leading carriage was playing "Alexander's Rag-time Band."

Several vans followed, containing tigers and panthers. Then came a couple of dromedaries and wagon, bearing a tableau of Britannia with a real lion. After this came an elephant.

"We'll have to wait a moment," I said jocularly to George. "You're not the only creature on show to-day."

Suddenly the crowd swayed. The elephant had stopped.

I could not see very clearly, but it was obvious that the elephant's keeper was strenuously endeavouring to persuade it to move along, while the great beast was resisting just as stubbornly.

A sound of shrill trumpeting rang out. Then all at once the animal turned and began to move across the square. A wave of panic swept the crowd, which broke in all directions.

NO one is particularly anxious to stop and argue with a stampeding elephant. In a couple of minutes that square was practically cleared.

Across the square came the elephant, its dusky mahout scurrying along at its heels.

I am, I repeat, no authority upon the manners and customs of elephants, still less am I competent to read the expression on their faces. Yet some extraordinary instinct told me that this was not an angry elephant.

On the contrary, that elephant came gambolling across towards us, trumpeting with joy. Its movement was nothing less than a gargantuan frolic.

"Be aisy, I tell ye!" shouted the mahout. "Ethel wouldn't hurt the wing av a fly. Divil a need there is for all the gossoons to be after running away. Steady then, Ethel, ould girl. Steady, mavourneen. There's someone here this elephant knows."

Still trumpeting, Ethel came on in a sort of ponderous polka-step.

Then, with a sound that resembled nothing so much as a tremendous whinny, she advanced upon George with every symptom of delight, nuzzling against his frock-coat and fondling him affectionately with her trunk.

The bride screamed.

"It's all right, darling," said George imperturbably. "I *know* this elephant."

The mahout came panting up.

"Bedad!" he exclaimed. "If it isn't the mustard-plaster gintleman!"

"It wasn't a mustard plaster," returned the stolid George. "It was a hot fomentation. She doesn't seem to have forgotten."

"That's the truth, sorr. Ethel never forgets. As soon as she stopped I knew, sure as eggs, there was something, and so, begorra, there was. You'll often have heard av the ingratitude av human craturs, but ilephants niver."

ALL this time Ethel was affectionately patting George's shoulder. Then I saw her give a quick look round. She threw a glance at the bride and then at her scared bridesmaids, especially eyeing their bouquets of beautiful white flowers.

There was a look in her eye as plain as if she had spoken the word, which seemed to say, "Just a moment, George."

Swinging round, she padded back across the square to where a vegetable-stall had been abandoned in the crowd's first rush for safety, thoughtfully selected the largest cauliflower on view, poised it delicately in her trunk and, lumbering joyfully back, deposited it in George's arms. Her dear friend George was not going to be without a bouquet if she knew it.

This is the authentic story, to the truth of which I am prepared to vouch before a commissioner for oaths, of how Ethel turned up to be an extra bridesmaid at George Smith's wedding; nor was she to be prevailed upon to leave off fondling him until, after a hurried consultation, the bridal carriage was finally incorporated into the reorganised procession.

George and his bride eventually left the church, following, amid the cheers of the populace, a tableau representing Britannia and the British lion, with the devoted Ethel walking proudly—you might almost say, smirkingly—behind, ever and anon fondly poking her trunk over the back of her preserver's carriage.

Your sure Protection *against bad* Weather

THE sure way to protect yourself against colds, coughs and other ailments which are due to exposure to inclement weather is to build up reserves of strength and vitality.

Only from nourishment can the necessary building up material be obtained, and from no other source can such an abundance of health and strength-giving nourishment be obtained as from "Ovaltine."

This delicious beverage contains in a concentrated form the nutritive elements extracted from malt, milk and eggs—Nature's foods which are richest in the nourishment which builds up brain, nerve and body.

Every member of every home should drink "Ovaltine" with and between meals instead of tea, coffee and other beverages. Good health and freedom from winter ailments will be ensured during the bad weather months.

"Ovaltine" is easy to prepare. No special mixing is required. It is so economical in use that it is within the purchasing powers of everyone.

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BEFORE you've finished serving all with meat someone is clamouring for more, and looking for the Military, too! No mid-week problems with Military on the scene. It's a relish and a digestive in one.

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"You've only one packet — *one* packet? My good woman, what on earth shall I do? This is for my niece, you see. She has to have a lot of milk. And what am I to do without my Nestle's? Tell me that!"

*Have you ever tasted Nestlé's "Fruit Queen"—it's chocolate, almonds and rich ripe fruit—packed in 6d. cartons*

1/- per ½ lb BLOCK

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See the Tab in every Garment. None Genuine Without.

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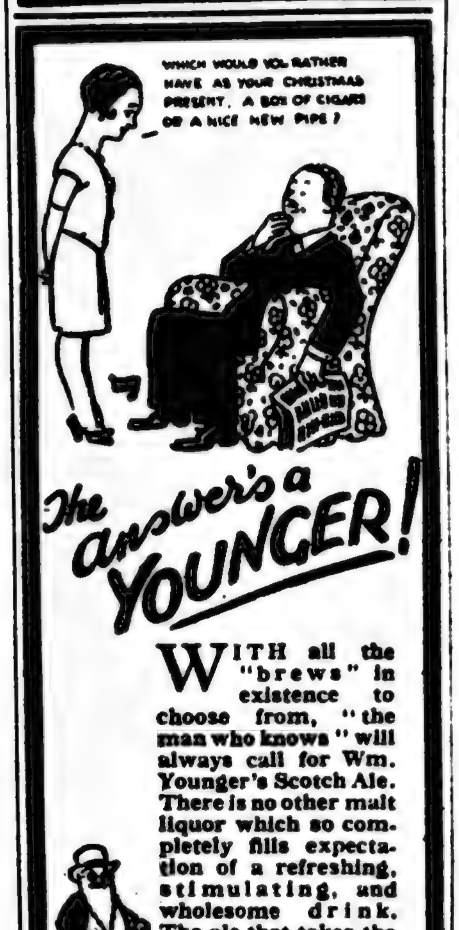


WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE AS YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT, A BOX OF CIGARS OR A NICE NEW PIPE?

The answer's a YOUNGER!

WITH all the "brews" in existence to choose from, "the man who knows" will always call for Wm. Younger's Scotch Ale. There is no other malt liquor which so completely fills expectation of a refreshing, stimulating, and wholesome drink. The ale that takes the nip out of the bleakest day.

William Younger's Scotch Ale

Brewed in Edinburgh

The beer with a bite in it

The gun-man in charitable guise—Mr. Rockcliff of the Tabernacle sees it safely done

# Is Your SLATE CLUB Safe?

IN the eyes of our foreign friends, we Britishers are a people who make fun of things which ought to be treated gravely. During the war some of us used to sing:

*"Oh, my,*  
*I don't want to die;*  
*I want to go home!"*

This is an attitude which leaves a Frenchman or a German dumbfounded. To make fun of having the wind up. It is incredible!

They would be just as stupefied to learn that we appear to make fun of being swindled.

Thousands of clubs in this country pay sick benefit in the course of the year and share out the residue at Christmas.

We call them "diddlum clubs," cheerfully admitting the possibility of being diddled by the concerns we all subscribe to.

A commoner name for them is slate clubs. In days gone by the slate used to hang in the bar-parlour of the pub in which the club was formed.

The names of members who were drawing sick benefit at any time were chalked up on this slate, and in this way the others were able to see whether poor old Joe Hanscombe had recovered yet, or whether Sam Thurgood, who had been seen working the day before, was "swinging it" on them.

To-day the slate has been abolished; but some of the bigger clubs publish at the end of the year the names of those who have been on the sick list, and the amounts they have drawn.

Altogether there are something like 3,000 slate clubs in the country, with an annual turnover of at least two million pounds.

Every year there are about fifty cases of defalcation, and now and again a treasurer who has defaulted and dare not face the music puts his head in a gas-oven or takes poison.

A great deal is made of this in the Press; but considering the enormous number of slate clubs and the haphazard way they are conducted, the wonder is that the cases of failure amount to under 2 per cent.

## *Under the bed*

In hundreds of instances no proper accounts are kept, and the so-called audit is made by men with practically no knowledge—often those in a village who talk loudest and know least.

The money is not banked. It is kept in a box under the secretary's bed. One day his wife is taken ill, or perhaps he finds himself out of work.

He decides to borrow from the box—just for a week or two. He does so, but as the months go by he cannot repay the sum.

Then one day he makes up his mind to take a risk. Somebody has given him a "dead cert." for the 3.30. He puts £1 on, and the horse is unplaced.

In order to recoup, he puts another £1 on another cert., and this fails too.

So the thing goes on, often with the best of intentions, until the day of reckoning arrives and two hundred eager families who have been looking forward to the price of a goose and a Christmas pudding find they are only going to get the price of a tin of beef—or nothing at all.

Sometimes the tragedy is greater still.

A year ago a bus-conductor was expected, as treasurer of a slate club, to produce £500 odd to be shared among the sixty-three members.

## *His heart failed*

The day of the share-out came, but the money was not there. His wife, one of the staunch sort, went down with him to the garage to face the men.

But the man's heart failed him. He retired into the garage, and soon afterwards he was found poisoned.

Sometimes it is not the secretary or the treasurer who shirks the ordeal, but one of the members.

In the old days the greater part of the dividends was spent on beer. It was the publican who usually organised the club.

It was chiefly because of this that the Churches took over the administration of slate clubs. Except in country villages, not many of the clubs are run by public-houses now.

The Churches usually pay out the money to mother.

No longer does father come rolling merrily home in the small hours while mother and the kids are left to mourn over the lost prospects of their Christmas dinner.

Some years ago the Tabernacle slate club posted observers outside the church during the share-out.

They found that very little money indeed was finding its way into the pubs.

The Tabernacle is the biggest share-out club in the country, with a membership of 22,000. It has been in existence for forty years and has accumulated reserves of £100,000.

Members are in three classes, subscribing 6d., 1s. and 1s. 6d. and receiving sick benefits of 10s., £1, or 30s. a week. This next year the funeral benefit is to be raised from £20 to £30.

Every year about £30,000 is distributed at the share-out.

There are about twenty clubs in the country with a share-out of £10,000.

At the other end of the scale are clubs with only twenty or thirty members and a share-out of about £10.

Some of the bigger clubs have rules peculiar to themselves. The Tabernacle club, for example, only takes members between the ages of fourteen and thirty-five, though, of course, once a member, a man can remain a member to the end of his life.

But the extraordinary thing is that in this club, as in nearly all slate clubs, a large number of people resign their membership just when they are growing old and may expect to benefit to a greater extent from the sick fund.

The reason for this is the annual dividend. A man says to himself, Well, I have got something in return for my money; I will let it go. Whereas in a club where there is no annual share-out he feels that unless he hangs on, all his money will be thrown away.

It is this which makes it so difficult for even the biggest and best of slate clubs to maintain their membership.

A famous club, for instance, which at one time headed the list with a membership of 30,000, is now smaller than the Tabernacle.

Another thing which makes matters difficult for slate clubs just now is the enormous amount of sick benefit drawn. The National Health Insurance knows all about this.

It is not that the nation is deteriorating in health, but that people are getting the sick-list habit.

Yet, in spite of everything, slate clubs are as popular as ever. Some astonishing people belong to them. The membership roll of one famous club includes three ex-mayors of London boroughs and a Red Indian chief.

## *Wanted a tea-party*

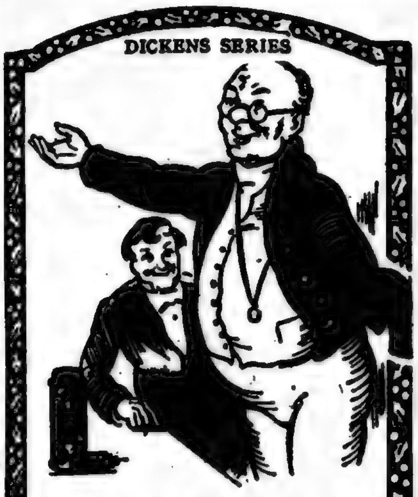
The other day one of the members of this club died leaving £16,000. He had been on the sixpenny rate of subscription for years.

So much publicity has been given to defaulting treasurers that some clubs go through quite an elaborate ceremony on the day of the share-out.

Mr. Rockcliff, the secretary of the Tabernacle club, is escorted from the bank with his £30,000 by a guard of Metropolitan police. He carries a revolver, and faces a battery of Press photographers with an heroic smile.

The share-out, which is held in the church, begins at 11 a.m. and continues through the day. Shoreditch empties itself to receive the crisp new £1 notes fresh from the Bank of England vaults.

It is a festive occasion—though not festive enough for one of the lady members of Poplar, who proposed an annual tea-party in the Albert Hall,



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*Splendid for gifts for the Children's stockings and for parties.*

**FOX'S GLACIER MINTS** REGD

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Obtainable in 6d., 1/- and 2/- Packages and Tins with Christmas Labels. Also loose.

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*The originators of Refined Beef Suet.*

**Christmas Pudding.**
*(Sufficient for 2 or 3 puddings.)*

1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 2 lb. Raisins.
1 lb. Currants. 1 lb Sultanas. ½ lb. Candied
Peel. ¾ lb Sugar. 2 teaspoonsful Baking
Powder. ½ lb. Flour. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds.
Rind and juice of 1 Lemon. 6 Eggs.
1 lb. Breadcrumbs. ½ Nutmeg.
1 eggspoonful Salt. Milk—sufficient to
make right consistency. ¼ pint Rum.

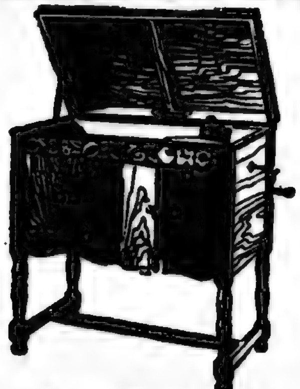
Clean currants, stone raisins, put all the dry ingredients into a basin, blanch and chop almonds, add eggs, well-beaten, grated rind of lemon, and the juice strained. Mix all thoroughly, put into greased pudding basins, cover with greased paper and steam 6 hours.

**Mincemeat.**

1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1 lb. Currants.
1 lb. chopped Apples. 1 lb. Brown Sugar.
1 lb. chopped Raisins. ½ lb. Citron Peel
½ lb. Candied Orange Peel. 1 Lemon.
½ lb. Candied Lemon Peel. 2 oz. Sweet
Almonds, blanched and chopped.
½ Nutmeg, grated. ½ teaspoonful Salt.
1 lb. chopped Sultanas.
½ pint of Brandy or Whisky.

Dry the sultanas and currants after washing, mix all dry ingredients together after chopping. Lastly, add the grated rind and strained juice of lemon and the brandy or whisky. Mix all thoroughly. (Ingredients can be put through small mincing machine instead of being chopped).

**DRAGES**
**GRAMOPHONES**
A 'GOLDENPHONE' MODEL



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*A famous picture working people cannot see in their leisure: Leighton's "And the sea gave up its dead—" in the Tate Gallery*

# Pharaoh's EARLY BEDTIME

## *Museums or Mausoleums?*

MUSEUMS or mausoleums—galleries or graveyards? There they stand in all the great cities and towns, lifeless and vacant at the precise times when the public need them.

And it is bad business all round. As it is in the provinces, so it is in London.

There are twelve national museums and galleries in London. They attract less than six million visitors a year.

Take from this figure those who come to London for a holiday, and what number of London inhabitants venture across the threshold of these institutions?

They cost over a million a year to maintain—*three shillings and fourpence per visitor*.

Why do our national museums and galleries fail to attract? We cannot dismiss the question by saying that this is a frivolous age and that the kinema and the theatre make a more powerful appeal.

One has only to mention the success of evening classes to grasp the fact that there is a remarkable and growing demand for education.

The directors of our national museums and galleries fail to appreciate that the leisure of the vast number of people who have to work for a living does not begin until the evening.

### *In the dark*

If you and I, having downed our tools or our pens, having washed and had our tea, want to see some of the treasures concealed within the walls of the British Museum, what shall we find?

The galleries lit up and some one to direct us to outstanding exhibits, so that we may make the best of our time?

No The place in darkness. The gates securely locked. If we lingered we should soon come under the stern eye of a suspicious constable and very likely be requested to move on.

The British Museum and the Imperial War Museum close their doors summer and winter at 6 p.m., when working people are beginning to enjoy a few hours of leisure. In winter, when indoor attractions make the strongest appeal, the London Museum closes its doors at 4 p.m.

Are we interested in art? Would we like to see some of the world's best pictures? Then we must get to the National Gallery or the Tate Gallery before 6 p.m. in the summer and before 4 p.m. in the winter.

At those hours the public is promptly ejected and the masterpieces of the world are locked away for the rest of the afternoon and the evening.

### *Do they care?*

Indeed, the trustees have not yet learned officially that there are efficient means of artificial lighting. When darkness descends, these galleries go out of business.

For what reason do these institutions close their doors at the very hour when the public could begin to attend? Is it indifference to the convenience of the people?

Or is it ignorance of the habits of the people on the part of the distinguished boards of trustees which administer them? Or does the comfort of the officials come first, and must the hours be so arranged that they can get home to tea or an early dinner?

Let us take off our hats to the more enlightened regulations of the Victoria and Albert Museum and the Bethnal Green Museum. They, at any rate, recognise that there is an evening public to be catered for.

On two evenings a week they remain open until 9 p.m. In one year 53,000 persons took advantage of this opportunity of viewing the collections. And the cost worked out at less than sixpence per head.

Sunday is the one day of freedom for the mass of the people. What is the attitude of the museum and gallery authorities? A generation there was a prolonged agitation Sunday opening, and in a grudg manner the principle was recogni Even to-day it is looked upon by t authorities as a privilege and not a right.

Not one of the national instituti in London is open on Sunday mo ings or on Sunday evenings.

### *Out of touch*

If we enter a shop we are what our wishes are. If we enter museum we are watched to see we do no damage. We feel that are under suspicion all the time.

The attendants are no doubt est able officials, but their duty is to that the visitors behave themselve

In some places there are guide turers who go round at fixed ho But this is not enough.

Why are there not in other mus and picture galleries, as there are the Science Museum, attendants technical training and experience can explain to the public what that is interesting in the collecti under their care?

There is now no personal touch as would popularise the great coll tions.

If our national museums and g leries are meant for the public a spirit must be put into their admi tration. The collections must be There must be evening and Sun opening.

Directors and keepers must out of their seclusion. They and assistants must get into contact the public. The cold, austere sphere which characterises most the buildings in which our natio collections are housed must vanis

Apart from the national collecti in London, there are provincial stitutions which challenge them in portance and educational advant

At Cardiff is the National W Museum. In Edinburgh are Scot National collections. Manches Leeds, Liverpool, Nottingham, Bri Norwich, Glasgow and Oxford important museums or art galleries both.

In some cases the authorities alive to the service they can render the public. Birmingham, Glas and Leeds, for instance, have even openings.

At Manchester, lectures are given the evenings, school-children especially catered for, and, in additi to the central gallery, there are branch galleries in parts of the city.

At Bristol, members of the staff ture in the outlying districts and get into contact with the public.

But in the provinces also there need of a more progressive policy. Sundays, as in London, the collectio are still jealously guarded from pu inspection, except for two or th hours in the afternoon—incident the period of that day which by t dition is consecrated to "forty wink

The real need is co-ordination. tween the national institutions London and the provincial authori there is no concerted action.

### *Provincial gloom*

What prevents the State institut entering into direct relations with provincial bodies? Nothing, ex lack of initiative. What real obst stand in the way of mutual in change of exhibits? None.

Three reforms must be carried Museum and art gallery authori must work together throughout country in common purpose.

Directors and boards of natio institutions must realise that public has a right to see the coll tions.

Hours must be lengthened to working folk. Pay days must go. public are already taxed to keep the institutions. They should not required to pay twice.

Finally, refusals to loan the natio treasures to provincial instituti must cease. The collections must national in the true sense of the wo

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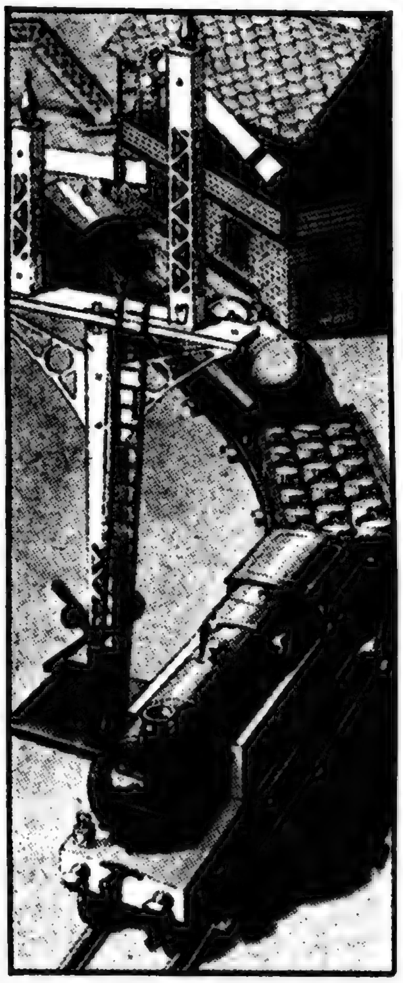

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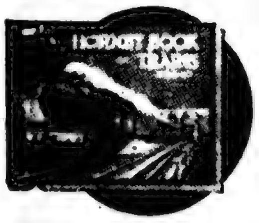

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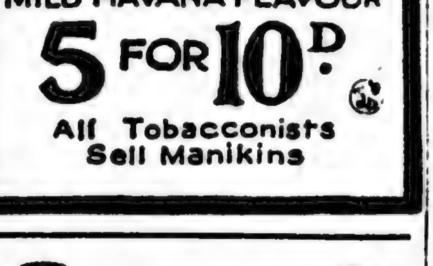
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# RUGBY SNOBS —a free kick

### by LIAM O'FLAHERTY

*There is no snobbery in the Navy and the Army. An R.A.F. man tries to take in a reef in a Navy player's jersey*

I AM an enthusiastic follower of Rugby football. As a game I consider that it has no equal as exercise for healthy men, as a spectacle, and for the purpose of encouraging those male qualities of courage, endurance, team spirit and good-fellowship which are necessary wherever men set out together to face hardship and death.

I believe it is a game which should be taught and practised in every school in the country.

Yet it is almost as rare to find a Rugby player among the average citizen as to find a young fellow addicted to chess.

## *The die-hards*

I can quite understand why certain important public schools still adhere to soccer and eschew rugger. The authorities in scholastic institutions detest change of any sort.

Even so, in recent years, Harrow, which is second only to Eton, has taken up the game; and in Ireland, Clongowes, which is the premier Irish school, has given up soccer in its favour.

So that, all other things being equal, young fellows prefer to play rugger nowadays.

But why is the game in England, Scotland and Ireland practically the monopoly of the middle-classes and of whatever is left of the aristocracy?

Why does one never hear in England of a rugger club of importance drawn from working-class elements?

The answer usually given is that the working class does not want to play Rugby football.

That is far from the truth. The truth is that the snobs who control Rugby football do not want the working classes to play it.

An example of this snobbery occurred a few months ago in Ireland, where the game has been spreading rapidly of recent years in country districts among artisans, shop-assistants, small farmers and factory-hands.

In Ireland, as in France, Sunday is the day for games. The Irish Rugby Union, claiming that there had been some disturbance at games, forbade Sunday play, thus practically abolishing those clubs whose members could play only on Sundays.

## *Common people!*

The Union alleged that its action was inspired by a desire to keep disorderly elements away from Rugby matches.

But the real cause was that it wanted to prevent the game from becoming popular among the common people.

The claim that the working classes are disorderly, rough and undisciplined on the football-field is refuted by the excellent discipline and good behaviour of soccer teams, and, as a general rule, of the crowds that attend soccer games.

The best answer to the Irish Rugby Union's accusation of disorder against working-class elements was furnished a few years ago by Limerick Bohemians, mostly composed of artisans, winning the Bateman Cup, given for the best team in Ireland, from Lansdowne, which is the most select club.

I myself watched the game, and I could see nothing rough or undisciplined in the play of the Limerick team.

Rugby officials may say that there is nothing to prevent working-class clubs being formed in England, or working-class players of ability getting their places in first-class teams.

Is that the truth?

I read a statement a few years ago from a Rugby official, who, when a newspaper complained of the poor fare that was often offered at Rugby matches to spectators, as compared with that offered at professional soccer matches, said that the Rugby Union did not want crowds to come to their matches.

The game was played for the benefit of the players and not for the benefit of the spectators.

## *He almost fainted*

As a matter of fact, he went so far as to say that it was solely for the benefit of young men in offices who wanted exercise on Saturday afternoon.

If so, why does the Union advertise its important matches and charge gate-money?

If working-class enthusiasts form a club in England and attain any degree of proficiency in the game, who are they going to play? The middle-class clubs are sure to snub them and refuse them fixtures.

I once heard an elegant young man say that he played in Wales against a team whose forwards were composed largely of miners, and that he almost fainted at the smell of their unwashed bodies.

Unfortunately, that type of young man governs the game. I venture to swear that if a Welsh miner, who happened to be a greater wing three-quarter than Ian Smith, came to London and offered his services to Blackheath or the Harlequins he would be refused a place.

No matter what abuse one may hurl at the old village-squire system, now defunct, it had the advantage of forming the backbone of the organisation that made the English race a ruling race. One of its characteristics was an absence of snobbery in essential things.

It does not suit modern concepts of individual pride and independence. But it suited its day. The squire fulfilled his duty to the peasant and the peasant his duty to the squire.

And the squire walked out on the village-green with the butcher or the grocer and played a game of cricket.

He was not as snobbish as the modern young city man, who shudders at the thought of belonging to the same rugger club as a dock labourer or a grocer's assistant.

It is, of course, a fact that Blackheath have a match annually with a Derbyshire miners' team, Blackwell; but that this is merely a form of well-meaning patronage is proved by the fact that no working-class team is mentioned in the Rugby Football Annual.

## *They can play*

Those working-class individuals who figure in county clubs are there simply because the local middle-class young men cannot recruit sufficient of their own numbers to suit their needs.

If this sort of snobbery and exclusiveness is going to persist, the future of Rugby football is doomed, in spite of its present increasing popularity.

Large crowds are now paying their money to see Rugby matches. Masses of people who never handled a Rugby ball are taking an interest in the game.

Before very long, they will not be content to watch indifferent games, played with moderate skill by young men who are not fit. They demand good games for their money.

Rugby football, which has already become professional in the North, will become professional in the South also, simply because professional players do their best to give the public value for their money.

No lover of Rugby is in favour of its ceasing to be the pastime of young men who play it for love of the game.

So it is about time that the officials should come down from their perches and consider that it is their duty to encourage the game among the children at elementary schools.

There is a final argument to be used against those who maintain that the strenuousness of the game offers too violent a shock to the supposedly undisciplined natures of the working classes.

## *So-called savages*

If the working classes are dangerous savages when roused, why not teach them to play rugger, which is the best means of making them disciplined?

It is the upstart in every form of society who is a snob. And it is the fellow who is hanging on to a middle-class status by the skin of his teeth who is snobbish about the game of Rugby.

In the Services, where snobbery in this matter might most legitimately be expected to exist, it is practically non-existent.

All ranks are represented in the Army and Navy and Air teams simply, I suppose, because fighting men are too big for the petty snobbishness of certain types of civilians.

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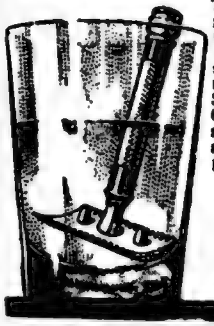

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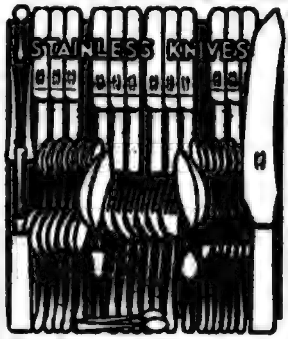

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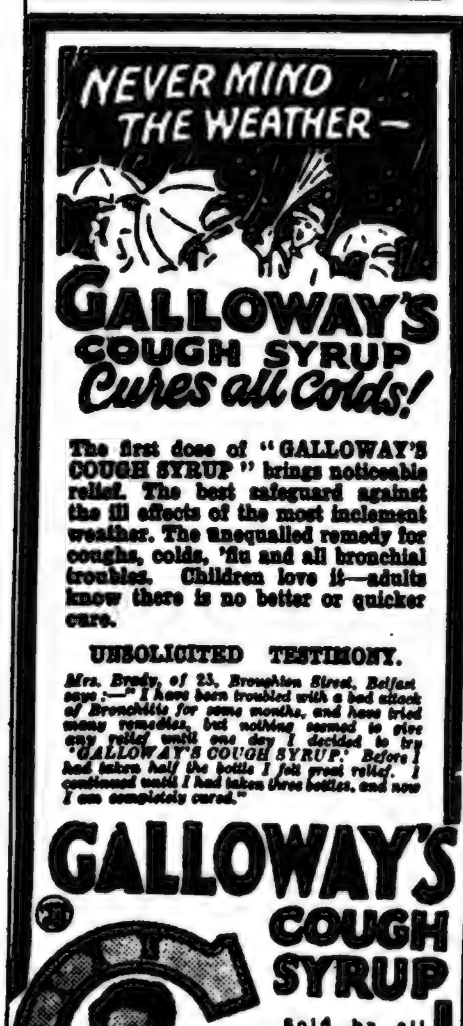
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## HUMAN DOCUMENTS

*Here you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "*HUMANIST*" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "*HUMANIST*" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.*

YEARS ago I committed a crime that seems likely to dog my footsteps to the grave.

I am a married woman with a family of children, some of whom are still at school.

My husband is a shiftless sort of man who never has seemed able to earn a good living. He loses chance after chance through drink.

When once I got into fairly remunerative employment, he quickly discovered the fact, and though I talked strongly of the folly of it, insisted upon me bearing still another child, which happening naturally meant giving up my job.

By using every atom of influence I could bring to bear, friends secured us a chance as manager and manageress of a new café in a town at a distance.

Here for a time we seemed set on our feet; but my husband again took to drink, and when the first annual stocktaking came round there was such a deficiency in the accounts that we were both dismissed.

Different friends took our children, while I went to a kindly brother-in-law, who with his wife saw me through still another confinement—my fifth.

As things were, I determined this should be my last, and making arrangements for the baby, I obtained a job as travelling saleswoman.

The articles offered were of proved commercial worth, and I was soon doing well on commission.

One very hot summer brought a trade slump in the goods I had to sell.

I was working the country districts of Devon; the weather was beautiful, the scenery glorious, and when my eldest boy asked to spend his holidays with me, my heart forbade refusal.

But this meant the dwindling of my savings with terrifying rapidity. Destitution once more loomed large, and I succumbed to the temptation to send in forged orders.

Altogether I forged orders to the amount of £160, and drew commission of about £45.

The moment my boy went back to his job I threw up mine, and presently, in an entirely fresh part of the country, got a post as housekeeper in a boarding-house, where I was content to work for next to nothing to have my two youngest children with me.

Retribution came one day when I took a trip to the seaside with my kiddies and came face to face with my late employer.

I was told I could either go to prison or resume the old work until I had repaid what I had wrongfully drawn in commission. Seeing no alternative, I threw all up and fell in with his plan.

This apparently has put me into the power of my employer, for I find myself working on a subsistence wage, with no account taken of commission.

Am I to endure this bond slavery for the rest of my life?

"HUMANIST" says: To face prosecution is better than to submit to perpetual bondage. But why not ask friends to come to your aid with a loan to pay this man?

If this is not possible, remember that he has compromised his own position by a species of blackmail. If he refuses to pay you sufficient to wipe off the debt and at the same time keep body and soul together, you should go to the police and confess.

## A MAN'S MAN
### —but a roue

MY chief, an electrical engineer, has proved the truest friend I ever had. Brilliant at his own job, he coached me until I have become a finished workman.

When a contract was completed I fell out of work, and during this the most trying period of my life my friend stood staunch. He saw me once more employed, this time as second engineer, assistant to himself.

He has given me good advice, although he does not pretend to have steered clear of all the pitfalls of life.

Indeed, when off duty, my friend is a periodically heavy drinker, and when really in his cups loves to entertain a group of men friends with nauseating stories of his conquests over women.

They are so far true that I know for a fact he is paying weekly sums for an illegitimate child.

Before I discovered this trait I had introduced him to a family at whose home I had been a familiar visitor.

Now, to my distress, I find that he is paying attention to the daughter, a sweet girl barely out of her teens.

Her parents highly favour the match. Naturally, to neither has he ever shown the worse side of his character.

In the circumstances, what is my duty? It seems to me impossible to allow an innocent girl to be trapped by a man of loose habits and bad character, yet neither is it playing the game to show to her the blackest side of one who is a true friend.

"HUMANIST" says: Go to your friend and tell him, with all kindliness, that you cannot stand by and see the girl ruined. Are you sure that his intentions this time are not really honourable?

If he was such a true friend to you, surely he is capable of being as much to his wife.

## HIS MOTHER
### in the way

TO-DAY is my twenty-fifth birthday, and I am faced with the following problem: I am an only son, and my father died twenty years ago.

Now I have to decide whether I shall live my own life and get married—giving my mother a small allowance—or continue to live with her, postponing marriage until after her death.

During the time I was at school my mother worked to keep me. Moreover, whereas most boys in my position in life had to leave school at fourteen, my mother continued working so that I could stay on until I was sixteen.

Mother is between sixty and seventy, and according to life insurance tables has not too many years to live. If I wait until after her death to get married, I should then be nearly forty years old. I do not relish the thought of a "lonely old age" for myself.

What should I do?

"HUMANIST" says: Marry. But only when you find the right girl. Your problem is one common to thousands, and cannot be solved successfully in a cold-blooded way.

Why should your marriage mean desertion of her? If you marry the right sort of girl, you can give your mother a daughter without in any sense robbing her of a son.

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## *Football Forecasts for December 14—by Jock Rutherford*

# The Cup's the Thing!

FOOTBALL LEAGUE.—Division I.
ARSENAL v. Huddersfield Town.
ASTON VILLA v. Sheffield United.
BOLTON W. v. West Ham.
Burnley v. Middlesbrough.
DERBY COUNTY v. Grimsby Town.
EVERTON v. Manchester United.
LEEDS U. v. Newcastle U.
MANCHESTER C. v. Leicester C.
Portsmouth v. Birmingham.
SHEFFIELD W. v. Blackburn Rovers.
SUNDERLAND v. Liverpool.

FOOTBALL LEAGUE.—Division II.
Bradford City v. Blackpool.
Bristol City v. OLDHAM ATHLETIC.
CARDIFF CITY v. Chelsea.
CHARLTON ATH. v. Tottenham.
Hull City v. WEST BROMWICH.
NOTTS COUNTY v. Millwall.
PRESTON N.E. v. Notts Forest.
READING v. Southampton.
STOKE CITY v. Bradford.
Swansea Town v. Bury.
WOLVERHAMPTON W. v. Barnsley.

Division III. (South).
CRYSTAL PALACE v. Merthyr Town.
Gillingham v. Torquay United.
Luton Town v. Clapton Orient.

Division III. (North).
SOUTH SHIELDS v. Nelson.

F.A. CUP COMPETITION PROPER.
Second Round.
CARLISLE UNITED v. Crewe Alex.
STOCKPORT COUNTY v. Barrow.
CLAPTON ORIENT or FOLKESTONE v. Northfleet.
COVENTRY CITY v. Bath City.
NEWPORT COUNTY v. Walsall.
BRIGHTON AND HOVE v. Barry.
Manchester Central v. Wrexham.
NORTHAMPTON v. Margate.
Leyton v. FULHAM.
Doncaster Rovers or Shildon v. New Brighton.
Chesterfield v. PORT VALE.
Carnarvon A. v. BOURNEMOUTH.
Southend United v. York City.
Bristol R. v. Accrington S.
Scunthorpe U. v. ROTHERHAM U.
QUEEN'S PARK R. v. Lincoln C.
Watford v. Plymouth Argyle.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Division I.
CLYDE v. Ayr United.
DUNDEE v. Hearts.
FALKIRK v. St. Johnstone.
HAMILTON ACAD. v. Cowdenbeath.
HIBERNIANS v. Dundee United.
Kilmarnock v. Celtic.
Morton v. MOTHERWELL.
Queen's Park v. ABERDEEN.
RANGERS v. Airdrieonians.
St. Mirren v. Partick Thistle.

Division II.
ALBION ROVERS v. Raith Rovers.
Armadale v. East Fife.
BO'NESS v. Forfar Athletic.
CLYDEBANK v. King's Park.
DUNFERMLINE A. v. Brechin City.
MONTROSE v. Alloa.
QUEEN OF THE SOUTH v. Arbroath.
ST. BERNARDS v. Dumbarton.
Stenhousemuir v. LEITH ATHLETIC.

Capital letters indicate team forecast to win. No distinction is made when a draw is expected.

### MY SPECIAL SELECTIONS

**SIX HOME WINNERS:** Brighton and Hove; Rangers; Wolverhampton W.; Aston Villa; Derby County.
**FOUR AWAY WINNERS:** Oldham Athletic; Fulham; Bournemouth; Aberdeen.
**FOUR DRAWS:** Portsmouth v. Birmingham; Bradford City v. Blackpool; Swansea Town v. Bury; Watford v. Plymouth Argyle.

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Charming Frock in good quality printed Velveteen of becoming design. Adjustable Eton Collar of Artificial Silk, edged lace. Art. Silk Cuffs, edged lace, all-round belt and the latest skirt. A well-cut, superior garment.

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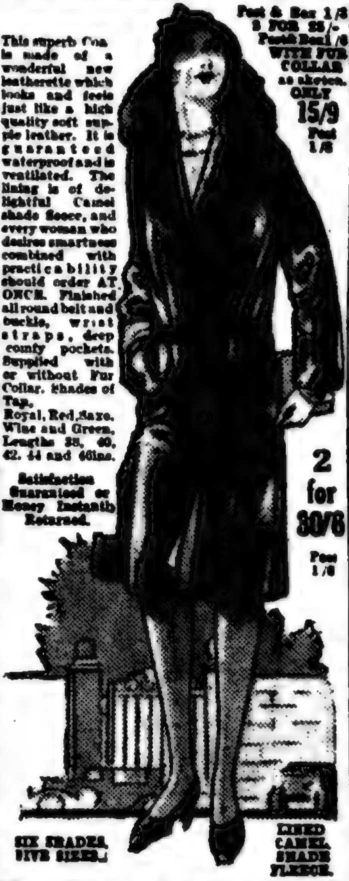

This superb Coat is made of a wonderful new leatherette which looks and feels just like a high quality soft supple leather. It is guaranteed waterproof and is ventilated. The lining is of delightful Camel shade fleece, and every woman who desires smartness combined with practicability should order AT ONCE. Finished all round belt and buckle, wrist straps, deep comfy pockets. Supplied with or without Fur Collar. Shades of Tan, Royal, Red, Saxe, Wine and Green. Lengths 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46ins.

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Give us your bust measure, length and colour required, and full postal address. O.S. and X.O.S., 48 in. and 50 in., 3/6 extra.

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## Our Letter Parliament

# The Christmas PRESENT I'd like to GIVE

A POOR old man sits for hours on end, trying to listen-in; but his crystal set has seen better days, and the results are very feeble. His sight is almost gone, with the knowledge that it will never improve.

It's my dad, and the gift that I'd like to give would be a new wireless set that would gladden his heart.

It will carry love from the bottom of my heart, and bring a real Christmas joy to dad.—*N. Bennett, Sheffield.*

### A Gold Mine

First, to the nation I would like to give a gold-mine from which sufficient gold could be procured to wipe out the National Debt.

My second gift would be a job that would absorb all unemployed.

My third would be sufficient radium to supply the needs of every hospital in the land.—*John Scaife, Doncaster.*

### She Runs Errands

I am a little girl aged thirteen. I run errands for lots of people, and I would like to save up something to surprise my mother, and give her something nice for Christmas dinner.

My father's work is very slack at Christmas time, and mother always looks so sad. If I could save up enough to buy a nice chicken and a small piece of pork!

If I go out singing I might get a small plum-pudding, because last year mother could not get one.

That would make us all happy on Christmas Day.—*Dorothy Blake, Hull.*

### "Out of the Mouths——"

I asked my five-year-old daughter what Christmas gift she would like to give everybody.

She replied, "I'd like to give everybody a baby."—*R. M., Dunfermline.*

### Girl's Inspiration

Inspiration to all, that everyone would have feeling for others, so that on Christmas Day there would not be one person lonely or hungry.

I would inspire our leading statesmen, and all who have our country's welfare at heart, to drop squabbling over Party politics, and unit in each doing his best to make this a land fit for our heroes to live in.—*E. M., Burnley.*

### A Stockingful

The Christmas gifts I would like to give are many and varied. Would that my resources merited the same description! I note a few:

To His Majesty the King: Robust health.

To some politicians: Rat poison.

To some permanent officials: The sack.

To some parsons: A new outlook and a new sermon.

To some employers: A brain wave.

To some workers: An increase in pay.

To JOHN BULL: A ten million circulation.—*J. L. S., Banbury.*

### Bang! Bang! Bang!

I would like to have a huge bag of sixpences and set off from Glasgow Cross and travel eastward to Parkhead and give a sixpence to each child flattening its nose on a toyshop window.

That is the Christmas gift I'd like to give: but—the huge bag!—*A. F., Glasgow.*

### —and a Kiss

This Christmastide I should like to be able to go to my parents and say: "You are getting old, and I know that the future troubles you, for you have made no provision against age. We children took everything during your best earning years.

"Now here is a house that is yours for life, and here, too, is an income that shall secure you against want and monetary distresses.

"And, lastly, here is a kiss of thankfulness for all that you have done for us."

And the old couple would be more pleased with that last tribute than with anything else.—*P. L., Wimbledon.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters must reach us by first post on Tuesday, December 17.

**New Year Resolution I Wish I'd Never Made**

### All In

All poor kiddies a good tuck-in.
All men a job for life.
All women a husband.
All men a thrifty wife.
All married women a tolerant husband.
All Cabinet Ministers like Mr. Tom Shaw a gag.
A sense of humour to Mr. Snowden.
All motorists level heads.
All live pedestrians good luck.
All of us another chance.
All bosses more charity.
All of us a Merry Christmas and a cheerful humility.—*A. Herd, Edinburgh.*

### Too Late!

What is Christmas without children? Fifteen years ago, when a young bride, Christmas was full of fun and gaiety. We had no children, and I thoroughly enjoyed myself. My husband pleaded, but I told him "Kids were a drag."

The years rolled by: so, very slowly, did the gaiety in my heart.

Then we wanted children of our own. But too late.

Oh, that I could give my husband, my faithful husband, a child of his very own this Christmas.—*Rebecca, Bridgend.*

### A Pint of Blood

Ten years ago I was demobbed, depressed, out of a job. Then a kind-hearted man, robbed of a son by the war, literally made a job for me in his own works, and I have made good.

To-day he lies in hospital, seriously ill, rapidly sinking. Will a transfusion of blood save him?

I am awaiting the call, and I have never given a Christmas present with such good will as I would give a pint of my grateful blood.—*H. T., Warwick.*

### Crackers

To some kind employer, my national health and employment cards for a good long period.—*G. U., Bulwell.*

I'm going to give a modern "Scrooge" a copy of JOHN BULL's Christmas Annual.—*F. C. B., Herts.*

The price of a ton of coal to a needy family.—*M. C. Jenkins, Llanelly.*

To all parsons and preachers the gift of simplicity and humility.—*H. W. S.*

A message of cheer and appreciation broadcast to the men in our lightships and lighthouses in their isolation on Christmas Day.—*C. H., Glam.*

The Christmas gift I'd like to give,
As one friend to another,
Is "comfy" slippers to my wife
And the same to dear old mother.—
*M. H., Beds.*

---

*Race with "Silver Ring"*

# The Punter's Xmas-Box

ONE little present which will please all racing men is Messrs. Weatherby's Christmas Box—the entries for the Grand National.

Numerous suggestions have been put forward recently for contracting the size of the field likely to face the starter, but there will be no change in the conditions this year.

If a 'bus horse, a one-eyed horse and a tubed horse, such as Tipperary Tim, can jump the country he should be allowed to take his chance.

The "National" used to be a weight-for-age race. Now it is a handicap—an unfair one.

Many months ago I noticed a good suggestion which would certainly curtail the number of runners.

The writer argued that as a handicap, as at present constituted, the race is a farce, for a postage-stamp on some and a garden-roller on others would not bring them together.

The suggestion is sound, and I would like to see every horse—with the exception of the young 'chasers, who would receive weight for age—with 12 st. or thereabouts. The very inferior horses would not be entered, as they could not negotiate the country.

We should then have about twenty or thirty of the finest 'chasers in the country, and the best horse would have a fair chance of proving his merit.

I expect to see Brave Cry win for Captain Whitaker at Hurst Park. This young jumper has a big weight in the Lonsdale 'Chase, but he ran well against Theras recently and will have come on a bit. Others I like are Royal Ambassador and Rhybudd.

### "JOHN BULL'S" CODE

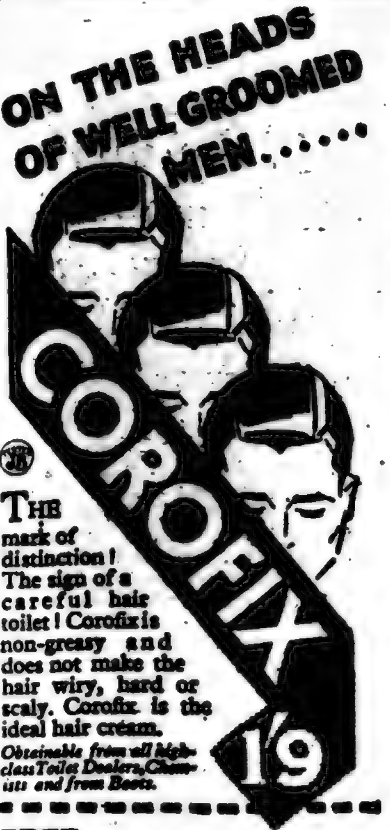
The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, December 12, to Wednesday, December 18:

5 B G X J M E W 3 K T 9 N L Q
Y C D P V F O 2 A I U S R Z H

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life*, read the one above or below, as the case may be.

O39UONQONE would read EASTER HERO.

"SILVER RING."


ON THE HEADS OF WELL GROOMED MEN......
COROFIX
1/9

THE mark of distinction! The sign of a careful hair toilet! Corofix is non-greasy and does not make the hair wiry, hard or scaly. Corofix is the ideal hair cream.

*Obtainable from all high-class Toilet Dealers, Chemists and from Boots.*

**FREE** Post me a free trial bottle of Corofix. I enclose 3d in stamps to cover post and packing.

NAME............................................

ADDRESS............................................

............................................

The Crown Perfumery Co. Ltd.
Cunard Building, Liverpool. 7 cx1-244

# ERUPTIONS ITCHED TERRIBLY

## Spread Over Face. Could Not Sleep. Cuticura Healed.

"I had a terrible rash come on my face. It began with a few spots which soon spread all over my face. I was a terrible sight as it formed a lot of sore eruptions. I could not sleep at night for the eruptions itched terribly. The trouble lasted about three months.

"I tried different remedies which only seemed to make the trouble worse. I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after using it a few days I could see a great improvement. I purchased more and in about a month I was healed." (Signed) Tom Atkinson, 34, Victoria St., Kiveton Park, Sheffield, Eng.

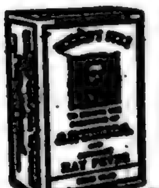
Use Cuticura for every-day toilet purposes. Bathe with Soap, soothe with Ointment, dust with Talcum.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C. 1.
Try Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

# ASTHMA

Sufferers from Asthma find instant relief in this standard remedy of 60 years standing.

*4/6 a tin at all chemists.*



# HIMROD'S
## Asthma Cure

# PSORIASIS

Eczema and all other Skin Diseases Completely and Permanently cured by this wonderful Herbal Treatment. GUARANTEED RESULTS OR MONEY RETURNED. Every case treated individually with an experience extending over 40 years. Send post card for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover.

J. ROBINSON & SONS,
11, KUREM HOUSE, BRADFORD.

BANISHING COLDS, 'FLU And RHEUMATISM IS CHILD'S PLAY TO 'ASPRO'
ASPRO
MADE IN ENGLAND
Manufactured by ASPRO LTD SLOUGH BUCKS
aspro
aspro
aspro
aspro
aspro

'ASPRO' claims to smash a 'flu or cold attack up in one night and it has published testimony from time to time proving that it does it. It is the only popular medicine, as far as we can trace, in the civilised world, THAT HAS EVER BEEN PROCLAIMED A NECESSARY COMMODITY BY THE GOVERNMENT OF ANY COUNTRY. This is what the Federal Government of Australia did when a pneumonic influenza swept throughout that country. Just why 'ASPRO' smashes up a 'flu attack is because when ingested in the system it is an anti-pyretic or a fever destroyer, and also an antiseptic and powerful germicide. The reason why 'ASPRO' smashes up a rheumatic attack with almost magical frequency and effectiveness is because it is a solvent of Uric Acid. Many physicians believe that you cannot have rheumatism unless you have Uric Acid in your system. As 'ASPRO' is a solvent of Uric Acid one might also say that if you take 'ASPRO' you cannot have rheumatism. The rest of this advertisement is being used to publish "living proof" from actual users. The best way, however, to prove 'ASPRO' is to give it a trial. 'ASPRO' brings sweet sleep to the sleepless, relieves rheumatism in one night, banishes headache like magic, stops growing pains, clears out colds and influenza with all its feverish and weakening conditions, dispels neuralgia and nerve pains, and soothes the irritable.

## READ THIS LIVING TESTIMONY

### 'ASPRO' THE BEST ANTIDOTE FOR COLDS

11, St. Mark's Road,
Dalston, E.8.
March 2nd, 1929.

Dear Sir,

I must write and tell you what beneficial results I have had after using 'ASPRO' tablets. I took only two tablets at first after a severe headache that developed into a cold. I felt much better and decided to use some more according to directions on the pamphlet. All signs of pains and cold disappeared like magic, and whenever I feel out of sorts a couple of 'ASPRO' tablets taken at once act wonderfully. I have recommended 'ASPRO' to all my friends and they are all LOUD IN THEIR PRAISE. 'ASPRO' tablets are undoubtedly the best antidote for colds and other ailments, and I must finally add that all other tablets that I've tried have been useless excepting, of course, 'ASPRO.'

Yours truly,
(Signed) MRS. ROSS.

### 'FLU GOES IN 24 HOURS

30, Hythe Street,
Dartford, Kent.

Dear Sir,

I now take pleasure in writing you these few lines telling you about your 'ASPRO' Tablets. I had an attack of influenza last week and was so bad I really did not know what to take for the best until I was looking through a daily paper and I saw an advertisement about 'ASPRO' Tablets for the 'Flu. Well, I thought I would try a packet, and I did. Do you know they stopped the 'Flu in less than 24 hours. Now I am quite fit and well again, and I must say this that 'ASPRO' Tablets were the only thing that did it. They are a most wonderful pick-me-up, and now that they have done me good I shall insist upon taking them always.

(Signed) F. L. HODGE.

P.S.—I shall recommend them to everyone.

### SERIOUS INFLUENZA ATTACK-BEATEN IN ONE NIGHT

Sir,—I am just writing a few words of thankfulness for what your wonderful 'ASPRO' has done for me and my family. My son had a bad attack of influenza a fortnight ago, and, noticing your advt. of 'ASPRO,' I decided to give it a trial, so I purchased a packet.

I gave two tablets immediately to my son, and after half an hour he broke out in a violent perspiration from head to foot, and I firmly believe that sweat saved his life. Thanks to 'ASPRO' he has recovered wonderfully. It also broke up a cold in my eldest son in one night.

I feel I cannot speak too highly of your 'ASPRO,' and shall recommend it wherever I go and shall never be without a packet in the house.

A GRATEFUL MOTHER
AT LITTLEBOROUGH.

### 'ASPRO' GAVE RESULT–ASPIRINS HAD NO EFFECT

62, East Ella Drive,
Anlaby Park, Hull.

Dear Sir,

Having had a severe spell of very bad heads, was advised to use your 'ASPRO' tablets, and find they afford much relief. Shall recommend them as the price is nominal compared with other certain "Aspirins" which have no effect.

Wishing 'ASPRO' every success.

Yours faithfully,
MRS. H. FITZPATRICK.

DO NOT BE PUT OFF WITH AN IMITATION

—

3D.
6D.
1/3
2/6
PER PACKET.

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 60 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

### EVEN A CHILD CAN TAKE 'ASPRO.'

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk: or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dosage is: Children 3 to 6 years, ½ tablet: 6 to 14 years, one tablet: 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO,' like every other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

## 'ASPRO' brings definite relief in 5 to 10 minutes for

HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
RHEUMATISM
NEURITIS
INFLUENZA
COLDS
GOUT
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
NERVE SHOCK
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS

*'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.*

**Agents: GOLLIN & CO. PTY. LTD. ('Aspro' Dept.), SLOUGH, BUCKS.**
Telephone: Slough 000.

*No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.*

MADE BY ASPRO LIMITED, SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES, INCLUDING BOOTS, TAYLORS, TIMOTHY WHITES, SQUIRES, NEEDHAMS, ETC., STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

# 6/- WITH ORDER On Easy Terms.

*THIS lovely Winter Coat in fine quality Faced Cloth with Beaver Coney Collar and Cuffs is beautifully tailored and finished.*

**'WISH'** This is the very latest fashion in Winter Wraps, and it is as good in Quality and Make as it is in appearance. Produced in fine quality Faced Cloth, it is trimmed with bolster collar and sumptuous new-shaped cuffs of Beaver Coney Fur, and richly lined with handsome artificial silk brocade. The sides are slightly shaped and trimmed with smartly designed side-panels with pieces of self-materials reversed and neatly inlaid. Knife pleats trim either side from the hips downwards.

**SHADES:** Mulberry Brown, Rifle Green, Light Navy; and Black

**SIZES:** S.S.W., S.W., W. and O.S. Lengths: 38 to 46ins. Price 45/-

Larger sizes & longer lengths slightly extra

**TERMS.** Our Bargain Price is for deferred payments. Send 6/- now and complete purchase in 6 monthly payments of 6/6 if satisfied. Full approval in your own home.

**WHEN ORDERING** be sure to state the correct Size, Length and Colour required, and give your correct Bust measurement

**FASHION ALBUM POST FREE**

WRITE for the Graves Range of Fashionable Styles in Coats, Two and Three Piece Suits, Costumes, Frocks, &c. *Patterns Post Free.* State Patterns required. Keenest bargain Prices and on Easy Payment Terms.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS POST FREE.

**FASHIONABLE FURS ON EASY TERMS.**

We offer unrivalled value in all the favourite Furs—Fox, Skunk, Opossum, Baum Marten, Squirrel, Marmot, etc., and every lady should write for our beautifully Illustrated Catalogue, Post Free; also list of Fashionable Fur Trimmings at Keenest Bargain Prices

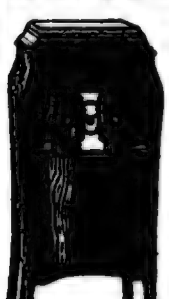
**J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD**

# ROCK BOTTOM PRICES

FROM
2/6
DOWN

Send for our free Catalogue which illustrates and describes a whole host of Mead new season's Gramophone models from a simple yet highly efficient "take-me-with-you" Portable to the most sumptuous Cabinet model you'd ever dream of. And this catalogue will also tell you about our special offer of

**10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL**

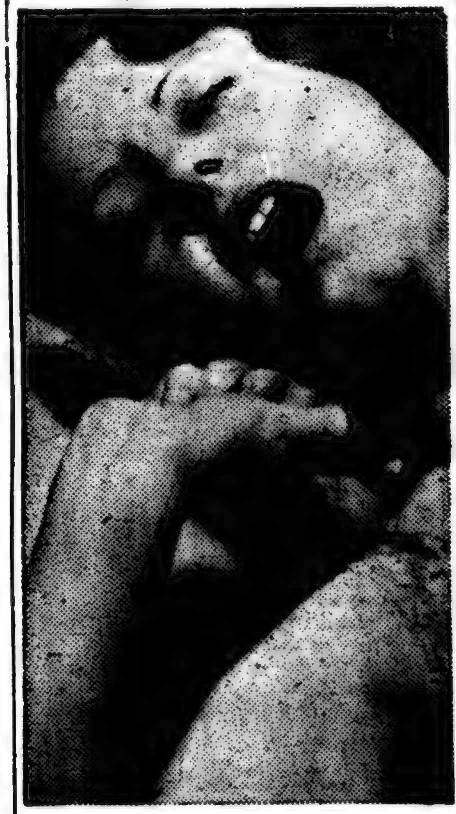


in your own home, and how you can obtain a Mead from 2/6 down to amuse and entertain you while you pay for it. Search the world over and you will not buy or even hear a better gramophone than the Mead.

Write now for new Catalogue, it will save you pounds.

**Mead** LIMITED

(Dept. [illegible].) BIRMINGHAM. 37, Oxford St. W.1.
15, Renshaw St., Liverpool. 60, Vicar Lane, Leeds.



CASSELL'S TABLETS OVERCOME INSOMNIA

28, Well Street, Ainsworth.
"I passed many a sleepless night
"and tried all kinds of things;
"but Cassell's Tablets gave me
"great relief. I can sleep well
"now and my work gives me no
"more trouble."
Mrs. L. Booth.

TOO TIRED TO SLEEP!

Sleepless nights? Too tired to sleep! Yet in the morning—more tired than ever. Be helped by experience, not duped by experiment! If Mrs. Booth had taken Cassell's Tablets FIRST, she would have saved months of misery and heaps of money! Why waste shilling after shilling on unavailing remedies? Why go on losing health by losing sleep? Thousands of testimonials, millions of sufferers testify that Cassell's Tablets cure when other remedies have no effect. Cassell's are the proved cure.

TAKE CASSELL'S FOR ANAEMIA, NEURASTHENIA, DEPRESSION, FLATULENCE, NERVES, INDIGESTION. 1/3 & 3/- PER BOX AT ALL CHEMISTS.

# Take steps—to win

## "John Bull's" £500 must-be-won X-Word

*An extra £50 for runners-up*

Solution of puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on sale Friday, December 27th. Winner will be given in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, January 2nd.

Result of JOHN BULL X-word No. 40 appears on page 31.

HERE is your opportunity to climb the ladder of success! Take your coat off at once and get into your stride and run away with JOHN BULL's great £500 Must-be-Won Cash Prize. Remember, every clue is a rung, and every rung is a step nearer to the top. Besides the Big Prize there is £50 offered for Runners-up.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £500 for a correct solution on one Form of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 43 appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), December 19th.

**Don't run the risk of being late—Fill in and post your Coupons early.**

### Clues Across.

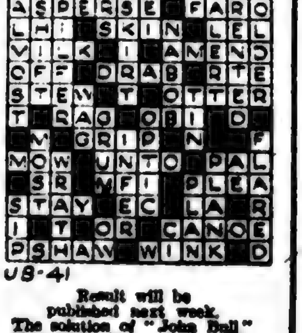
1. Black wood.
4. Quick movement.
8. Artist's stand.
9. Atmosphere.
10. Impedes speed.
11. Liquid. 12. Lanky.
15. Colour.
16. Mischievous boy.
18. To tinge deeply.
19. This is one.
20. Street urchin.
22. Strong. 23. Boy.
26. The rainbow.
29. A garment.
30. Definite article.
32. Wrong.
33. Musical composition.
34. Unrefined. 35. Long fish.

### Clues Down.

1. Fairy.
2. Sometimes let water in.
3. Sailing boat. 4. A sofa.
5. Entreat.
6. Pinch.
7. Caught.
13. Sonny's often called.
14. Without him we'd have no bread.
15. Warms us in winter.
17. How women love them!
19. The top.
21. Especially.
24. The steeper they are, the more we grumble.
25. Where coal comes from.
27. Shifted the neighbour's cat.
28. Close up.
31. Consumed.

*Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest edition) were used in compiling this puzzle.*

### Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 41.



UB-41

Result will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 41 is given herewith as matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

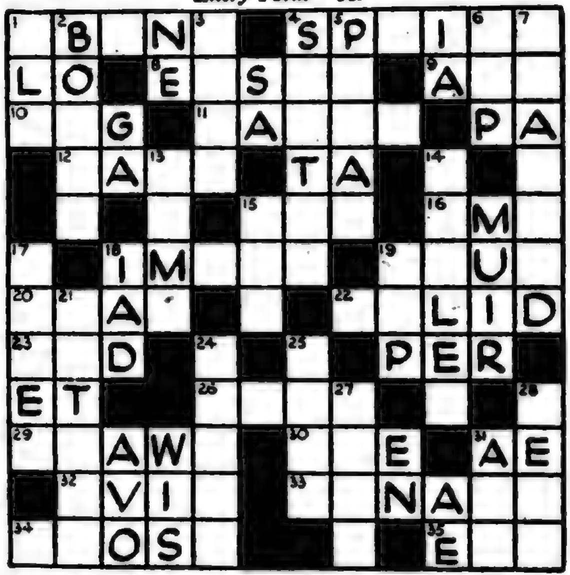
When you have completed this Crossword try a "Happy X-Word" in "The Passing Show," Friday, 2d. £100 First Prize, £25 for runners-up. THREE attempts for your 6d.

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon) December 19.

CUT HERE

## "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 43.

Entry Form "A."

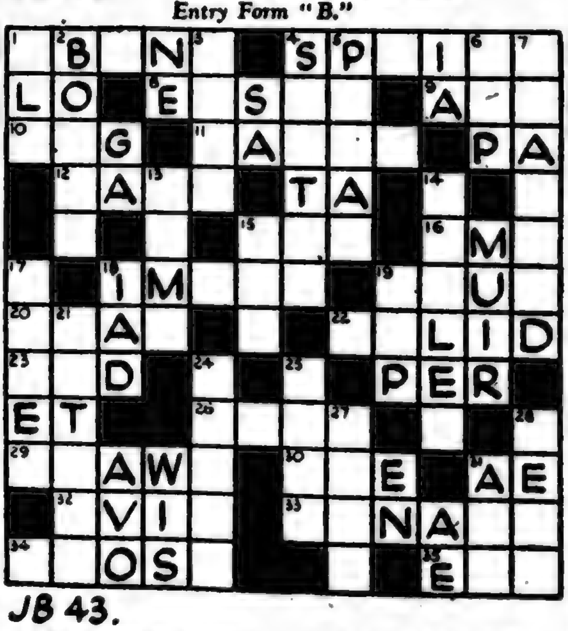


JB 43.

*Do not separate these forms.*

Entry Form "B."

CUT HERE



JB 43.

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No. ..............................

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED ..............................

ADDRESS ..............................

..............................

Closing Date Thursday (noon) December 19.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

**Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully**

1. Fill in puzzle opposite IN **ORDINARY INK**, not copying ink or copying-ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to **"John Bull," Crosswords (No. 43) 57 Long Acre, London, W.C.2** (Comp.), so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, December 19th.

Entry **MUST** be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and crossed —/& Co./ and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any Coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £500 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

**6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.**

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of JOHN BULL on sale **Thursday, January 2nd.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £500 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post, **Tuesday, January 7th,** after which date the prize-money will be dispatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to:—**The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

## *Write to "John Bull" about it!*

# THE EDITOR Replies

*The Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service*

*P. G. (St. Albans).—"I am renting a house that is haunted." By the rent-collector?*

D. T. S. (Coventry).—"Is there anything more annoying than buying Christmas presents?" Paying for them.

J. F. (Widnes).—"She called me an annoying insect." Couldn't you think of a stinging reply?

F. L. (Dawlish).—"Most of the expensive novels are too thin." We find a lot of them a bit too thick.

T. Y. (Preston).—"I have been turned down by three girls in succession." Be careful. Your luck may change.

S. A. (Gosport).—"Are handkerchiefs always square?" Some of ours have been round at the laundry for weeks.

R. L. (Bath).—"There is always a lull before the storm." This is sometimes known as the honeymoon.

L. P. (Truro).—"How old are you exactly? I presume ——." You certainly do.

T. K. (Dorchester).—"I came home very late, but my wife didn't seem a bit curious." Curious!

R. C. H. (Kingston).—"We always expect a lawyer to take our part." The trouble is that he often takes our all.

Mrs. T. (Hull).—"Married men never know when they are well off." Married men never are.

J. D. P. (St. Albans).—"No task is too hard for my car; it will undertake anything." Will it overtake anything?

F. T. (Swindon).—"What do you put on your face after shaving?" Court plaster, usually.

K. R. (Sleaford).—"Prohibitionists are cranks." They certainly have water on the brain.

D. R. (Dawlish).—"I bought my wife an expensive diamond ring." How much are you saving in glove bills?

T. K. (Leeds).—"Several trucks of coal caught fire and burnt for hours." We should like a ton or two of that coal.

P. D. (Mayfair).—"It made me feel sick to see a woman smoking a big cigar in public." It probably made her feel sick as well.

T. N. (Acton).—"Did you follow the whole of my article?" No—or we should have been in the wastepaper-basket.

G. S. (Hampstead).—"It appears that there is a man living in Leeds whose doctor says he has no appendix." Perhaps another doctor got there first.

Mrs. G. (Romford).—"A housewife's chief problem is to get a maid to stop." Another little difficulty is getting one to start.

P. J. (Edgware).—"A neighbour of mine has eight daughters." Is the mistletoe being delivered in a plain van?

A. N. (Paignton).—"He shut the window of the carriage and I opened it and then he shut it again." What game were you playing? Draughts?

P. H. (Ventnor).—"I lost money because I had a hole in my pocket." The hole you put your hand in?

P. B. (Hammersmith).—"I am just a humble bank clerk." Still, people can't say you don't count.

R. N. (Bankside).—"Women should keep their hair short." Men try to keep their hair as long as possible.

G. L. (Chicago).—"Chicago girls are well dressed." So there's chic as well as hic in Chicago.

S. J. (Strawberry Hill).—"Every member of the jazz band is a golfer." Is there *no* good side to their characters?

D. N. (Hendon).—"Burglars who entered a house near here stole a dog." Evidently not cat-burglars.

S. J. (Purley).—"Yawning exercise is recommended as a beautifier." You ought to buy a wireless set.

T. L. (Bath).—"Although the doctor undoubtedly saved my life, his fees came to £500." What extravagance.

F. J. (Enfield).—"My ideal holiday is to fish or to read thrillers, according to the weather." Amusing yourself by hook or by crook.

K. E. (Farnham).—"Among the olive branches of peace the bayonet still gleams." But nations are beginning to see the point.

G. L. (Elstree).—"I have been away in the wilds for months. What is going on in the world of fashion?" Very little.

J. R. (Dublin).—"I've never been drunk and I never intend to be." Yes, it does make you feel bad next morning, doesn't it?

C. F. D. (Balham).—"I've just bought a second-hand car and intend to run it down to Brighton on Sunday." You'll be running it down on Monday too.

Feminist (Edinburgh).—"I think all men are born lucky." So they are. They marry later on.

Bill (Gore).—"Ours was a runaway match." How far did you get before she caught you?

L. B. (Richmond).—"I papered the wall, but it looked a bit lumpy." Perhaps you forgot to take down the pictures.

H. S. (Crewe).—"What do you think of the scientist who says he will never die?" We'll tell you when we've read his obituary notice.

C. B. (Stanmore).—"I was so pleased with the boy that I gave him a new bright shilling." A tarnished old florin would have pleased him twice as much.

P. B. (Victoria).—"There are 30,990,300 telephones in the world." So if you get 30,990,299 wrong numbers, the next one is bound to be right.

D. N. (Clapham).—"Frost makes people glad to move alertly." You should see our plumber dashing down the street.

A. T. (Golders Green).—"Some people never know what to do with their hands." We've had card partners like that.

E. N. (Glasgow).—"Scottish banks are the best in the world." Those must be the bonny, bonny banks they make such a song about.

G. G. S. (Southwark).—"Sales aren't too brisk in the paper trade." Hurry up and sell us a *Bullets* coupon for 1,500 Guineas this week. The market closes on December 21.

N. Y. (Hull).—"He has just died at the age of ninety-three, though when he was twelve the doctors despaired of his life." The doctors are generally right in the end.

Miss S. (Worthing).—"I am going to a Christmas party next week and I don't know the first thing about mistletoe." Don't worry; you'll soon get the hang of it.

D. B. (London, S.W.).—"There is said to be a scarcity of pantomime principal boys this year." Probably the slimming craze has something to do with the reduced figures.

H. P. (Eden).—"My wife can cook, clean and so on." And sew on buttons?

Naturalist (Bath).—"I can name a fish that actually whistles." We have known some hum occasionally.

Lily (Teddington).—"What kind of music-hall act do you prefer on the wireless?" Acrobats.

Mrs. D. (Coventry).—"Youth will always call to youth." Yes, but youth might moderate its language.

J. W. (Birmingham).—"Petrol power has made the world a very small place indeed." So pedestrians are discovering.

A. P. (Edgware).—"I want a husband with money." Yes, but what about the wife of the husband with money?

D. N. (Regent's Park).—"I can see part of the Zoo free of charge from Regent's Park." You've got a neck.

Mrs. B. (Wembley).—"What will happen to our new house if there is a storm?" Don't worry—it will probably blow over.

A. Y. (Pudsey).—"The marriage ceremony is too long." For instance, the words "better or" are superfluous and misleading.

B. J. (Coventry).—"I read the other day that a cannibal tribe in Africa owns a motor-car." Hats off to our intrepid explorers!

Mrs. H. (Beverley).—"My husband went through a plate-glass window last night." That's nothing to what some husbands have to go through.

P. V. (Soho).—"I know one editor literally devoid of any feeling whatever." What is the name of the lucky fellow?

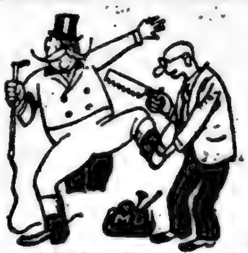
J. P. (Belmont).—"What of the future? What will they have to talk about in fifty years' time?" The good old days we're enjoying now.

P. V. (Meanwood).—"A scientist says that ultimately we shall be an earless race." Where will office-boys keep their pencils?

Jim (Lancaster).—"As a bachelor I darn my own socks and sew on my own buttons. What on earth shall I do when I marry?" Darn your own socks and sew on your own buttons.

*(Many replies unavoidably held over)*

## Side-Slips



*Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."*

Express and Star :—"Sir William Wilcox, who had an operation on his leg WHILE HUNTING, is progressing satisfactorily."

Morning Post :—"Baked Rabbit.—Choose a WILD YOUNG RABBIT."

Home Notes :—"Every night AND MORNING before going to bed."

Halifax Courier and Guardian :—"The crowd bore off the referee and LYNCHED him. He REVIVED several hours later."

Govan Press :—"Another notable figure on the platform will be Sir John Anthony, who, in the capacity of chairman, will make one of his all too MANY public appearances."

Sunny Mag :—"The GODMOTHER happened to be an UNCLE of Betty's."

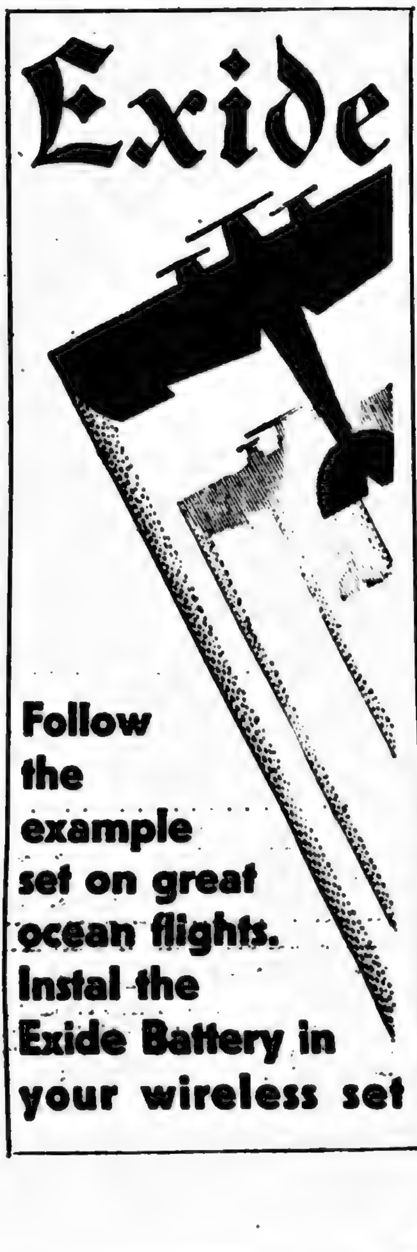
Northern Cyclists :—"Thus the horse was the sole means of speed and transport up to the time when WATERLOO drove the fleeing Napoleon before him."

Mystery Stories :—"He had married again, several years later, a VIOLENT-EYED pretty creature, who brought him only her LOOKS."

Glasgow Evening News :—"The COLOURED boy turned PALE."

Athletic News :—"I am told that its maximum SPEED is 65 miles to the GALLON."

"The Avenger" (Edgar Wallace) :—"She was now near the road level and possibly EIGHT OR NINE FEET above her the STARS were shining."


Exide
Follow the example set on great ocean flights. Instal the Exide Battery in your wireless set

# Flooded Out!

## "JOHN BULL" to the Rescue!

*An actual scene in one of the flooded areas*

LOWER storeys swimming in water; the inmates forced to escape through the windows; furniture and precious possessions ruined—floods unprecedented in their fury are inflicting terrible damage throughout the country. The homes of "John Bull" readers have felt the full shock of the catastrophe.

Our Free Insurance representatives are hard at work in the stricken areas, and just as fast as their reports are received, cheques are speeded on their way to the sufferers.

"John Bull" is the ONLY paper to pay Storm and Flood Benefits. Was your home damaged? Were you able to call on "John Bull" for a cheque? Have you signed the forms?

Floods will come again. If you have not yet registered, why not do so to-day?

### Storm and Flood—up to £300.

*We give below the names of a few only who have received Storm and Flood Benefits.*

CALGATE, LANCS.—Mrs. H. Shaw, 2, Queen's Terrace; Mrs. F. Shaw, 4, Queen's Terrace; R. Illingworth, 2, Conder Side Cottages; Mrs. D. Holland, Conder Cottages; H. Yete, 7, John Street; Mrs. A. Procter, 6, George Street; H. Hall, 4, Conder Cottages; J. Shaw, Conder Cottages; Mrs. E. Hutton, 6, Conder Cottages.

CWMAVON, GLAM.—Mr. H. Davies, 7, Cross Row; Mr. D. R. Williams, 15, Cross Row; Mr. D. Michael, 19, London Terrace; Mr. J. Morgan, 9, Cross Row; Mrs. M. Lee, 14, Cross Row; Mr. O. McNeil, 6, Cross Row.

ABERAVON, GLAM.—Mr. M. W. John, 65, Greenpark Street; Mrs. M. Williams, 24, Marsh Street; Mr. W. Rees, 73, Greenpark Street; Mr. R. Howells, 43, Greenpark Street; Mrs. A. O'Leary, 172, Water Street; Mr. T. Evans, 166, Water Street; Mr. H. L. Barnett, 23, Marsh Street; Mrs. R. John, 69, Green Park Street; Mr. V. Jones, 31, Corporation Road; E. Evans, 128, Water Street; Mr. J. Lloyd, 156, Water Street; Mrs. C. Prosser, 25, Marsh Street; Mr. T. Lewis, 16, Marsh Street; Mr. J. Lodwig, 106, Water Street; Mr. W. Jackson, 150, Wellington Terrace; Mrs. E. George, 158, Water Street; Mrs. E. Davies, 56, Green Park Street; Mrs. S. M. Davies, 50, Greenpark Street; Mr. J. Coombs, 32, Marsh Street; Mr. W. White, 3, Wellington Place; Mr. H. Wright, 22, Marsh Street; Mrs. E. Evans, 17, Marsh Street; Mrs. F. Needs, 4, Wellington Place; Mrs. A. Perkins, 32, Marsh Street.

BARNSTAPLE.—Mr. E. E. Williams, Victoria Cottage, Victoria Road.

CATON, LANCASTER.—W. Atkinson, "Black Bull," Brookhouse; Mrs. I. Mason, Old Post Office.

CHATHAM.—E. G. East, 242, Luton Road.

CASTLEFORD, YORKS.—Mr. J. H. M. Turner, 15, Back Church Street.

ELLEL, NR. LANCASTER.—Mr. M. Gardner, Half-Way House, Old Bay Horse Farm.

EXETER.—Mrs. M. Pyle, 2, Little Prospect, Cowick Street, St. Thomas.

FLEETWOOD, LANCS.—Mrs. E. Edwards, 66, Warrenhurst Road.

GARSTANG, LANCS.—Mrs. R. Ireton, Hawthorne Den, Scorton.

GLYNCORRWG, GLAM.—Mrs. H. M. Robinson, 5, Brick Street.

HULL.—Mrs. A. D. Jones, 41, Stepney Lane.

LIMAVADY, CO. DERRY.—Mrs. N. Martin, 5, Roe Ville.

MAESTEG, NR. BRIDGEND.—Mr. A. C. Williams, Clarence Hotel.

MACHYNLLETH, N. WALES.—Mr. Frank Lewis, 10, Craig Fach.

NEWTON ABBOT, DEVON.—Mr. H Harris, 30, Quay Road.

### "John Bull" provides Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident and Children's Benefits

CUT HERE

**JOHN BULL**

*Hand* this Coupon to your newsagent.

To (name of Newsagent) ..............................

Address ..............................

..............................

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature ..............................

Address ..............................

Date ..............................

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 14/12/29.

CUT HERE

**Post this Coupon to**

"John Bull," Registration Department,
Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

..............................
Reader's Signature.

Age ..............................

Address ..............................

..............................

..............................

Name and Address of Newsagent ..............................

..............................

.............................. Date ..............................

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 14/12/29.

## IMPORTANT.

"John Bull's" Sensational Xmas Gift Offer appears this week on page 2 of cover.

# Shattered LIMBS —and Dreams

FOUR years ago a terrible calamity befell the father of these children. He was then a haulier and timberman in a Welsh colliery, and is described as being a "decent, striving and industrious man, rearing a young family and saving money to buy his own home."

In 1925, while endeavouring to board a motor-lorry for a lift on his way home after making arrangements for his mother's funeral, he fell, and the wheels of the van went over his legs.

Ever since, they have been in a gangrenous and ulcerated condition. Of course, he received no compensation.

Last June, his wife, with their youngest child in her arms, was knocked down by a motor-car. The child escaped injury, but the mother was severely cut and bruised. No compensation was allowed.

Their baby girl has had her left arm twice fractured and her right arm once. The doctor says she is extremely delicate and needs care.

The position of this unfortunate family now is that they have only the father's unemployment pay on which to exist. His dreams of owning his own home and rearing his children decently have been shattered.

The mortgage, at £2 13s. per quarter, is two quarters in arrears, and his half-yearly rates, amounting to about £7 10s., are overdue.

To crown his troubles, his wife is expecting a child, and they have not got a penny to meet this emergency.

His little ones, aged eight, seven and five years, are in rags.

His doctor has now passed him as fit for light work, and he seeks a job anywhere in Wales as caretaker, timekeeper or storekeeper.

How they are to be saved in the meantime is a mystery which only the goodness of our readers can solve.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

*Registered under the War Charities Act as the* JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* THE HON. SECRETARY, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

Charles H. Kellie, 1s.; E. Thompson (Leicester), 1s.; S. A. G., 1s.; E. P. Chatham, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Clark (Stockton-on-Tees), 5s.; T. West (Deptford), 6d.; C. W., 5s.; Bunker, 2s. 6d.; Not Wealthy, £1; M. S., 1s.; C. B. (Lindfield), 3s. 6d.; Eva and Dad, 5s.; G. H., 2s.; Portia, 2s. 6d.; Mr. J. Menkin, 8d.; E. G., 2s. 6d.; E. Morris (Sheffield), 6s. 6d.; Anon., 6d.; H. Smith, 1s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; E. H. H. (Southsea), 2s.; H. B. (Enfield Wash), 1s.; E. H. (Chesterfield), 2s.; W. H. Fox, 1s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; Billy, 1s.; Mrs. E. B. Ellison, 2s.; Mary E. Sterne (Berkhamsted), 1s.; B. D. V. (Ashby), 2s. 6d.; Well Wisher, 1s. 6d.; Eyes but not Ears, 2s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Herrings (Grimsby), 1s. 6d.; Laurence Thompson, 1s. 6d.; Billie, 4½d.; A. E. Woodham (Croydon), 10s.; S. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s. 6d.; Anon. (O.A.P.), 2s.; Thankful Mary, 10s.; Anon., 2s.; Mrs. D. (Beckenham), 2s. 6d.; Content (Rossendale), 2s. 6d.; F. McCleery (Perth), 10s.; A. B. A., £1; Mrs. Ferguson (Clydebank), 10s.; Well Wisher, 2s. 6d.; L. Newton (Hyson Green), 5s.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Winifred Queen (East Grinstead), 2s.; A Thankful Mother and R.F.A. Son, 5s.; No. 33, 3s.; L. G. (Evesham) 6d.; Anon., 1s.; "?," 2s. 7d.; Miss E. Lord, 2s. 6d.; E. C. L., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Johnson (Dollar), 2s.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from: Mrs. F. Pragnall; Miss M. Millbank (dressed doll); H. C.; G. E. L. (Tottenham); Mrs. Trimmer (Keston); Ripponden; F. Hoult (St. Leonards); A Well Wisher (Portslade); Mrs. E. B. Ellison.

*(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)*

◆

## OUR CHRISTMAS GIFT OFFER

### A Request

Readers desirous of availing themselves of our Great Christmas Gift Offer are particularly requested to send in their applications without delay to avoid the Christmas rush, and thus ease the work of our staff, besides ensuring delivery in good time for Christmas.

HEALTHY LEGS FOR ALL!
The Latest Gift of Science.

MRS. A. WASSELL.

'No Sign of Varicose Veins Now.'

How grateful I am I gave Elasto a trial! My leg had been bad for years, but now, thanks to your wonderful treatment, there is no sign of varicose veins, and I feel ever so well in myself. My friends all say how young I seem. I nip about like a girl of 16, and yesterday I rode 40 miles on my cycle. I cannot speak too highly of Elasto, and to think the cost is only 5s. a month. *I don't think that any woman of my age* (45 *years*) *should be without Elasto,* quite apart from leg troubles, and I shall keep a bottle by me. I am pleased and grateful that Elasto came to my notice, and I thank you for your kindness.

(Signed) Mrs. A. WASSELL,
Luton Lodge,
Luton Hoo Park, Luton.

What is Elasto?

Elasto is the wonderful new treatment that cures through the blood, at the same time improving the general health and increasing vitality.

It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly, and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, muscular weakness, phlebitis, thrombosis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs are cured *naturally* and *permanently* by Elasto Treatment, without rest and at small cost.

Elasto does not patch you up—it cures, because it brings into play Nature's own laws of health and healing. *It is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.*

Elasto also cures piles, sciatica, lumbago, hardened arteries and glands, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Send Coupon for Free Sample.

Elasto Treatment is fully explained in a Special Booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials, to readers filling in the Free Coupon below. Send this in NOW—while you think of it. If you prefer you can send 5.- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and commence your cure without delay, to the New Era Treatment Co. (Dept. 15 P.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. JB

FREE COUPON

The New Era Treatment Co.
(Dept. 15P.), Cecil House,
Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Special Booklet together with Free Sample of Elasto and copies of recent testimonials.

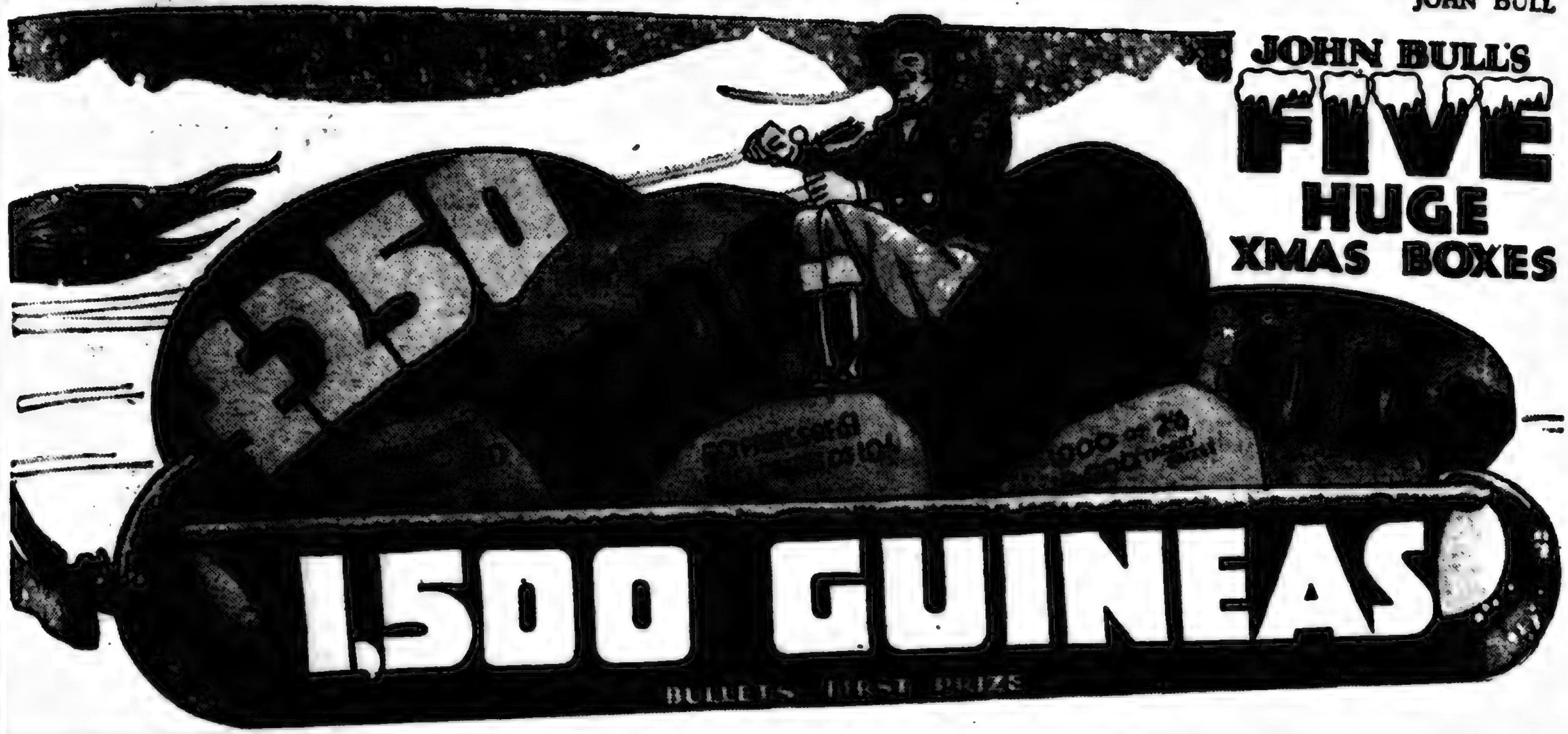
OR

I enclose 5/- for full month's treatment.

Name ..............................

Address ..............................

J.B., 14.12.29.



# HURRY UP FOR 1,500 GUINEAS!

NOW comes the second and final week of JOHN BULL's 1,500 Guineas drive! What are you doing to secure this mighty Christmas-box or one of the other four big cheques awaiting "Bulleteers"?

Only one week remains for you to place your name amongst the winners—start on your *Bullets* this evening and post them early if you can.

Anybody can make a *Bullet*. Simply choose one of the given *Examples* and add any TWO, THREE OR FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment. As a specimen, suppose you choose the *Example* GAME OF LOVE, the added words CUPID "TAKES A HAND" would complete a *Bullet*.

Early posting will make sure of your entry's arrival by the closing date, Saturday, December 21st. Hurry up!

## MORE CASH AND HAMPER WINNERS.

### FIRST PRIZE OF £300, COMPETITION 738.

**Mr. John Pendlebury, 27, Priory Avenue, High Wycombe.**
Example:—FOND MAMMA
Bullet:—"NOT YET, INDIA DARLING!"

### SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. A. M. Teesdale, 47, Flixton Road, Urmston, Manchester.
xample.—Miles Ahead
ullet: -Optimist Is—Pessimist Has.

### THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. F. S. Butler, 6, Rayleigh Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea.
xample:—Fond Mamma
ullet:- Presently, "Where's Diddums' *Dole?*"

### 10 OF £5 AND HAMPER:

rs. J. BROWN, 3, Gothenburg Buildings, Main Street, Kelty, Fife.
Is Love Blind?—Yes—Or No "Yes!"
iss M. ELLIS, 85, Littlemoor Road, Ilford.
Income-tax Collector—Found Dead—Everyone Suspected.
. W. FOSTER, 12, Falkland Av., Salford.
Looks Small—Ant—Mind The Heap!
rs. E. FYFE, 93, Main Street, Glasgow.
Walking The Plank—Civilisation, Unless "Bridges" Built.
. GABLE, R.N. Sig. Station, Milford Haven.
Sound Propaganda—Moscow Refraining From Propaganda.
r. GUNN, 6, Regent Street, Luton.
Trudging Round—After Lansbury, Mrs. Grundy.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
rs. S. K. JOHNSON, Trelawney, Goonown, St. Agnes, Cornwall.
Dying—In Slum "Living" Rooms.
G. R. TREEN, c/o Supply Reserve Depot, Deptford, S.E.
Britain's Mark—Not On—Say "No!"
Mrs. W. WAY, 36, New Ch. Buildings, Osney Lane, Oxford.
The Shadow Cabinet—"Body" That's "Holding Inquests."
C. WEST, 67, Cedar Road, Nottingham.
Runaway Victory—Father Passes "The Greyhound."

### 10 OF £2 10s. AND HAMPER:

T. BOLAND, 3, Queen Street, Douglas, I.O.M.
Ignored—School—Motorist Needs "Lesson."
A. W. BURR, 8, East Avenue, Oxford.
Ignored—By "Jimmy"—Buys Jemmy.
P. J. DELANEY, 36, Glyngwyn Street, Miskin, Mountain Ash, Glam.
Dying—Year, Was Never "Well."
Miss J. HARPER, 1, Abbey Road, Exeter.
Beginning To Think—Quietens Baby—And Mankind.
J. J. JONES, Bryn House, High Street, Glyn Neath.
Miles Ahead—Britain—But By Inches.
L. LUCIE, 190a, Sloane Street, London, S.W.
Britain's Mark—Evidence Of Confidence.
A. R. MILLIGAN, 579, Zouch Cottage, N. Tidworth.
Leadership—Makes *Band One Man.*
J. MOSS, 12, Darlington Street, Middlewich.
Wherever We Go—Wider Roads—Narrower Escapes.
O. THACKER, High Street, Ledbury.
Excuses—"Emergency Exit" Best Barred.
Mrs. A. YOUDE, Marford Hill, Nr. Wrexham.
Out Of The Wood—Mistletoe Was—I'm Not.

### "BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what the opinion of the judges in consultation ith the Editor is the best Bullet received, nd the other prizes in order of merit, the st being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on ch coupon, and a postal order must be nclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon ade use of. This must be made payable to OHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors ust write their names and addresses and e date of sending the order on the back of e postal order, the number of which must e duly noted on each coupon submitted. oupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

All Prize-winners have been notified and a list of 50 "Bullets" Hamper winners will be published in "Bullets" Bulletin. A list of 450 Surrey Fowl and 500 2/6 prize-winners can seen at these offices.

ıal cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 737 will be displayed in the window of Mrs. Pugh, 21, Graig St., Pontypridd.

**FREE HELP FOR YOU!** Any reader can obtain a free copy of "Bullets" Bulletin, our new help for competitors, on application, enclosing ha'fpenny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O. crossed and made payable to "John Bull," brings twelve consecutive issues post paid. Address:—"Bulletin" Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

## Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 741.

AFTER CHRISTMAS
TRUSTED FRIEND
WHEN BRITANNIA'S SHOPPING
HOSPITALITY
MOTHERS
WINTER'S SWORD
AT PRISON'S GATES
DRINK
HEARD AT THE PARTY
SHE SAID TO HER
GAME OF LOVE
DRASTIC
AT TAXPAYER'S EXPENSE
MEANS
CHASING HAPPINESS
WAY TO SAVE
PAINTING THE FUTURE
MYSTERY MAN
SNOWED UNDER
RATHER A DEAR
PRESUMABLY
DOWN ON HIS LUCK
HARDLY REASONABLE
"IS THAT ALL?"
TURNING
WRECKS MARRIAGE
ALLURING PROSPECT
NOTHING TO BOAST ABOUT
SOMEWHERE IN BRITAIN
ALL
THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY
OUR WATCH-DOG
AGAINST THE RULES
DAMPED HIS ENTHUSIASM
EVERY HOME
IN REALITY
STARVING HERSELF
TRYING TO THINK
TRUE TO HER
IT MAY TAKE YEARS, BUT

Example ______ Closing SATURDAY, Dec. 21.
Bullet ______
Example ______
Bullet ______
(741) P.O. No. ______
I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ______
Address ______

Cut out each coupon separately.

Example ______ Closing SATURDAY, Dec. 21.
Bullet ______
Example ______
Bullet ______
(741) P.O. No. ______
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ______
Address ______

Bullets must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example ______ Closing SATURDAY, Dec. 21.
Bullet ______
Example ______
Bullet ______
(741) P.O. No. ______
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed ______
Address ______

Enter your full name and address on each coupon

Example ______ Closing SATURDAY, Dec. 21.
Bullet ______
Example ______
Bullet ______
(741) P.O. No. ______
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed ______
Address ______

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

☞ **Address Entries:** "Bullets" No. 741, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £5, £3, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the five chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 741 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

## Next Week's Surprise: 100 New Prizes to End the Old Year!

# WORN OUT

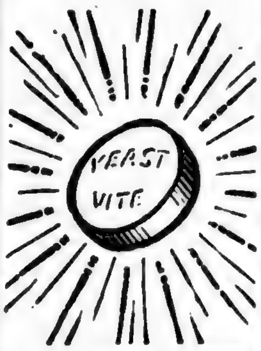
## The Misery of '*NERVES*,' The Agony of *NEURALGIA*!

## The 'Played-Out' *EXHAUSTED* 'Life's-No-Good' Feeling of *COLLAPSE*!

## The Horror of *SLEEPLESSNESS* *DEPRESSION* and *DESPAIR*!

**Take a few Wonderful "Yeast-Vite" Quick-Tonic Tablets and see how RAPIDLY the feeling of Inertia, Languor and Depression will Disappear and the Buoyant Spirits and Sparkling Energy of Youth Return! There is no doubt about "Yeast-Vite's" power to give YOU Joyous Health—to make YOU feel Younger, Brighter, Happier! "Yeast-Vite" gives Vitamin Nutrition to Body, Brain, and Nerves—which is JUST WHAT YOU NEED!**

**"Yeast-Vite" acts AT ONCE! the gentle fermentation of the YEAST, when in contact with the Gastric Juices of the Stomach, soon induces a feeling of Extreme Buoyancy and Vigour, making you Able to enter into your Work and Play with Zest!**



### Our Quick-Health Time-Table

| *FROM* | | *TO* | *TIME* |
|---|---|---|---|
| NERVE PAINS | - | *Glorious Relief* | In 5/15 MINUTES |
| HEADACHES | - | *Deliverance* - - | In 5/15 MINUTES |
| LASSITUDE | - | *Vim and Vigour* | In 10/20 MINUTES |
| DEPRESSION | - | *Buoyant Energy* | In 10/20 MINUTES |
| "NERVES" | - | *Steadiness* - - | In 10/20 MINUTES |
| INDIGESTION | - | *Keen Appetite* - | In 15/30 MINUTES |
| EXHAUSTION | - | *Animation* - - | In 15/30 MINUTES |
| SLEEPLESSNESS | - | *Calm Repose* - | In 30/60 MINUTES |
| RHEUMATISM | - | *Pain Relief* - - | In 24 HOURS |
| CONSTIPATION | - | *Regularity* - - | In 36 HOURS |
| IMPURE BLOOD | - | *Purification* - - | In 36 HOURS |

*NOW. Happy, Healthy and Buoyant . . Free from Pains and Ills . . . Facing Life with Smiles and Enthusiasm . . . "Yeast-Vite" Magic 'Quick-Tonic' Tablets Make You Well*

## NO CURE NO PAY!

### £1,000 GUARANTEE

**Simply obtain a 1/3 bottle of "Yeast-Vite" Tonic Tablets from ANY Chemist, and if after ACTUAL PERSONAL TEST you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the SUPREME HEALTH VALUE of this Amazing Scientific Remedy, simply return the empty carton to us with Government Stamp attached, and your money will be refunded AT ONCE and IN FULL, under a £1,000 GUARANTEE.**

**"Yeast-Vite" is a Scientific Combination of Pure Medicinal Yeast (Saccharomycetis Cerevisiae) Vitamins (especially the All-Important Vitamin "B") and other Valuable Tonic Elements as prescribed by leading Specialists.**

## Over 40,000 Testimonials

### WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD

W. G. of West Norwood, writes: "Suffering with Terrible Pains after eating, which I dreaded, and finally Losing Weight, I noticed your advertisement in a Sunday paper. I thank God I did so, as I am now quite well and strong again thanks to Yeast-Vite. Your Tablets ARE WORTH MORE THAN THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD!"

### PAIN GONE IN 10 MINUTES

35509. R. C. E., of Dalston, London, writes: 'I have suffered the most awful pains in my chest and stomach. I bought a 1/3 bottle of 'Yeast-Vite,' took two tablets at 10 minutes to five, and by three minutes past five I was absolutely free from pain. The results were marvellous."

### SAVED MY LIFE

"Having been suffering for six months with terrible pains in my head and other ailments almost unbearable to stand, resulting in a serious nervous breakdown, I was advised to try Yeast-Vite Tablets, which resulted in my road to recovery after taking the first bottle. I regained my appetite, and my normal health again. I am positive they saved my life."
Mrs. W. McC.

### NERVOUS WRECK NOW WELL AGAIN

28020. E. C., Maidenhead: "I am writing to tell you how beneficial I have proved Yeast-Vite Tablets to be. I was thoroughly run down, and my nerves were a perfect wreck, but after taking a bottle of Yeast-Vite I felt myself again. I shall recommend them wherever I can."

# IRVING'S Yeast-Vite TONIC TABLETS

## From All Chemists, Price 1/3, 3/- and 5/- Per Bottle.

Or Post Free on receipt of Price direct from IRVING'S YEAST-VITE, LTD., MEDICAL YEAST SPECIALISTS (Enlarged Laboratories), WATFORD, HERTS.

T.C.B.

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1929
"The Lucky Sixpence!"

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COAL TAR SOAP

THE IDEAL TOILET AND NURSERY SOAP.

# Shaving is easy if you follow these 5 simple rules

**1.** Insert a Gillette blade into a Gillette razor and screw up the handle until the blade is flexed to form an arc corresponding to the curve of the top plate of the razor. Do not screw it any tighter. Looser is all right if you want an extra-close shave.

**2.** Place the razor against the temple at the angle it naturally takes (the Gillette is the only razor so constructed that you automatically hold it in the correct position). Hold the razor still and draw the skin with your other hand upwards and away from the razor.

SHAVING *should* be an enjoyable habit; many men unfortunately fail to find it so. While taking every care, every precaution, they are all too often disappointed in their shave — merely because they do not know the right way to set about it.

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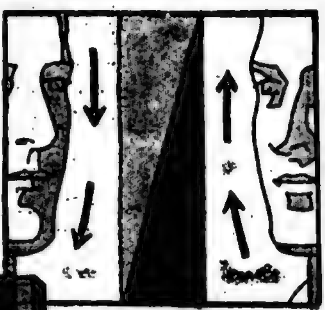
Men without number, in every quarter of the globe, have already discovered the advantages of a Gillette blade. Between them they buy 2,000,000 blades a day. Learn, as they have, to shave correctly — with a Gillette blade! Gillette Safety Razor Limited, 184-8, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

**3.** In shaving the rest of the face, hold the razor diagonally (resting it against the face in the natural position).

**4.** The first time you go over the face, stroke *with* the growth of the beard, the second time against it. (The beard normally grows downwards on the cheek and the chin and under the chin, and upwards on the neck.)



**5.** Clean the razor by loosening the screwhandle and holding the razor under the hot water tap. Dry each part separately.

**Gillette**

**BLADES** Gillette

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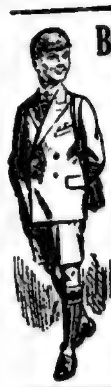

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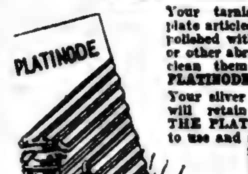

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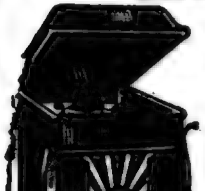

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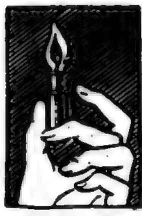

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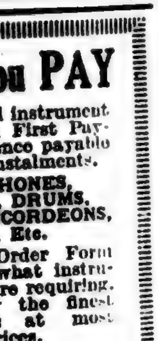

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*Extract from testimonial—*
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Invisible, Day or Night
Neeta Curling Clasps not only are guaranteed to wave the hair, but they can be worn day or night, being invisible, comfortable and secure. They gather up every particle of hair, leaving
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Keep your hair short and neat. With this simple, yet effective device, you can be your own hairdresser and save pounds and wasted hours in salons. Ideal for women who are bobbed or shingled. Makes removal of superfluous hair on neck a matter of simplicity. A boon to men for personal use and a real money-saver for the family man. Made of highest quality materials.
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A Trouser Press and Stretcher combined. Baggy knees abolished. Real Oak, silver plated fittings. Best French polished. Being actual makers, we offer 750 at factory cost to advertise. When sold offer withdrawn.
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| NERVE PAINS | *Glorious Relief* | In 5/15 MINUTES |
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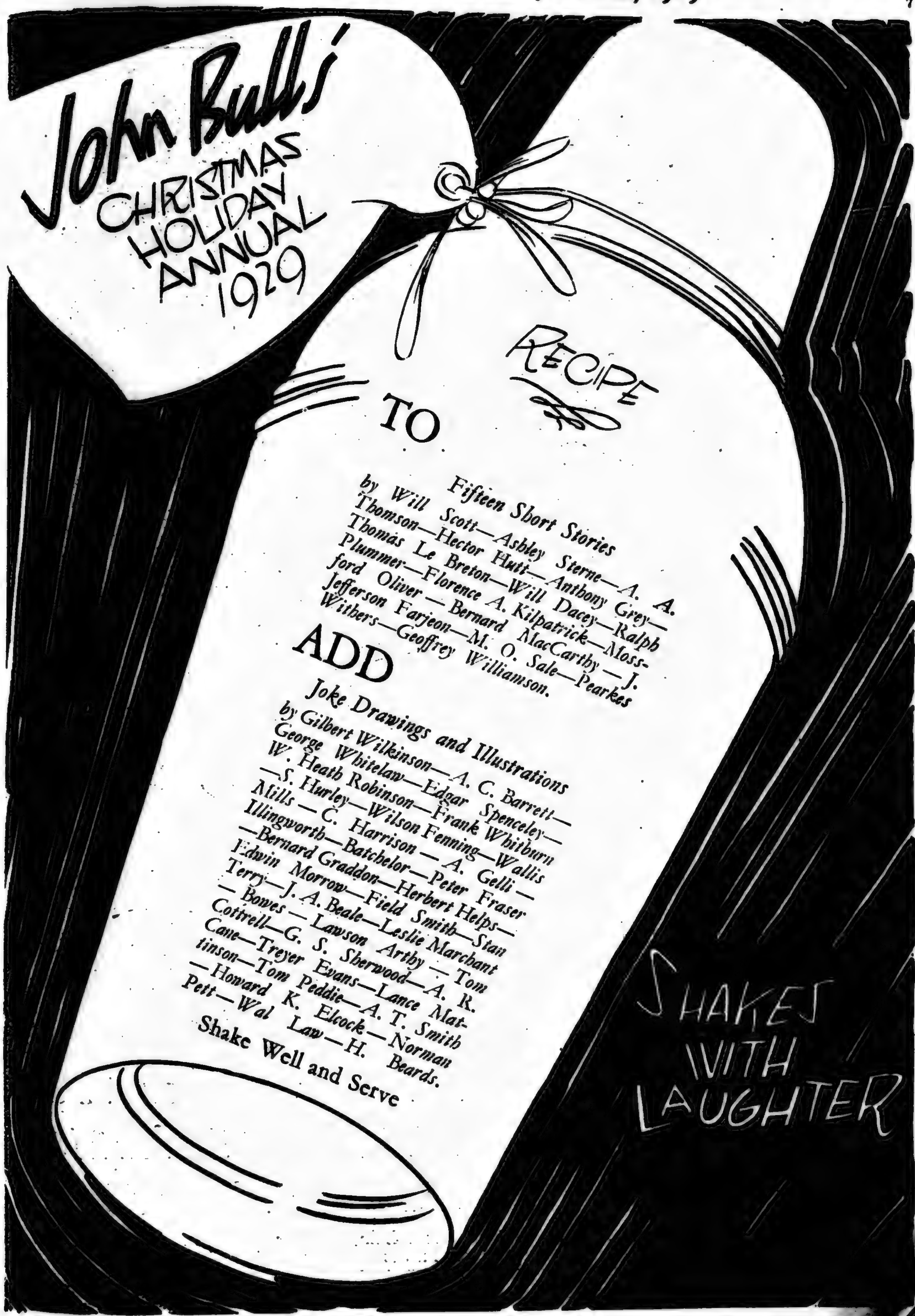

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*by Will Scott—Ashley Sterne—A. A. Thomson—Hector Hutt—Anthony Grey—Thomas Le Breton—Will Dacey—Ralph Plummer—Florence A. Kilpatrick—Mossford Oliver—Bernard MacCarthy—J. Jefferson Farjeon—M. O. Sale—Pearkes Withers—Geoffrey Williamson.*

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Shake Well and Serve

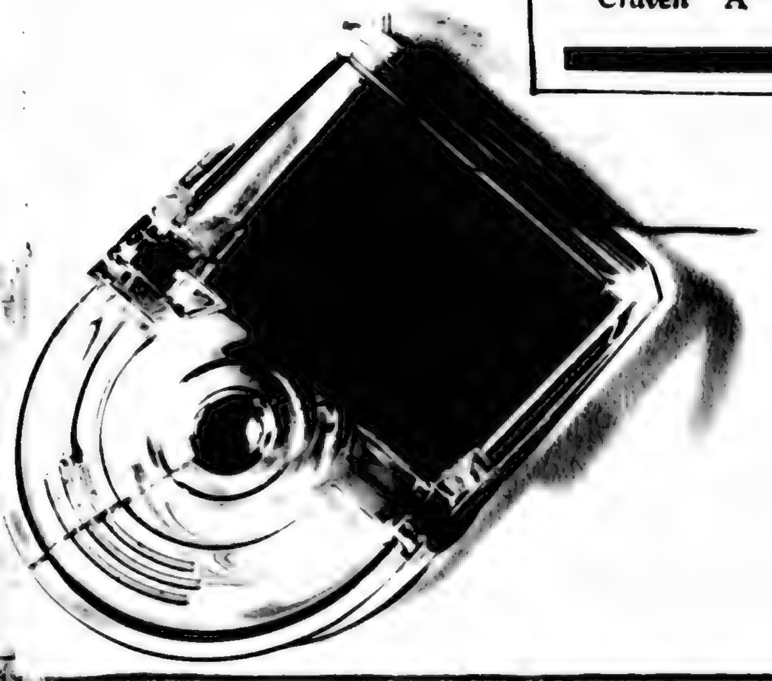
# "Craven "A" for Christmas!

*that's my motto, I know the boys like them"*

**These three delightful packings of 150 cigarettes for 7/6, 100 for 5/-, and 50 for 2/6 will provide for most of your Xmas Gifts**

*Craven "A" Cork-Tipped Virginia Cigarettes are Made Specially to Prevent Sore Throats*

MADE BY CARRERAS LTD. 141 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY.



# BON BONS

OLD John Bull,
Of kindliness full,
Was a wise old friend when he sang:
"May your life be full of joys,
Like a cracker stuffed with toys,
And your troubles just as harmless as its bang!"

* * *

LEGAL orders often begin with the words: "*By these presents* . . ." And Christmas domestic orders begin with: BUY THESE PRESENTS . . .

* * *

"WHAT," asks a critic, "is the most fascinating of musical instruments?" Undoubtedly, at this festive season, the drumstick.

* * *

YOUTHFUL scepticism is often engendered by an honest doubt as to whether a rocking-horse will really come down a Council house chimney.

* * *

"I CAN cut figures on ice," said Jack,
As to the pond he went;
But the figure he cut in front of Jill
Was not the figure he meant.

* * *

WHATEVER final settlements the League of Nations may make, we shan't let it interfere with our annual partition of Turkey.

* * *

IT is absurd to get excited about Schneider Cup speed, when you think of the distance Santa Claus's aeroplane has to cover in one short Christmas Eve.

* * *

"IF a mince pie brings a happy month,"
Says Jones Minor, who's no dunce,
"I shan't need any more happiness
For *munce and munce and munce* . . .

* * *

CHRISTMAS is the time for burying the hatchet, and you might as well shove in those cigars your wife gave you while the cavity's handy.

* * *

"ALL the world," says a magazine-writer, "feels the season's influence." I have a pessimistic friend who says he only feels the season's "influenza."

* * *

IT is no use you buying the lad next door a silencer for his motor-bike if you're not prepared to present the family with one for their wireless-set.

* * *

WHEN you see a man head downwards in the vicarage pond, you may not be able to rescue him, but it's hardly polite to ask if you may borrow his skates.

AUNTS don't have to learn to give the wrong kind of present. *It's a gift* . . .

* * *

RUM or brandy on the plum pudding? A burning question, but capable of being settled in the right spirit.

* * *

"WHAT," asks a writer on ancient customs, "is more pleasant than the old-fashioned curtsey?" The mistletoe *bough*.

* * *

THE main points in Christmas decoration may easily be discovered by sitting on a branch of holly.

* * *

THE Arab finds his camel a patient beast of burden, and, speaking of things like that, mother always takes father with her for the Christmas shopping.

* * *

"WHO'LL fork out Christmas boxes?"
Asks poor old father. "Who'll
Pay the Yule-tide bills?" And
Echo answers: "*You'll* . . ."

IT was rather unkind of Jill's young brother to put up a notice under the mistletoe: NO PARKING ALLOWED.

* * *

IT must be a grim thought that, even for the modern pugilist, one day in the year is always Boxing Day.

* * *

WE are not being in the least disrespectful to the Christmas pudding when we give it a bit of sauce.

* * *

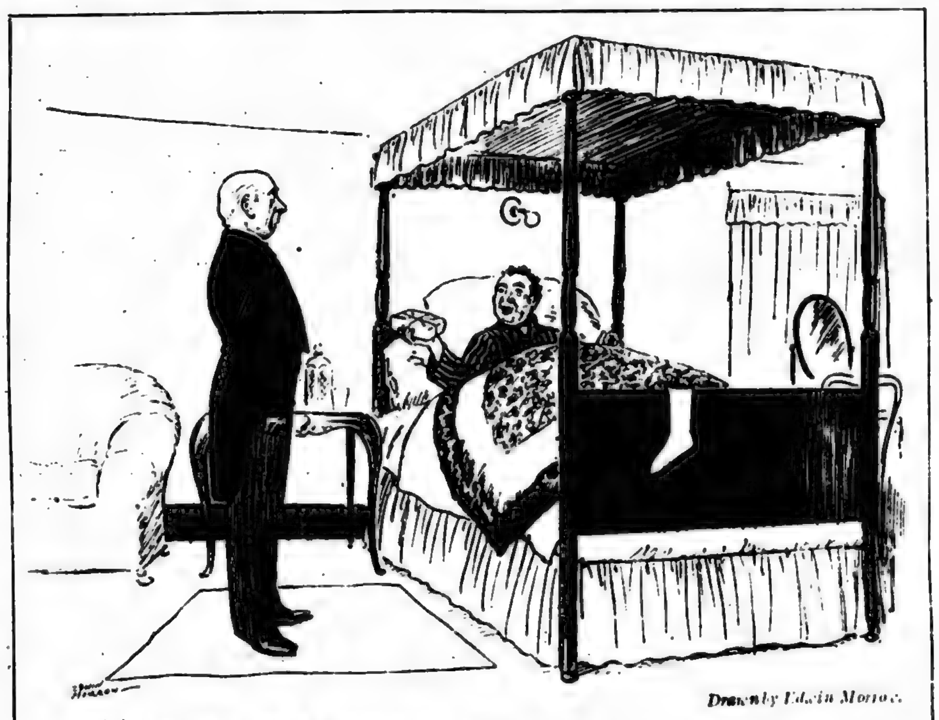
SWEET is the note of the woodland bird,
But compare it, if you can,
With a bubbling plum pudding on the fire . . .
That is *my* Song of Pan.

* * *

WOMEN are doing men's jobs nowadays, of course, but things are coming to a pretty pass if pantomimes are going to have women dame-comedians!

* * *

HOW do you feel when you face that gorgeous meal?—
Ever so goosey, goosey, goosey, goosey.
How do you feel when the pudding makes you squeal?—
Ever so goosey, goosey, goosey, goosey.
Hopeful for drumstick or a parson's nose,
Steeped in sage and onions from your eyebrows to your toes . . .
How do you feel, mid mince-pies and candied peel?—
Ever so goosey, goosey, goosey, goosey!



Drawn by Edwin Morrow.

VALET: "Is that all for to-night, sir?"
OLD-FASHIONED BACHELOR: "Yes, thank you, Thompson, but you might just slip this parcel into that sock on the bed-post as soon as I get off to sleep."

# Mrs Cinderella

by Will Scott

*Giving the lie to that "lived happily ever afterwards" tradition.*

THE fellow who wrote that story should never have been paid. He finished up all wrong. They did *not* live happily ever afterwards. Very far from it.

Prince and Princess Charming (née Cinderella) came back from their honeymoon and started right away. And though it is with all regrets that we make the statement, yet the truth must be set down: the fault was Cinderella's. She would leave the Sunday newspaper on the grand piano.

"I don't like to keep telling you, my dear," Prince Charming would say, "but I wish you'd remember. It looks unsightly. It gives the whole drawing-room a slovenly appearance."

"I think you're making a fuss about nothing, my dear," Cinders would retort. "What is a Sunday newspaper, anyway? And you can't be so very prejudiced against the things, because I've caught you reading them yourself."

"There is, I agree, a place even for a Sunday newspaper," Prince Charming would respond, "but that place is not on the top of the grand piano in my drawing-room."

"Our drawing-room, my dear."

"Very well. Have it your own way. But please don't litter the place up with Sunday newspapers. I don't like it."

For a time, let it be set to her credit, she honestly tried to make amends. Certainly it was many weeks before a Sunday newspaper again offended on the top of the grand piano. But it wasn't many days before a work-basket offended on top of the sundial in the middle of the lawn.

"Who put this thing here?" Prince Charming demanded in a loud voice.

"I did," said Cinderella.

"Well, take it away!"

"It's doing no harm there."

"It's doing no good there! That low fool from the village, Little Boy Blue, went by just now, and I saw him roaring with laughter when he noticed the thing. What are those strange objects by its side?"

"They are your socks, Charming, dear."

"And what on earth are my socks doing on the sundial?"

"I've been darning them, dear."

"Darning them? Darning them?" He began to go purple in the face. "I pay servants to darn my socks!"

"I know, darling, but I like to darn your socks."

"Bah!" thundered Prince Charming. "Have you no sense of the fitness of things? You, a princess, darning socks! And what the blink do you mean by darning them in the middle of my lawn? What do you think would have happened if Aladdin had chanced to call? The whole thing would have been round the clubs by week-end, and I'd never have heard the end of it. Take yourself and your socks and your work-basket indoors! I won't have it!"

THE years went by, and from bad to worse. If Cinderella cracked a nut she would leave all the shell on the Magic Carpet. She never remembered to close a door. She began all over again to leave Sunday newspapers on the grand piano.

And after her fortieth birthday she developed a strange habit of not caring to dress for dinner. Her chair would be empty, and Prince Charming would have to look for her.

Invariably he found her in one place. Sitting b[illegible]replace in the kitchen.

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"I [illegible]e and for all, I'll not have you sitting by the fireplace in the kitchen!" he'd bellow.

"My father used to let me sit by the kitchen fireplace, Charming," she would remind him.

"Your father was a slovenly old skunk! What he did is not good enough for me. His ways are not my ways. The dirty old rascal never changed his collar more than once a week! Mend your ways, my dear woman, or there's going to be trouble in this house! Why aren't you dressed for dinner?"

"It seems such a trouble, dear."

"I suppose you're waiting for some fool of a Fairy Godmother to come along and waggle her wand and do the whole job for you! Is that it? Well, understand I don't stand for any of that rot in my palace. Get upstairs and change your dress and show up for dinner."

"Very well, Charming."

And she would arise to obey. And as soon as she rose to obey there would be a shower of various objects from her lap all over the kitchen floor.

"Ye gods!" Prince Charming would roar. "What's all this snowstorm you're scattering about? Is this your book? Is this your fan? Are these your smelling salts? You slovenly woman! Pick 'em up! Pick 'em up—do you hear me? And for heaven's sake learn to be tidy! Tidy!"

But it was no use. Heredity, as the scientists will tell you, is stronger than environment. Bring up a Stilton in a lavender bed, and it is still a Stilton. Cinderella was the daughter of her father, and history has told us what kind of a waster the baron was. The years went by, and each year found more litter in the vicinity of Cinderella. At forty-five Prince Charming was grey as a badger. And all through worrying over his wife.

He took to not coming home at nights. He stayed at the club instead.

And of course whispers and rumours began to go round.

"I hear all's not well with the Charmings."

"Well, what's it all about, anyway?"

"Obvious, old man. You know who she was. One of the Hardups, you may remember. I knew her father. Waistcoat all covered with beer. Only shaved twice a week. Dreadful family! Poor old Charming! I'm sorry for him."

"Married beneath him, you mean?"

"Absolutely, old man!"

Everybody gets a last chance, and so did Cinderella. She sent an agonised letter to the club, asking for a last chance, and Prince Charming went home.

"Mind," he said, "it *is* your last chance. I'm not going to stand any more of it. I won't have the palace looking like a bar parlour. This is your chance. You must take it. Otherwise it means a divorce."

For three days all went well. There was, indeed, a distinct change for the better, and even Charming himself began to hope it might be permanent.

THE evening of the third day was the great reception at the palace. Sinbad was back from a world cruise, and Prince Charming had invited a goodly assembly for to meet him and for to do him honour. There was Old King Cole and Robin Hood and Sir Richard Whittington and Robinson Crusoe. Ali Baba was coming on later, and even Aladdin had promised to fly over from China. The flags were unfurled, and the Fiddlers Three (straight from the Alhambra) were fiddling as hard as they could go.

Outside the gates the common people were gathered to cheeer—Tomtom the Piper's Son, Old Mother Hubbard, Boy Blue, Simple Simon, the Old Woman and her So Many Children, Taffywasawelshman and Jack Horner.

It was a wonderful night, and everybody was agreed that the trouble between the Charmings was in a fair way to being patched up for ever. But, alas! no.

Sir Richard Whittington and R. Crusoe were strolling idly round the sundial, cooling off after the feed and trying to get through one of the queer cigars that Sinbad had brought back from the West, when a mighty bellow was heard within the palace, the doors were flung open, and Prince Charming came fuming across the lawn.

"I'm through! I'm through!" he hissed. "Where's a solicitor? Where's a man of law? I'll be divorced ere the sun is up! This is the last straw! That she should have waited until this night to disgrace me before the Best People! That's what hurts! Show me a more slovenly old drabble-tail and half my kingdom shall be yours!"

"Why, Charming, old man," said R. Crusoe, laying a friendly hand on the prince's shoulder, "I thought your wife had really mended her ways at last? What is the reason for this outburst?"

"Reason?" cried the agitated prince, tearing himself free and snorting in the direction of the palace. "There's reason enough, never fear! What do you think she did, in front of all the kings and ambassadors, as she came downstairs from the ballroom? She left one of her infernal glass slippers right in the middle of the staircase! I tell you, boys, I'm finished!"

*Drawn by Peter Fraser.*

CHRISTMAS SLATE CLUB TREASURER (who has arrived with money for the share-out): "Ah! I suppose you've been sent to meet me by the Buddesford Slate Club Committee."

*Drawn by Bernard Graddon*

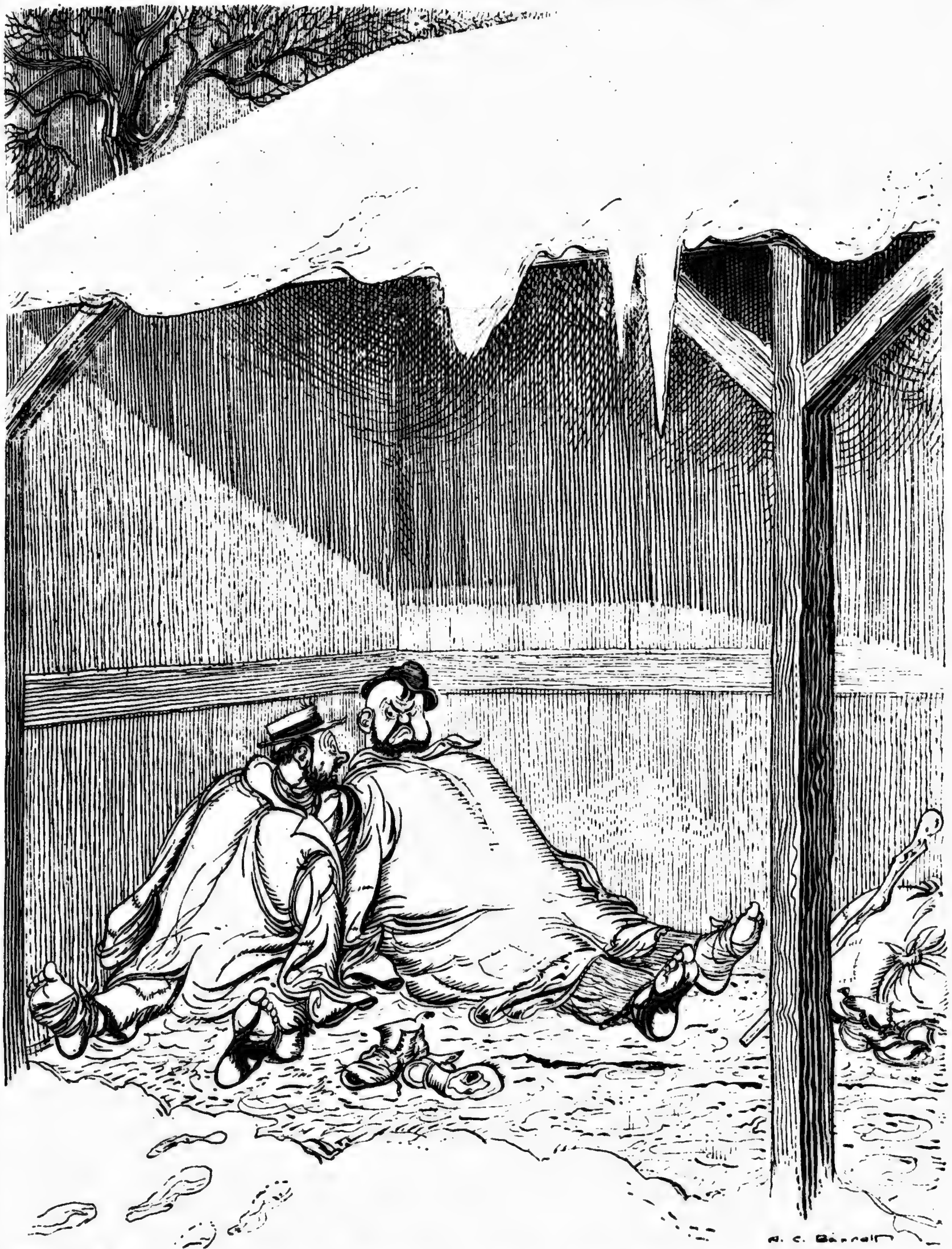
RIVAL GHOST: "Well, thank goodness, Rosalind, this is the last Christmas we shall see that perky poltroon swaggering off to fling himself over the battlements. The new tenants have just had the moat drained and filled in with concrete!"

Drawn by Edgar Spenceley.

NEWCOMER: "Is the ice thick enough to skate on?"
VICTIM: "I *thought* it was."

Drawn by Wilson Fenning.

THE AGGRESSOR: "Yes, I 'it 'im! I wishes 'im a Merry Christmas—an' 'stead of sayin. 'same to you,' as any polite bloke 'ould do, 'e turns an' says, 'I reciprercate yer felicitatines.' An' I ain't the sort of chap to stand that from anybody!"



Drawn by A. C. Barrett.

FIRST TRAMP: "Bill, if Santa Claus suddenly appeared an' asked yer what yer'd like for Christmas, what would yer 'ave?"

SECOND TRAMP: "Don't be so bloomin' romantic. It's time you settled down to the 'ard facts o' life."

# CHRISTMAS EVA

BY ASHLEY STERNE

*Little Eva made a vow. Did she keep her word? And How!*

SHE had been born on Christmas Eve, and so her parents named her "Christmas Eva."

Christmas Eva McFigwort, spinster, of this parish, to give her her full designation.

"A most appropriate name," murmured the Rev. Savonarola Butterpump at her christening; and he would have added still further to that appropriateness if he had not been thwarted in his absent-minded attempt to 'eave 'er into the font under the temporary delusion that he had been handed a cat to drown.

You will not find the Clan McFigwort mentioned in the Dictionary of Scottish Biography, but you may take it from me that Christmas Eva's father, Moses McFigwort, came over with the Joels, took a town house in Petticoat Lane, and gradually acquired a modest but dishonest livelihood by adopting that mysterious profession which necessitates its members wearing three top-hats simultaneously.

Her mother didn't come over with anybody, being a pure-bred native of that part of the Scottish Highlands known as the Mile End Road, to whose denizens she was long affectionately known as "Greasy Gert"—an epithet derived from the precarious profession of plaice-purveyor and potato-provider which she pursued prior to her pnuptials.

Such were little Christmas Eva's parents, from whom, I am proud to record, she inherited that spirit of impulsive generosity with which the Scot has always been identified. When only a child of two, this admirable trait first manifested itself. She got the scarlet whooping measles. But she did not keep them all to herself. She gave them lavishly to half the children in the neighbourhood, whereafter the Medical Officer of Health butted in, and had her removed to an isolation hospital labelled "Fever" (thus rhyming with Eva), which was very thoughtful of him.

From this illustration you may infer (and rightly) that the little girl, thus highly endowed with one virtue, was not lacking in others. She was, in fact, a frantically good little girl—that excessively angelic type of child which, in Mid-Victorian drawing-room ballads, invariably died in the last verse to twingly-twangly arpeggios, high up on the piano, suggestive of celestial harps in action.

She never told a lie when the truth would equally well serve. She never chewed little bits of string when there was a lump of gum lying about. She annually attended the local Band of Hope beano to Epping Forest, and would certainly have attended the weekly meetings of that estimable juvenile institution as well, if she had not preferred to go to the pictures instead.

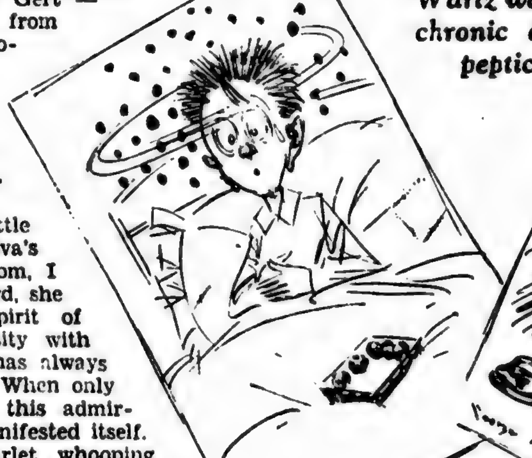
At the day-school she attended her conduct and comportment were just as exemplary as they were at home. Her homework was always done, and (which is more) done accurately—thanks largely to the profound knowledge of commercial arithmetic possessed by her father (a famous Senior Wangler of his day), and the deep intimacy with English grammar (chiefly in the Adjective and Interjection Departments) displayed by her mother.

Never did she stay away on account of illness. When she got the mumps, she tied her face up in the family handkerchief and pleaded merely double gum-boils, one on each side. When she developed rickets and went bow-legged, she put on batting-pads beneath her stockings to conceal the distortion.

When she contracted jaundice, she explained away her xanthous complexion to her teacher by asserting that her mother had put yellow ochre in the pudding instead of tapioca.

Moreover, young as she was (being in fact very much younger than several of the girls who were very much older), she rapidly became the star pupil. Whenever visitors came, it was always she who was called out to repeat the Twice-Times Table and conjugate the imperfect subjunctive of *s'en aller*.

Similarly, on Speech Day, it was always she to whom was entrusted the feature of delivering the Latin Oration to the distinguished prelate who presided on those memorable occasions; and her clear, girlish enunciation of *"Vir reverendissime! Hic, hœc, hoc, hujus, hujus, hujus!"* never failed to earn a word of encomium in the Chairman's reply not-



*. . . Willie Wartz was a chronic dyspeptic*

*. . . a poor, broken-down ex-policeman*

withstanding that, having been educated on the "Modern" side and taught hydraulic engineering instead of Latin, he couldn't understand a word of it.

AND so, at last, having told you, and shown you, what an awfully good girl Christmas Eva was, let me pass on to Christmas week of 19—, just before my little heroine celebrated her fifteenth birthday.

It was a very bad winter for the poor. There was lots of that disgusting stuff, work, floating around! discontent was rife in consequence, and the somewhat lowly neighbourhood in which the McFigworts dwelt was more than usually full of sin and want and things.

Children, holding thick slices of bread and jam to their mouths, went about in the gutters crying piteously for Bath buns and cheese-cakes. Men and women, lolling outside the pubs with great pots of beer grasped in their hands, shrieked aloud for rum and gin. It was simply awful, and to none was it simply awfuller than Christmas Eva.

In a few days (she reflected) it would be her birthday, followed immediately by Christmas Day. She would be inundated with presents on each occasion, while these poor creatures would have none. It wasn't right (she argued), as one night a procession of rumless men, ginless women, and bunless children went through the streets singing "The Red Flannel Petticoat" and periodically calling for three cheers for Maxtonski.

Forthwith she decided that she would give away all her Christmas presents, retaining for herself only her birthday presents for reasons of sentiment.

When she informed her parents to this effect, they looked at her in mute amazement for some moments. Then they ordered her to say "truly rural," and afterwards to walk along the join in the linoleum.

Christmas Eva, however, repeated her statement, but added an extension of the predicate consisting of nineteen separate adverbs and two separate attacks of emotional hysteria. Whereupon her parents thought it wise to concur in her decision, lest a worse thing befall.

Then, day after day, as Christmas presents arrived for the girl, they were immediately despatched to her less fortunate neighbours. A box of Carlsbad plums she sent to a poor little boy named Willie Wartz, who was a chronic dyspeptic and had never tasted Carlsbad plums. You see, he had been born in Switzerland, where children are all reared exclusively on goat's milk, and while still a baby-in-arms he had been brought over to England.

Well, you know what French expresses are, don't you . . . and how awfully bad for babies gorgonzola cheese is, eh? . . . . so are you surprised that Willie was an indigestionist for keeps? Willie ate the plums, and two days later there were no flowers, by request.

A delightfully soft and dinky pair of bedroom-slippers, size 3, similarly found their way to a poor, brokendown ex-policeman, who had the gout, five corns, and three bunions on each foot, size 13, and nowhere to park them in except a pair of tough, hard ex-policeman's ex-boots. And the day after their receipt he had got hammer-toe and cramp into the bargain. The subsequent service was fully choral.

Then somebody sent Christmas Eva a large tin of lovely, thick, gluey almond toffee—the sort that sticks to your teeth, and either pulls them out or wrenches the crowns off. The little girl, remembering this, sent it to old Mrs. Widger, aged 118, who hadn't got any teeth at all, and consequently couldn't incur any dental damage.

And so with the rest. Never a present arrived but Christmas Eva would despatch it to the poor and needy, thus investing with brightness many a home which would otherwise have been infested with brokers.

CAME at length Christmas Eve, whereon Christmas Eva received from her parents the customary gifts of boots, stockings, hair-brushes, tooth-paste, toilet-soap, and so forth, with which they would have had to provide her anyhow; thus killing several necessities with one virtue, if I may so put it.

Tired and exhausted with all the excitement evoked by the boots and brushes, the stockings and soap, the girl retired early to bed—fortunately for you, my readers, who would otherwise be deprived of this enthralling narrative. Thus it was her mother who answered the double-knock of the postman on his final round, and took in a registered letter bearing the post-mark of Barawaratararaboomdeay, Australia, and the slogan, "Support Empire Industries by Buying Swedish Matches."

It was addressed to her daughter, but a little thing like that did not stop Mrs. McFigwort from steaming and opening the letter from sheer maternal interest and curiosity, mixed in the proportion of 1 to 99. And lo! out fell banknotes to the value of £10,000, and a visiting-card inscribed "Reuben McFigwort, Wallaby and Dingo Fancier. Families waited on daily." —and underneath, in neat hand-writing, "To my Darling God-Daughter, wishing her a Happy Christmas."

Uncle Reuben! whom they had not set eyes on since that day, nearly fifteen years ago, when, as sponsor, he had stood beside the font, and, on being asked by the Rev. Savonarola Butterpump whether he wished the child named M or N, had replied, "I will."

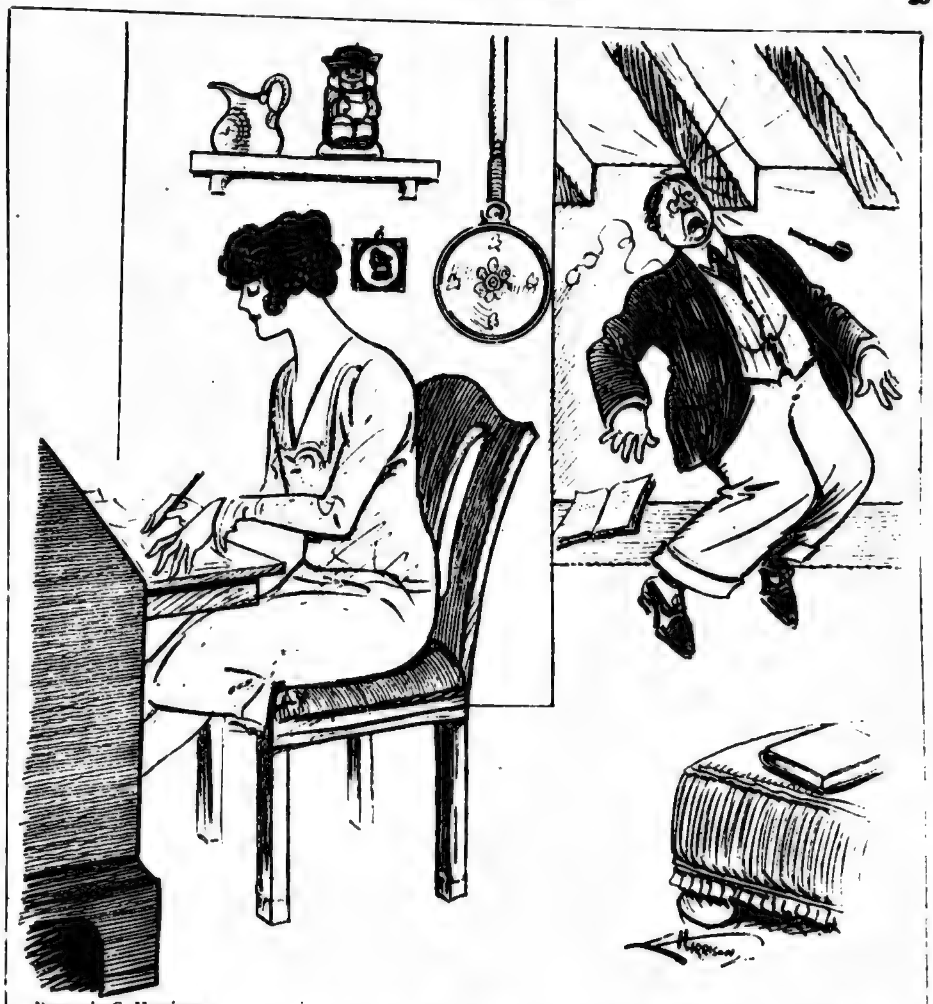
With a cry of mortification, Mrs. McFigwort handed the envelope and contents to her husband.

"Do you realise," she moaned, as he placidly scrutinised them, "that this is a *Christmas*, not a birthday, present, and that fool kid will give it away, as she has done all the others? Ten thousand pounds abso (excuse me) lutely chucked away for a childish whim!"

For answer, Moses drew his fountain-pen from its scabbard, and inwardly thanking his stars that he had taken Honours in forging at Blacksmith's College, he added the one word "Eve" to brother Reuben's written message.

"Thtick it up again, mittuth," he thaid, lapthing into Thcotch thpeech. "The dibth ith a birthday prethent now!"

And Christmas Eva never knew. Not that it would have made any difference. I feel sure she would never have parted.

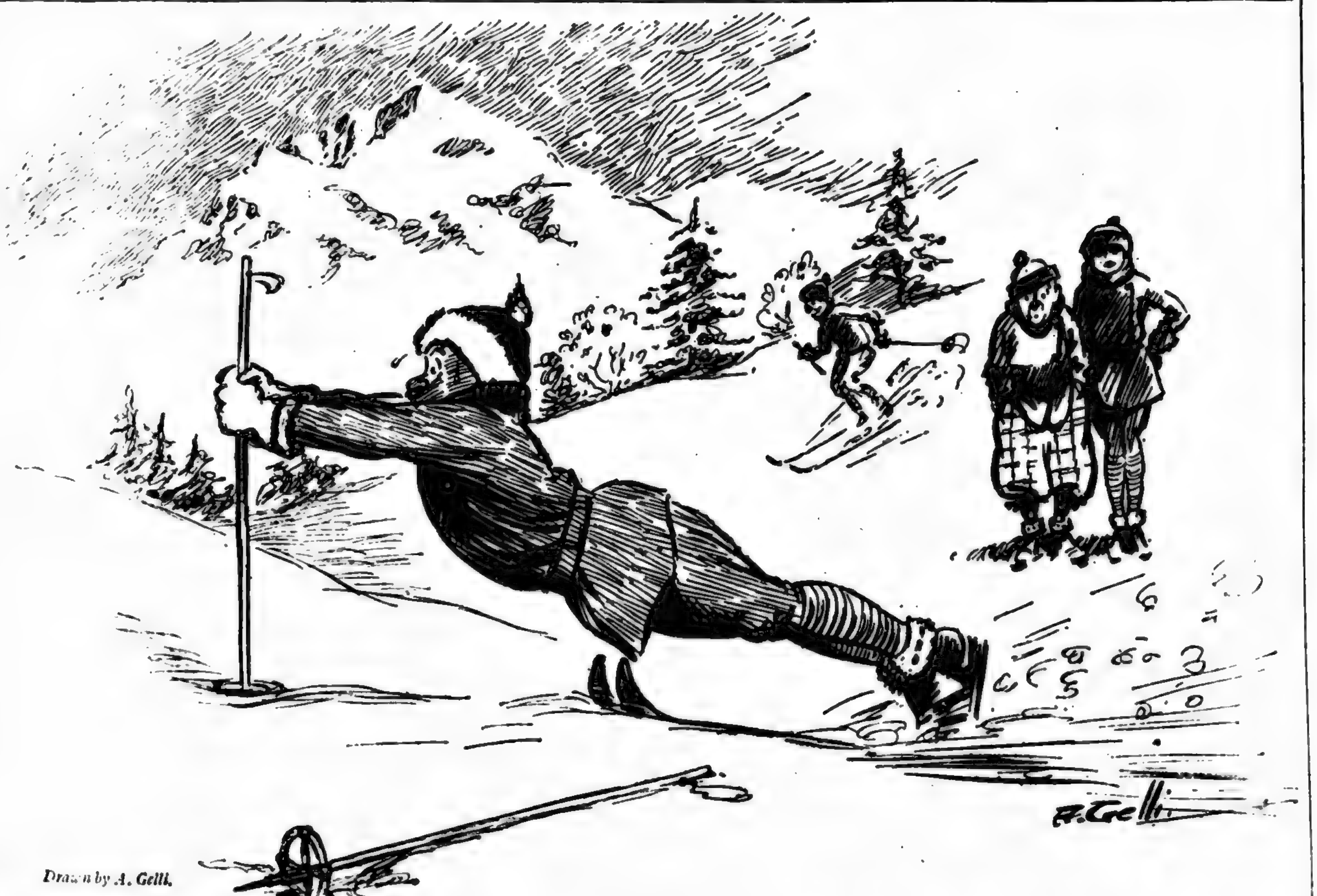


*Drawn by C. Harrison.*

WIFE (writing to friend, who has lent her a country cottage for Christmas): "I am charmed with the quaintness of the place, and my husband is much struck with the old-world beams."

Drawn by Wallis Mills.

PARSON: "Glad to see you out, Ben. How are you? A Merry Christmas to you."
BEN: "Feelin' sicker 'n a dog, sir. Same to you."



Drawn by A. Gelli.

SHE (romantically): "Oh, Jack dear, doesn't it remind you of that day on the river when you took me out in a punt."

# The Enchanter's Daughter

### by A. A THOMSON

*About a Prince named Florizel, a Princess, and a Magic spell*

THERE was once a prince named Florizel, who was such an awfully decent sort that most people called him Bill. He had crinkly hair and engaging grey eyes, and would have been a nailing three-quarters if Rugby football had been invented in his day. As it was, he was a sound dragon-slayer with a neat style, and had been top of the dragon-slaying averages for the last three seasons. And, just like us, my dears, he has just enough brains to be nice. He wasn't one of those nasty intellectuals.

He was, like all the nice young men of his time, very much in love with the Princess Isopel, who was, I will give you my word, a Knock-out. The picture papers called her Our Popular Princess, but she was much too beautiful to be popular with other girls who wanted to be popular, too. You know how girls, even the nicest girls, feel about that.

Isopel, whose father was the King but meant no harm, was always being photographed with her papa. She took an excellent photograph, but her papa, who meant no harm, was generally represented by a smudge in the corner. She had perfect features, and eyes so blue that they dazzled you, and her golden hair hung down to her heels, in two long plaits, because girls always wore their hair like that then. So quaint, don't you think?

Her hair was of the purest gold, because it was not then thought amusing or even improper for gentlemen to prefer blondes.

ISOPEL'S day was full of social engagements. She went shopping in the morning and played tennis in the afternoon, and, of course, danced most of the night, but she always set aside the rather dull hour after tea for receiving proposals from princes.

It is difficult to know quite what to do just after tea, but a girl must do something. She always gave her suitors three minutes each, which worked out at twenty a day, so, you see, she turned down quite a number in a season. They were afterwards beheaded, which was unpleasant for them, but saved a lot of trouble.

When our Florizel came in to take his turn, Isopel yawned. Politely, of course, behind her hand, as you have been taught, my dears.

"Hallo, Bill," she said.

"Your Royal Highness," stammered Florizel, all warm and confused.

"Say your little piece and get it over, Bill," she advised him kindly.

"I," he began lucidly. "I—I—I—Dash it, you're so lovely."

"Of course I'm lovely. Go on. You're wasting your three minutes."

"I—I would go through fire and water for you, Isopel."

"Don't be banal, Bill. The captain of the Municipal Fire Brigade

*A small head popped out of an upper window, and a soft voice enquired: "Can I do anything for you?"*

*Isopel was always being photographed with her papa.*

would do that, and he's a fat married man with six children."

"But I love you."

"Well"—she yawned again—"you know the rules of the competition. You are to perform three tasks, details of which will be handed you in a sealed envelope. You won't perform them. No one ever has. Now buzz off, Bill. . . . Show the next gentleman in, Marie."

Florizel took the sealed envelope from the maid and went off to a quiet place in the forest to study his instructions. On opening the envelope he sat down and ruffled his hair in bewilderment.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed.

On a neatly printed card he read the following:

*Instructions for Winning Hand of Princess Isopel.*

1. Make the princess laugh.
2. Make the princess lose her temper.
3. Present the princess with a pearl the size of an emu's egg.

*Entrance forms to be completed by Wednesday, 11 a.m. Unsuccessful competitors beheaded 10 a.m., Saturday.*

I have told you that Florizel was not a very clever young man, but he was clever enough to know that he wasn't very clever, which is clever enough for most of us. He knew that he ought to consult an enchanter. There were several highly respected and old-established magicians in the forest, and Florizel had not gone far before he came to a neat sign:

*J. Merlin, Enchanter.*
*The Old Firm. Magic Spells a Speciality.*

But although Florizel pulled the bell and banged at the knocker, he received no answer. Then, to his annoyance, he saw a little card in the window:

WE CLOSE AT TWO ON THURSDAYS.

He was just about to walk away when a small head popped out of an upper window and a soft voice enquired: "Can I do anything for you?"

Florizel looked up in surprise. It was a girl. She was not tall or fair or statuesquely beautiful, like Isopel. On the contrary, she was small and dark and dinky, and her eyes were brown and big and extraordinarily sympathetic.

"Daddy's out," said the girl, "but if it was only a small spell you wanted, perhaps I could get it for you."

Florizel never quite knew how it happened, but within the next few moments he was taking tea with the enchanter's daughter, whose name, he discovered, was Chloe, and telling her all his troubles. She was so sympathetic and seemed to know how many lumps of sugar he liked in his tea. And her eyes were of the deepest brown.

"Father keeps most of the stuff locked up," he said, "ever since the office-boy turned the Chancellor into an earwig and couldn't put the spell into reverse, but I'll see what I can do."

She knitted her small brows in a way that he found extremely fascinating. Again he noticed how brown were her eyes and how long her lashes. He gained a vague comfort from this.

"This business of making the princess laugh . . ." he mused.

"Take this," said the enchanter's daughter, handing him a small package. "Don't open it till you get there."

Punctually at five Florizel appeared in the princess's apartment.

Reverently he handed her the package and watched her open it. It was a small gilt mirror. The moment the princess glanced at it she broke into peals of laughter. She laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks.

You see, my dears, the enchanter's daughter had given him one of those distorting mirrors that you see in halls of laughter, and what the princess saw was an image of a comical fat face with a button of a nose. She did not, you see, know anything about distorting mirrors. Florizel was delighted.

"Princess," he said humbly, "I have gained my first point. I know now that I shall win you."

Isopel resumed her bored expression. "Oh no, you won't. But that face! Whose picture was it? I've never seen such a scream in my life."

So Florizel found himself having tea again with Chloe, the enchanter's daughter. She made nicer tea than anyone else he had ever known.

"And how," he demanded, "am I going to make the princess lose her temper?"

"That's simple," replied Chloe sweetly. "Whatever she asks you, just tell her the truth. Now go along, and good luck, Mr. Florizel."

They shook hands, and Florizel held her hand for two minutes in sheer absent-mindedness. It was such a dinky little hand.

When he reached the palace he found the Princess Isopel in an angelic temper.

"Have you brought me a lovely present, Bill?" she asked pleasantly.

"No," replied Florizel.

"I've something to ask you, Bill. Who's the funny fat old woman whose portrait you gave me yesterday?"

Bill started. Evidently Isopel had never heard of comic mirrors before. His natural instinct, as a nice young man, was to prevaricate, but he remembered the warning of the enchanter's daughter to tell the truth.

"The portrait was yours," he faltered. "It was a mirror I gave you."

"What!" The princess's eyes flashed. "How dare you? How dare you? Me—*me*—with cheeks like balloons and a button-nose! I've never been so insulted in my life!" She stamped her foot.

"Your Royal Highness," said Florizel, bowing, "I have won my second point."

"You haven't!" screamed the princess, and flung the china tea-pot at his head as he went out.

He reached the enchanter's house in high feather.

"I've made her laugh," he told Chloe, "and I've made her lose her temper. Now it's only a question of this pearl-thing and the lady's mine."

"Yes," said Chloe, "it's rather difficult. A pearl the size of an emu's egg. Father keeps the pearl-making apparatus locked up and I'm not sure if——"

"You won't let me down?" begged Florizel.

"I'll do my best," said Chloe bravely. "Meet me at the glade in the forest in half an hour's time." They held hands for quite a long time.

. . . . .

FLORIZEL waited impatiently in the forest-glade. Chloe was five minutes late. He was growing worried. If the pearl was not produced he would lose his princess. Suddenly the sound of a sob made him turn round. She was crying.

"Oh," she sobbed, "I've let you down. The spell went wrong. I thought I could turn the apple into a pearl, but it turned into a pumpkin instead."

She looked so sad, so appealing, that Florizel's heart was melted.

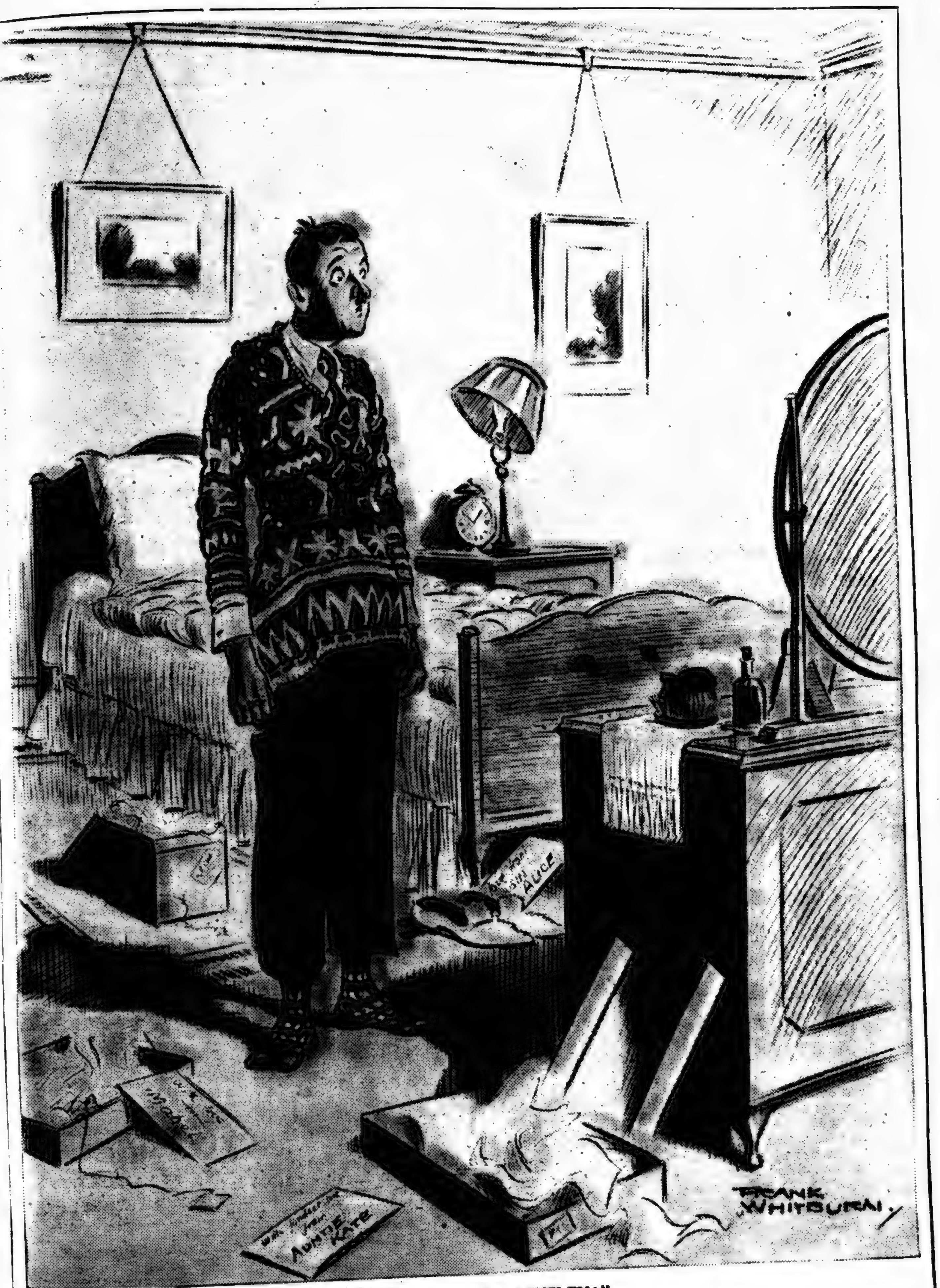
"Don't cry," he commanded, placing his hand on her shoulder. "Dash it, don't cry."

"Oh . . . oh, you are so comforting."

He looked into her brown eyes and kissed the tears away. And at that moment, as you will have suspected, my dears, the princess Isopel came walking by. She gave Florizel one freezing look, and then went off and married a neighbouring King who was a widower and always wore grey woollen mittens.

And Florizel and Chloe were married and, although they lived happily ever afterwards, he never discovered, as you discovered long ago, my dears, that she was a witch.

That's what they are, those small brown-eyed dinky girls with long lashes. So be careful, if you ever meet one.



Drawn by Frank Whitburn.

"ON WITH THE MOTLEY!"

# Grisell MILL

by
HECTOR
HUTT

*Ghosts can do what they like, but it's imagination that makes people afraid.*

*A tall, black, forbidding house, built on such lines that it seemed in the dark to be some immense monster crouching for a spring.*

MARSHALL yawned, and looked contentedly around the bar parlour until his eyes came to rest upon the leaded windows, through which was discernible a black pall picked out with snowflakes.

"'Tis now the witching hour of night, when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead. Three of Scotch warm, landlord," said he.

"Snow on Christmas Eve," said Capes thoughtfully, "invariably makes some fat-head start spouting quotations. I wonder why that should be so?"

"It's the thought that Christmas Eve from time immemorial has been held to be the one night in the year which can really be called Spectres' Bank Holiday," opined Spencer.

"Sweet Maria, are we going to have another discussion about ghosts," groaned Marshall. "Don't bring up that vexed question again, as you love me."

The landlord approached with a mixture peculiar to his house, which he called "whisky negus," and which was distinctly palatable. Whilst the three companions were absorbing it, he stood by and made conversation.

"Strangers in these parts, gen'lemen?" said he.

"My two friends have not been here before," answered Spencer; "but I was born in this village, and lived here until my family moved to London."

"I wonder whether I should remember your name, sir?" hazarded mine host.

"It's possible. My name is Spencer."

"Not the Spencer who used to live at Derram Chase, sir?" asked the landlord, excitedly.

"The same."

The landlord beamed.

"Well do I remember your honoured father, sir, when he was Lord of the Manor," said he. "Your old home is empty now, sir, and for sale."

"I know it. That is why we are here. I've made good in the city, and propose to buy back the ancestral home and keep it."

"We're going out to have a look at it to-morrow," struck in Capes, "and if it comes up to expectations, my friend James will see that once again a Spencer is Lord of the Manor."

"'Tain't haunted, is it?" asked Marshall.

"No, sir," answered the landlord. "We've only got one haunted house round these parts, thank the powers."

Capes' eyes glimmered.

"What is that?" he asked.

"He means Grisell Mill," chimed in Spencer. "An old Elizabethan house. There are about six ghosts there, and they all come out to play on Christmas Eve."

"Gee! I'd love to be there," chuckled Capes. "It would prove my theory that imagination plays the bigger part in scaring folk. Ghosts can do what they like, but it's imagination that makes people

afraid. A man who could steel himself against the effects of his own imagination would never be afraid of ghosts."

"Now's your chance to prove it, then," sniggered Marshall. "Spend to-night inside—what's its name?"

"Grisell Mill."

"Ah—Grisell Mill."

"Don't be a fool," snapped Spencer roughly. "I know something of the house, and no money would ever induce me to spend a night there."

"I wouldn't mind it," said Capes stoutly.

"Well, you're not going to do any such thing," answered Spencer. "Not while I can prevent you."

"I wouldn't advise it, sir," put in mine host, very uneasily. "Grisell Mill has got an awful name for weird deaths. Several tramps have broken in from time to time—and—and have been found as skeletons months afterwards."

"Nonsense," laughed Capes. "Still, I won't go, as you're so pressing."

"You bet he won't," chuckled Marshall. "It's one thing to talk about ghosts; but quite another matter to go out and look for 'em."

"Landlord," said Capes rising, "hand me my hat and coat, and oblige me by directing me to Grisell Mill."

"Sit down, you fool," gasped Spencer alarmed.

BUT Capes would not sit down. In face of all Spencer's pleading and the landlord's querulous mutterings, he maintained a determined desire to spend the night in Grisell Mill. After the discussion had gone on for half an hour or so, he shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"Kindly tell me how to get to this house," said he.

"If you will play the fool," cried Spencer, "I'll come with you myself. You shan't go alone."

"Oh! I'll join the procession," yawned Marshall.

"And if anything happens to us, don't blame me," snapped Spencer. "Heaven knows I've done my best to stop you."

In kindly fashion the moon came out to aid their journey, as Spencer led the way up the hill. Weird shadows danced among the bushes at the side of the road, and Capes was privily wishing that he had not been quite so persistent. However, there could be no backing out of the venture now.

"It's just over the brow of this hill," said Spencer, turning around.

They nodded, and tramped their way through snow which was nowhere less than eight inches thick. Against the hedges the drifts were several feet deep, and the white mantle over the countryside seemed to cast a radiance which helped the moon to make everything plainly discernible.

IN this fashion they brought up against a tall, black, forbidding house, with high pointed gables, and built on such lines that it seemed in the dark to be some immense monster, crouching for a spring.

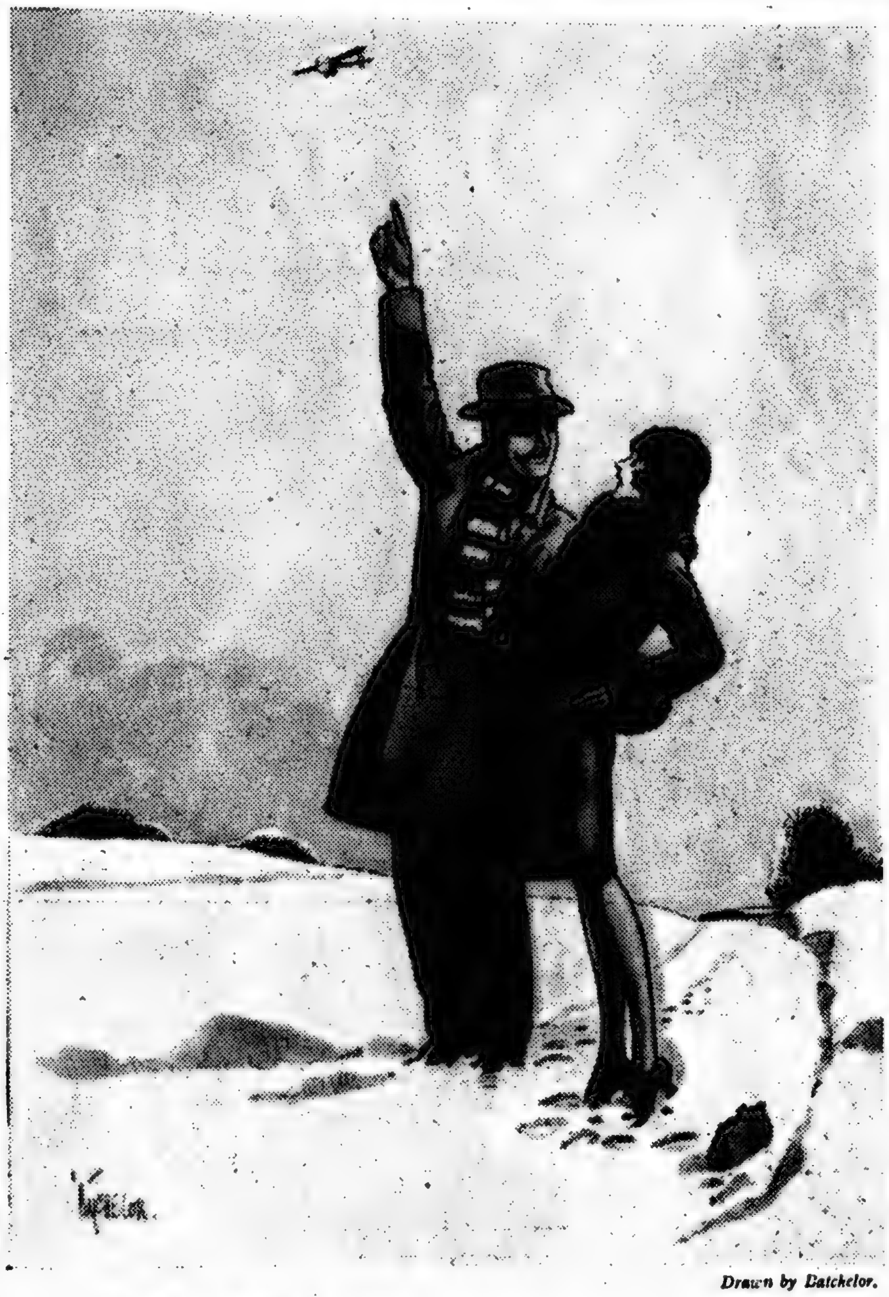
"Grisell Mill!" whispered Spencer, in tones hardly audible.

"Well, let's get in," snapped Capes, in a voice surprisingly high-pitched.

At 2 a.m. the landlord of the Derram Arms unchained the door and, concealing a smile, admitted three shivering, bedraggled forms.

"O God!" gasped Marshall. "What a relief to get back."

The landlord tried to get some particulars of their experiences; but never a word did they answer. They went surlily to bed.



Drawn by Batchelor.

"How dare you kiss me!"
"A privileged occasion, of course. That fellow up there is sure to be taking home some mistletoe for Christmas.

THE following morning—Christmas Day—they felt better and condescended to discuss their nocturnal excursion.

"I admit I was thoroughly scared," said Capes, in a hard voice; "but I still maintain that all the things we heard could be the result of the wind, or mice or something like that, distorted by our imagination."

"Nonsense," growled Marshall. "What about those ghastly groans, and the footsteps in the corridor? What about that horrible laugh and that awful, deathly smell?"

"Imagination, I tell you."

"Rubbish. What do you say, James?"

Spencer looked thoughtful.

"The plain truth is," said he, "that we didn't actually see a ghost."

"No; but we knew they were there. Anyhow, Capes got pretty well scared at his own imagination."

"And you were in a blue funk," snarled Capes. "In fact, the only brave member of the party was the one man whom we thought the most timid—Jimmy Spencer."

"Yes," nodded Marshall, "you came out surprisingly well last night, Jimmy. From the way you talked about the place, I should have thought you would have been mad with fright."

"Oh! one has to keep a cool head," smiled Spencer deprecatingly.

"Well, let's forget it," growled Capes. "And now for Derram Chase. We'll go along there this morning. I wonder what it looks like?"

"Pretty well the same as usual," smiled Spencer deprecatingly.

"What? Have you seen it, then?"

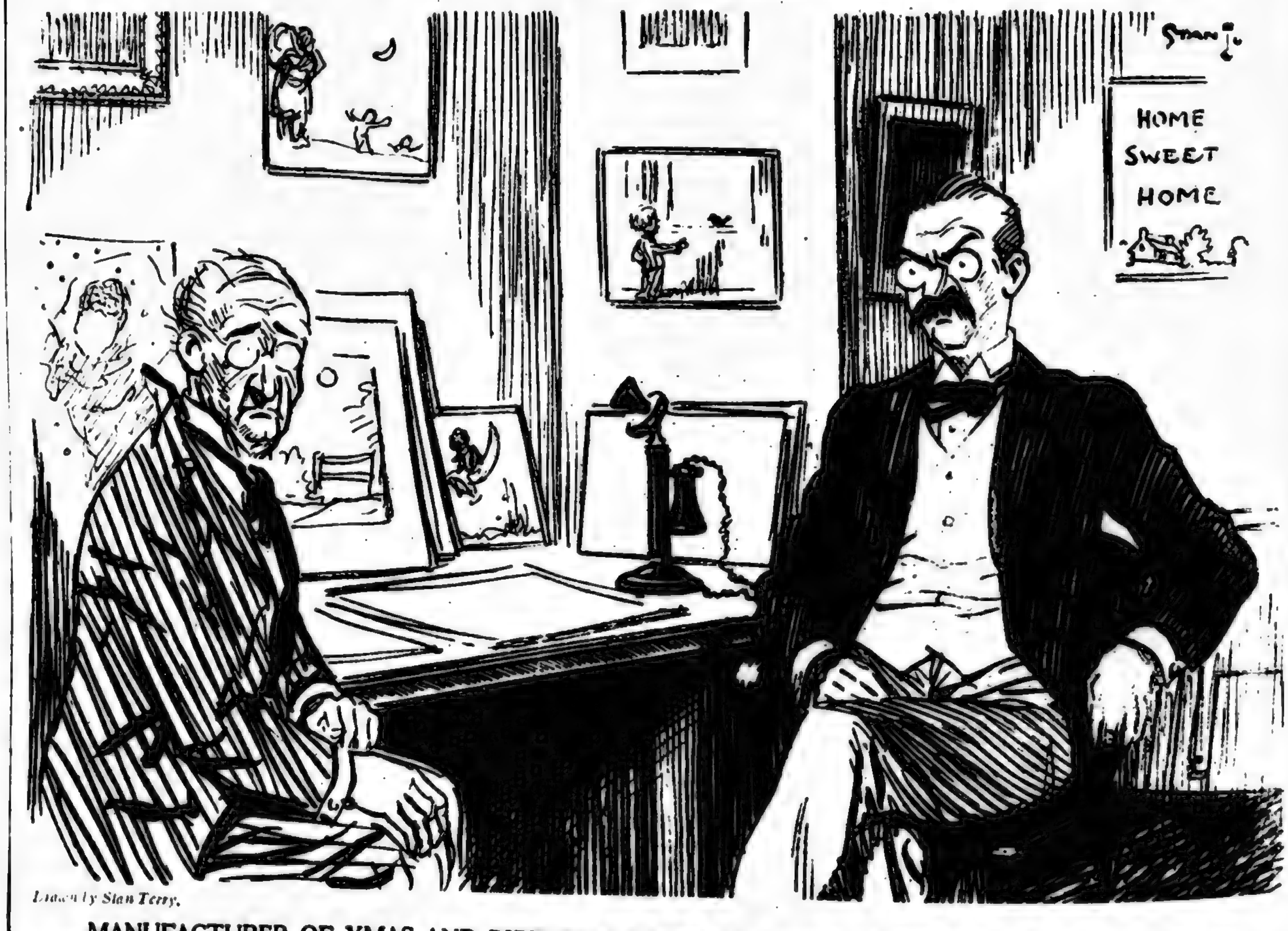
"Yes. I've been inside it."

"When?"

"Last night," replied Spencer, walking quickly from the room.

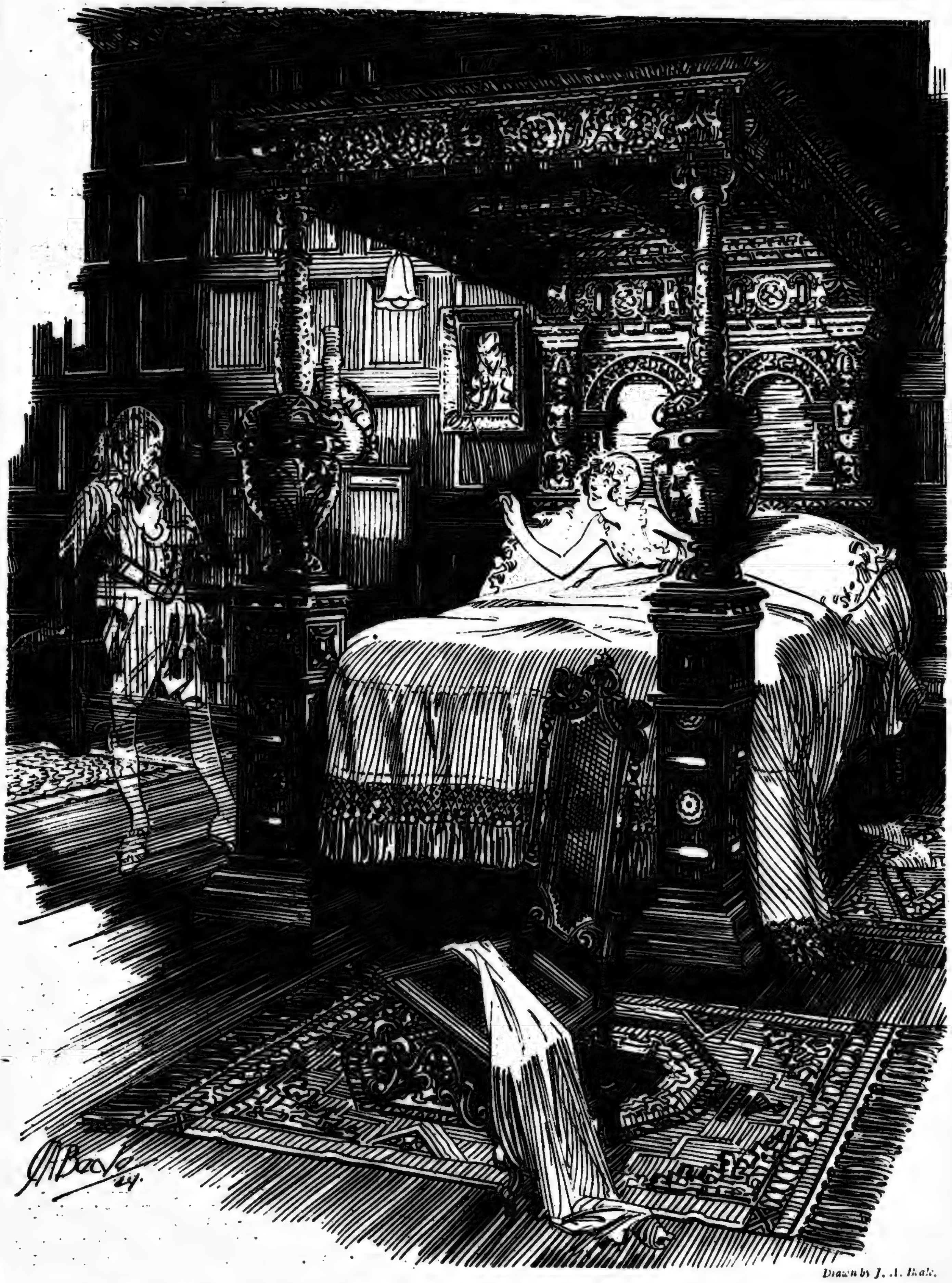
Drawn by Field Smith.

WIFE: "What d'you think, George, shall we give Aunt Jane a shawl for Christmas? Waggle your parcels if you agree."



Drawn by Stan Terry.

MANUFACTURER OF XMAS AND BIRTHDAY CARDS (discharging old employee): "I'm sorry, Jenkins, but sentiment has no place in business!"



Drawn by J. A. Bake.

MODERN DAMSEL (to ghost): "Oh, how charming of you to call—I'm simply dying to have your opinion on my Elizabethan bed—is it genuine or a fake?"

# Home for Christmas

## By Anthony Grey

*There's no place like Home*

BARNABY stood on the old terrace, breathing in the crisp December air. Over towards the south great grey clouds were banking up the sky, and even as he stood looking at them something cold and feathery settled on Barnaby's cheek. He put up his hand and brushed it away.

"Snow !" Barnaby exclaimed.

And snow it was.

"Nothing in the world like Christmas-time," Barnaby told himself. "And being home for Christmas. . . ."

He looked across the wide and sweeping lawns towards the pond with its fringe of pollard willows.

"Skating, too," he said. "Sure to be. It's been freezing hard for over two days. I saw the dog walk across it this morning. The boys and girls will be on to-morrow."

He rubbed his hands and smiled the smile of peace and contentment.

"Home for Christmas !" he muttered again.

He tarried a moment to stare at the high windows of stained glass that rose on each side of the great entrance door to Wycherley Grange. His gaze rested affectionately on the iron studs on the old oaken panels and the brightly polished brass knocker, fashioned in the shape of a lion's head. Then, as fresh flakes began to settle on his greying locks, he opened the great door and went inside.

Barnaby wanted to sing his happiness aloud, but he refrained. His eye swept the ancient hall appreciatively, and he rubbed his hands together. It was already dark inside the hall, but the light from a great log fire burnished everything until the great room shone like the cover of an expensive Christmas annual.

The light from the fire burnished the suits of armour at the foot of the wide oak staircase. It burnished the staircase itself, and the oil paintings on the walls, and the shields and the spears, and the bronze candlesticks, and the old settle, and the great carved chest and the table with its monstrous carved legs.

Barnaby took it all in, and kept on rubbing his hands together. When one of the under-footmen crossed the hall Barnaby wished him the compliments of the season in a rather louder voice than he usually employed.

"It is the festive spirit, I suppose," said Barnaby. "It makes one feel good to be alive." And he could not restrain an impulse to inform the under-footman that he had been looking forward to being home for Christmas for more than three weeks.

"I don't mind admitting," he said "that I've been marking the days off on my calendar, just like a schoolboy."

Which prompted the under-footman to confess that he was feeling just the same himself.

Barnaby gave the under-footman a little Christmas present and then said:

"Send Mason to me."

Mason was the first chambermaid. The under-footman went away to inform her that she was wanted, and Barnaby passed through into the great panelled dining-room to make sure that all the bottles were in place and that the tantalus was well primed against its coming duties.

The fire in the dining-room was burning low. Barnaby lifted the heavy lid of the brass log-box and tossed fresh logs on the weakening flames; then he returned to the hall and awaited the coming of Mason.

WHEN Mason arrived she looked for all the world like an up-to-date version of the chambermaids whom Mr. Wardle used to employ at Dingley Dell. It did Barnaby's eyes good to see her. He rubbed his hands together again.

"Is Master Philip's room ready?" he asked. "He arrives on the four o'clock train, you know."

Yes, Mason assured him that Master Philip's room was ready.

"And Master Edward's ?"

Yes, and Master Edward's.

"And Miss Patricia's ?"

Miss Patricia's, too. All the rooms were ready—had been, so Mason said, since morning. The three guests' rooms were ready, too, and even the Haunted Chamber had been prepared, in case anybody turned up unexpectedly.

"Good !" said Barnaby. And then after a pause: "I don't want to bother them in the kitchen, but could you tell me, Mason—has the turkey arrived ?"

Yes, Mason had actually seen it—the turkey and heaven knew how many geese. And she had heard that a real boar's head was coming later.

"Splendid !" said Barnaby. "Now, Mason, are you busy for a moment ?"

Mason was not.

"Then you can give me a hand with the decorations," said Barnaby.

He fetched ladders and propped them up against the old oak panels, and then he dragged a great basket from somewhere, a basket filled with holly and coloured paper streamers.

And then for twenty minutes or so they decorated the armour and the shields and the oak pillars of the staircase and the panelling about the wide fireplace, and framed the high stained-glass windows with holly, and placed

great bunch in the brass bowl on the old table.

Under the influence of these seasonable duties Barnaby mellowed more than ever and told Mason that it was going to be a real old-fashioned Christmas, with skating and snowdrifts.

"There's nothing like Christmas," said Barnaby.

Mason agreed.

"And getting home for Christmas," Barnaby added. "I think there's nowhere in all the world like an English home at Christmas."

He even went so far as to tell Mason what he had already told the under-footman, that he had been looking forward to being home for Christmas for more than three weeks.

"Even marking the days off on my calendar," he said with a smile.

THE pleasant task of decorating the hall was finished at last, and he dismissed Mason and took up the Christmas Number of a weekly journal that somebody had left on the old oak table. Inside were pictures of some of society's brightest stars leaving to spend Christmas in Switzerland and the South of France.

"I don't know how they can do it," sighed Barnaby. "Christmas out of England—Christmas away from home—it's wrong, wrong!"

There was a footstep on the great staircase and Barnaby turned. It was the earl.

"Ah, Barnaby!" said the earl. "Everything ready?"

"Yes, my lord," said Barnaby.

"All the rooms ready?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And the decorations?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And the turkey, and the geese?"

"Everything, my lord."

"Then I think you needn't stay any longer. There'll be something missing at Wycherley Grange with the butler absent at this time of the year, but of course I know how you feel. Away you go, or you'll be missing your train. A merry Christmas to you, Barnaby."

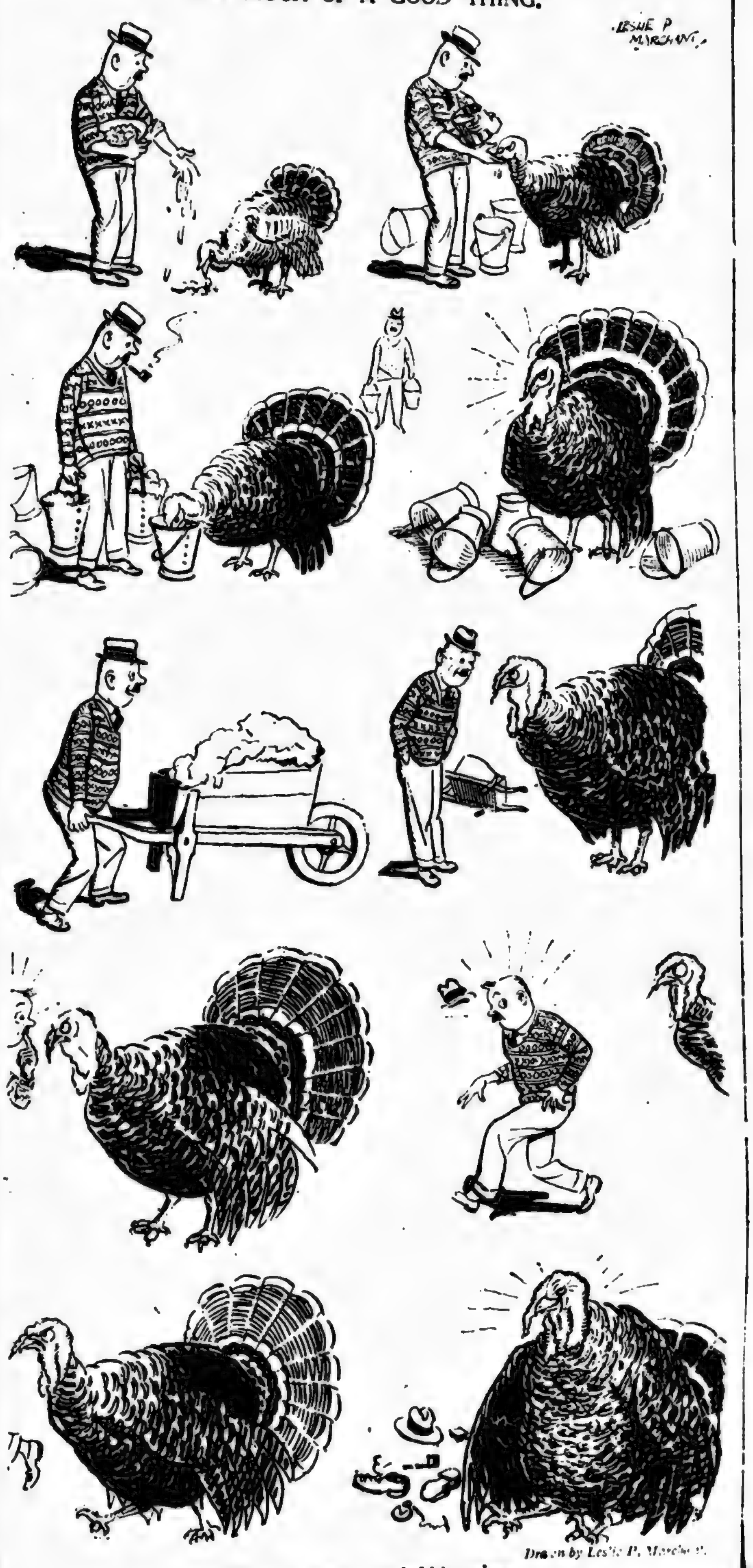
"And to you, my lord."

BARNABY hurried to the station, and managed to get a train without waiting. In two hours he was in London. And half an hour later he was walking down a little street in Camden Town. He was pushing open a door. He was ascending a narrow staircase. He was entering a little ten-by-eight flat, which cost his wife seventeen shillings a week. He was kissing his wife.

"The merriest of merry Christmases, my dear!" he was bellowing, casting his eyes round on the familiar red plush overmantel hangings, the gilt mirror, the good old yellow and green linoleum, the green tin photograph frames, the antimacassars and the phonograph.

"If you only knew how I've been looking forward to getting home for Christmas! For weeks! Counting the hours! Why, there's nothing on earth like Christmas in an English home." And then, on a sudden inspiration: "Six o'clock? Look here, we can get grub over by half-past, and then we'll spend the evening at the pictures—just you and me together! Come on, old dear!"

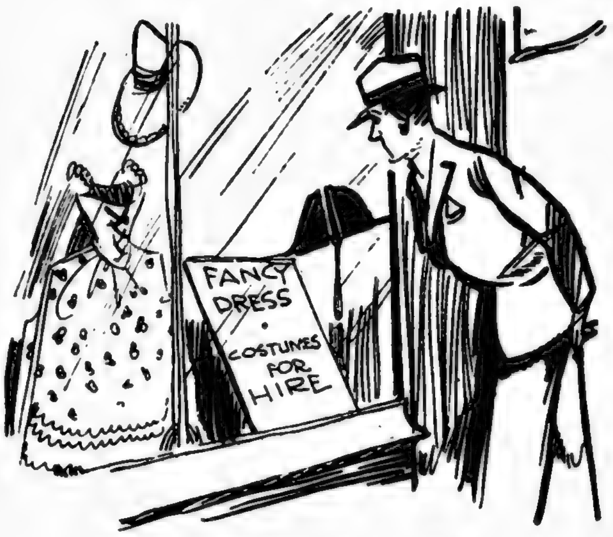
TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.



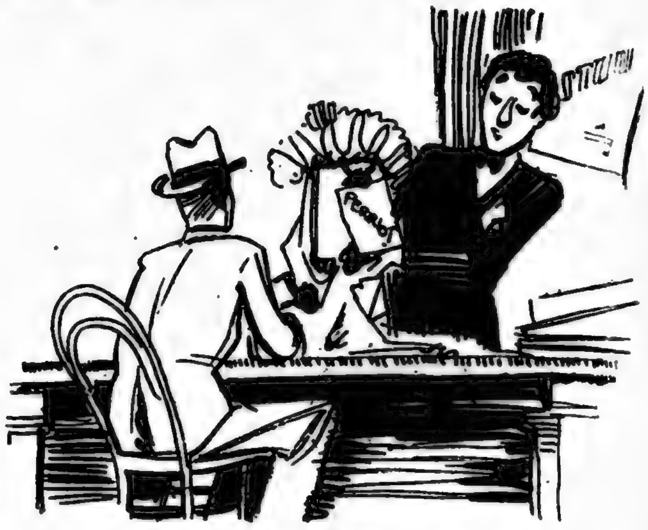
Drawn by Leslie P. Marchant.

The man who over-fed his turkey.

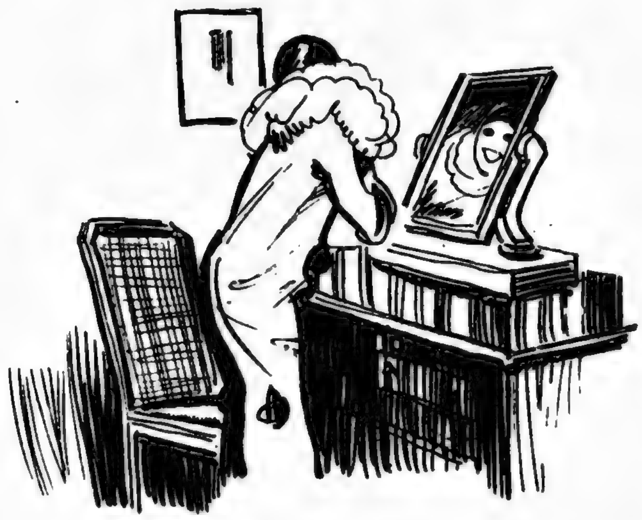
## ON WITH THE DANCE, LET JOY BE UNCONFINED.



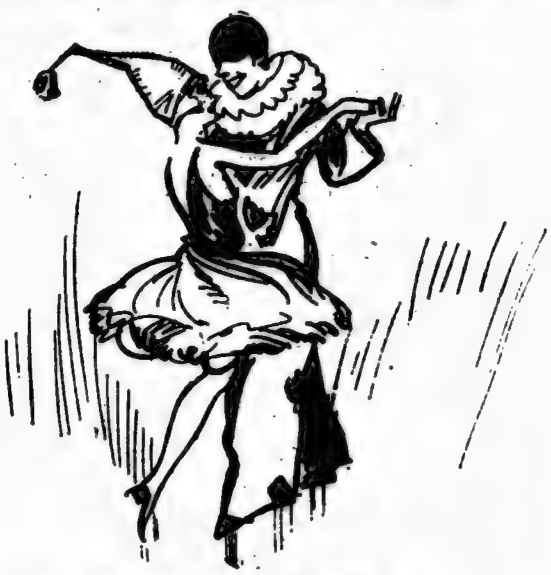
George did not aspire to originality . . . .



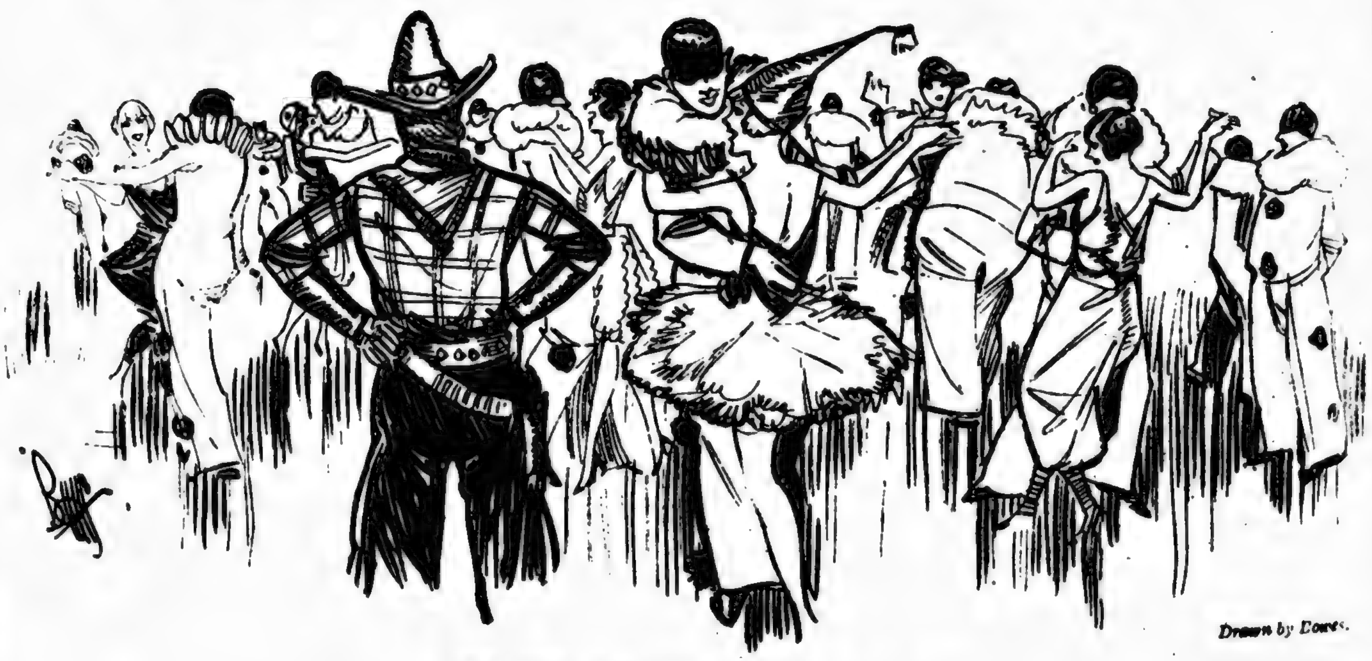
when he selected his costume for the fancy dress party . . . .



but his unoriginality enabled him . . . .

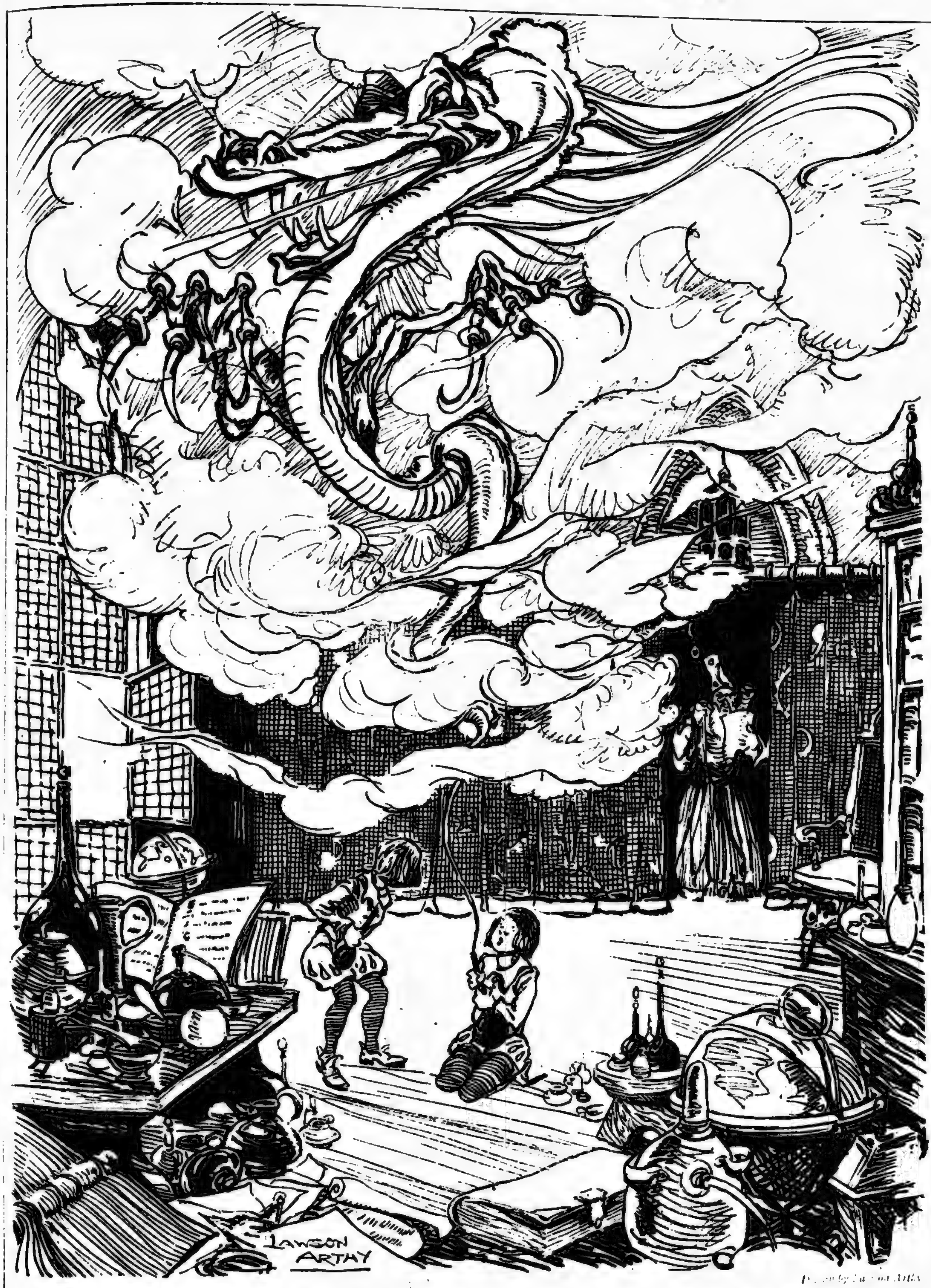


to have every dance with Mona . . . .



Drawn by Bowe.

. . . . right under the unsuspecting nose of her father.



*Drawn by Lawson Arthy*

MAGICIAN'S SON: "Quick, Marmaduke! Help me to put it back before papa returns -- he gets cross if I play with his bottles of magic."

# Mrs. MAY'S Christmas Pudding

### by Thomas le Breton

*The lady of "Sister to Assist 'Er" fame is involved in a Christmas comedy of errors*

WHEN I called on Sofy Snuffles I reminded 'er as she were under a obligation to me lots of times. I'd lent 'er me market basket once, and I give 'er a match-box when 'ers wouldn't strike, owing to 'er dropping it into 'er old man's beer outer spite. And I never charged 'er a penny neither time, me being sich a good natured lady.

So you'd think as when I arst 'er to do me a little faviour in return she'd do it without a word. But not 'er. "Lend you three golding arf sovreigns?" she said, "what do you take me fore?"

I told 'er, on'y the editor don't like plain speaking, so I won't write it down, but that didn't make no impression on the woman, and so I 'ad to show 'er 'oo's 'oo and what's what, but I on'y used 'er own poker so it proved as I didn't come with any malish before thought.

I knowed as 'er aunt Keziah were dead and 'ad lef' 'er three golding arf sovreigns what she's told me were worth pounds now. And I on'y wanted to borrow 'em for a day or two.

You see it on'y wanted a week to Chrismus, and as usual money were scacerer than ever, owing to the price of teetotal drinks. They did ought to be cheaper because you got to 'ave sich a lot afore you feel a bit jolly. I've 'ad seven ports and then I on'y felt so sleepy as I could 'ardly walk. So I says to meself, "money I must 'ave, on'y I'll get it honest, if I 'ave to die for it fust."

I were sitting in the Feathers thinking 'ard when I got a brain wave. The barman were shaking me and saying as I'd better go 'ome and make me Chrismus pudden, afore the price of currants was rose by the govingment taking the taxes off 'em, for the benefit of the Profiteers.

I don't care for Chrismus pudden meself, it being so gritty unless you stone the rasons, and 'oo's going to do that unless someone pays a lady for doing it. Still I know as most people like to say they've 'ad a taster of yer Chrismus pudden so as to say as none don't come up to theirs.

And if you sell it they expect a slice for tuppence, what don't leave 'ardly no profit, and then they buy on'y because they 'ope to get the sixpence what is mixed in the pudden. It were that greedy way of common women what sent me thinking so 'ard.

I knowed I could borrow enough things to make a pudden. A little flour 'ere and a few currants there, and peel from another what wants to keep on good terms with a lady like me. Besides, you can always borrow when the woman is out better than when she's a looking on and saying "that's enough." I've borrowed lots that way.

Daisy Foot and Popsy Sowerby were in the Feathers when I left, so I knowed they wouldn't be at 'ome, and I borrowed a good lot from them knowing as they'd on'y waste it, not being nothing of cooks. So I soon 'ad quite a nice lot and I might 'a made five bob from selling slices, and a common woman would a let it go at that. But not me—that's where I show me genus—that's the diff. between a lady and them women. I meant to make three pound outer me pudden and to pay them nasty greedy cats out at the same time.

. . . . *most ungentlemanly 'e were*

That's what I wanted to borrow them three 'arf sovreigns for. I were going to mix them in the pudden and sell the slices for a shilling each.

Reeny Lumple were to see me putt the 'arf sovreigns in the pudden and to tell everyone she see me do it. I were going to make it in me 'and bowl what were better than a basin, what I 'adn't got, and I'd bile it in a pail. I reckoned it 'ud take a lot o' coal, but I'd 'appened to 'ave a supply through getting some boys to pick it up from a coal cart, me promising not to tell on 'em for breaking a winder what the young liars said they 'adn't done. But they got me the coals jist the same arter I'd boxed their young years.

I promised Reeny the fust slice for nothing and the mean cat agreed to do what I wanted. She took some persuasion, but when she see as I meant to tell 'er old man as she was 'aving a lot of things from the tally man as 'e didn't know of, she agreed.

So she see me mix the ingreediants and put in the three 'arf sovreigns, because I'm a lady of me word. I putt them wropped in a bit o' greased paper what the fish and chips 'ad come in, and I putt it so as it should come out with the fust slice, which was for Reeny. Then she was to take the 'arf sovreigns out and give 'em to me on the quiet. It were all perfect honest as you see.

IT soon got round as Mrs. Alicia May were selling slices of 'er Chrismus pudden what 'ad three 'arf sovreigns in it, what Reeny Lumple would take 'er Alfred David as she see put in the pudden and mixed up, and what were in when it were cooked.

I 'ad the room full before I cut Reeny 'er slice, what I 'ad marked careful, and she putt it in 'er market bag, as I said no one wasn't to eat the pudden till they'd got 'ome, and then I cut twenty-seven slices at a bob a time.

It got about as not one of them slices 'ad got the money, so as it must be still in what were left, Reeny swearing solemn as she knowed I putt three 'arf sovreigns in the dough, and I said as if any woman doubted me word as she'd better say so to me face.

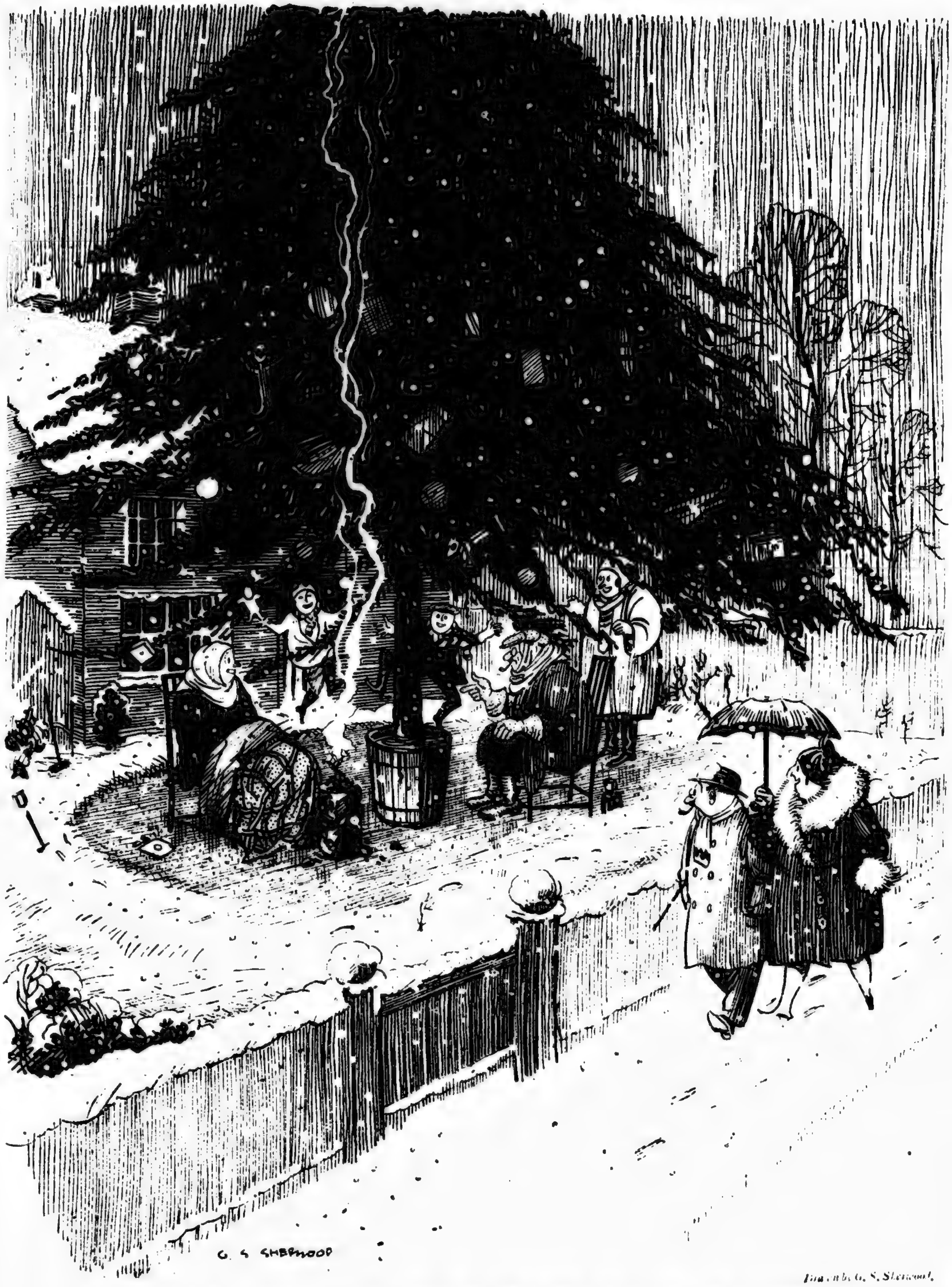
So a lot 'ad a second slice and a lot more come up so as I 'ad to cut the slices smaller and smaller; and then I could a' sold more.

Still I sold three pound seventeen bobsworth, so I reckoned as I'd 'ave a good Chrismus dinner, quite honest. There were some grumbling and I 'ad to shove

(*Continued on page* 30.)

. . . . *Sofy's brother 'eld 'im at the winder*

## UNDER THE SPREADING CHRISTMAS-TREE



*Drawn by G. S. Sherwood.*

Resourcefulness of a dweller in a bijou villa who was presented with a rather large Christmas-tree.

Drawn by A. F. Cane.

WIFE: "I'm not saying you *don't* look like Father Christmas, dear, I'm only saying it's not quite *my* conception of the character."

## MRS. MAY'S CHRISTMAS PUDDING

(*Continued from page 28.*)

some of the women outer my room, for they would stop argyfying; but I 'ad the money all right, what were the chief thing.

A common woman would a stuck to the three 'arf sovreigns, but not me; specially as Sofy Snuffles 'as a brother what is a common, low, prize-fighter. And blowed if 'e didn't come round with Sofy saying as if I didn't give 'er back the money what I'd forced 'er to lend me, 'e'd take me round to the Slops 'isself. Most ungentlemanly 'e were, for I see as 'e meant it.

"Oh! that's it," I says 'aughty, "and a lot of fuss to make about a trifle. I don't want to keep 'er dirty money," I says, "and I give it to Reeny Lumple to give back."

Even that didn't make 'im nice. "You come and get it," 'e says, "and if so be as it ain't there, make up your mind for skilly for your Chrismus dinner, and two black eyes to take in with yer."

Nice langwich to use to a lady like me, I don't think, but I on'y said as 'e could come round and collect the money 'imself, and I give Sofy a look as she won't forget in an 'urry. I jist stroked me fist and though she pertended to laugh, I knowed as she wouldn't walk down our street in a month o' Sundays.

Reeny 'as a flat of two rooms in Paradox Buildings, what you can't find unless you know where they're 'id. But we 'eard 'er silly voice a saying, "Good dog," afore we opened the door, so we knowed she were in. Then as I opened the door a nasty brown dog rushed out between me legs, near knocking me over, and out come Reeny screaming to us not to let 'im go, as if it were our dog.

"'E's got it," she sings out and then begins to blub, and it weren't till I shooked 'er as she let out as the dog 'ad run off with 'er slice of pudden and the three 'arf sovreigns.

"Well, you're responsible," I says, "and you gotter to find yer dog."

"Tain't mine," she 'owls, "it come in 'ere and stole the pudden."

"Well, we gotter chase it," Sofy's brother says, "and quick, too, or I'll know the reason why," and he actshally 'ad the sauce to push me out.

"All right, me gal," I thinks looking at Sofy, but I see as we'd better chase the dog, and so out we four went and arst everyone if they'd seen a brown dog with a long tail and one ear, with a slice of Chrismus pudden in its mouth. But I never see sich a lot of fools. Some wanted to know what breed it were, and some wanted to know what were its name, but at last a Slop see it, 'e said, and it were being chased by a black dog.

Off we run and soon 'eard two dogs fighting and one of 'em Reeny cried out were the one as we wanted. Sofy's brother kicked 'em apart, but the pudden 'ad disappeared. And 'is langwich—but I said as Reeny were responsible and I were going 'ome, on'y 'e took me arm and persuaded me not to. Then I see a kid eating somethink and I run to it, but it run into an 'ouse wolfing it like one o'clock and me arter it. You could see the crumbs of my loverly pudden on its dirty face, and I told its Ma, what deserved to be 'ung, as it 'ad swallowed three 'arf sovreigns and I'd 'ave it locked up.

BUT where she sorry? Not 'er. She screamed as it would 'ave spender cities and off she run with it to the 'ospital. "I'm going to see it cut open," says Sofy's brother, "or one of them nurses will collar the money," and off 'e went, what were a great relief.

I were going 'ome when I see a boy being a soldger with a medal on 'im, and I see it were an 'arf sovreign stuck on with stamp paper. I 'ad it in a minit, and were going to give 'im in charge, when Reeny give 'im a penny and arst 'im where the other two medals was. 'E said Jimmy and Teddy 'ad 'em and showed us where Jimmy lived.

The woman there were sarcy about it, but I got 'old of the kid and when I'd shooked 'im, 'e said as 'e'd throwed it at a sparrer. Oh! the worrit of it were terrible, and Sofy's brother come back and said the other kid were X-raid and there was nothink in 'im.

But 'e were pleased when we showed 'im the 'arf sovreign we'd rescued, and said 'e believed as I 'adn't stole the money arter all, what were quite complimentary.

But 'e made the second kid show 'im where 'e'd throwed at the sparrer and 'e found an 'ole in a winder, and if it 'adn't been for 'im the old chap there would 'ad kep' our money to pay for the winder, for 'e'd got it all right. But 'e 'ad to part when Sofy's brother 'eld 'im at the winder and said as 'e'd throw 'im out.

We 'unted all that evening for the other 'alf quid, and arst everyone about it without getting no news. I stood Sofy a port and 'er brother a quart and 'e were quite nice arter that, and said as I always be'aved as a lady.

WE was going 'ome, me and Reeny, and Sofy and 'er brother 'ad gone, when I said to Renny quite quiet, "'and over the other 'alf quid," I said, "or be 'anged if I don't set about yer."

"I ain't got it," she says taken aback, but I see she were frightened and I knowed I were right.

"All right," I says, "come and tell the Slops that tale," and I cotched 'old of 'er. But naturally no lady likes Slops and I didn't want Reeny gassing about the way I'd mixed me Chrismus pudden, so when she said she'd give it me, though she thought she ought to 'ave it for 'elping.

So I got it all right, and I'm going to advise Sofy to offer a reward for it, and then I'll find it again, for I wouldn't like to keep what ain't really mine, though do deserve it for being so honest.

## XMAS

.......... is admittedly the most festive holiday of the year. It is the time when that genuinely human passion for making other people happy is allowed its fullest expression. Invariably, it takes the form of gifts of one kind or another. "PALM" TOFFEE offers you, in its many delectable varieties, the widest of all possible ranges from which to select the most suitable gifts for all ages and all tastes. For the stocking—the festive board—the Xmas tree . . . you can find no better means of ensuring the happiness of those nearest and dearest to you.

*Obtainable at all Confectioners in a choice selection of fancy tins, ranging in price from 6d. to 6/-, or by weight at 4 ozs. 4d.*

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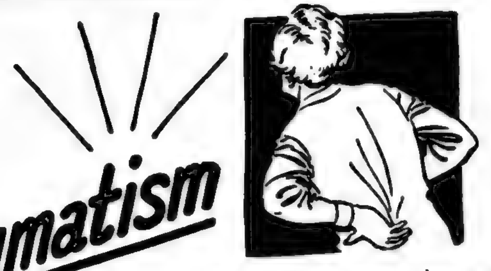

**Her Rheumatism has gone**

*"I had a pain just like a knife ripping all down to my shoulder blade. The doctor told me it was rheumatism, and that I had been sitting in a draught. He told me to take Kruschen Salts—half a teaspoonful in my tea every morning. I took one bottle, but this did not seem to do me much good, so I took another bottle and I got a lot of relief from that. Then the rheumatism went suddenly, and I have not had any rheumatism since. I am now taking the daily dose of Kruschen every morning in the first cup of tea."*

*Miss E. B., Manchester.*

*28th October.*

The pains of rheumatism are caused by uric acid crystals forming between the joints. Kruschen dissolves those crystals, surely and quickly, and that is the end of the pain. After that the regular daily dose—as much as will lie on a sixpence every morning in your early tea—will make it quite impossible for the deadly uric acid crystals ever to form again.

Think what you get for a single farthing. Not just one salt. Kruschen is a perfect blend of those six natural salts which are vital to your bodily well-being. The analysis is on the bottle. Every day you must have these Salts or things go wrong inside you.

**Kruschen Salts**

**Good Health for a Farthing a Day**

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TESTED JB

**CORNS** *Lift Out—Root And All*

There is no need to tolerate the burning, stabbing pains of corns another day. A good soaking in a footbath containing Radox will immediately enable you to lift out the most obstinate "acher," root and all. Read this letter:—

*"As a purchaser of that wonderful product Radox I must let you know the benefit I have derived from using it. I had a hard corn of three years standing. I tried many 'cures' without success. Then when I saw Radox advertised I purchased a 1s. 6d. box one Friday. I had a footbath that night, also Saturday and Sunday. On the last-named day the corn came out root and all. That was a month ago, and I have not seen or felt anything of the corn since. The relief is marvellous, and I am intensely grateful."* *C. H. G., Bristol.*

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. The life-giving salts leave the feet clean and healthy.

**1/6** *Half Pound Pink Packet*

**Radox Bath Salts**

*Gives your feet that "Kruschen Feeling"*

Ask for Radox at your chemist's, price 1/6 per ½-lb. Pink Packet, and 2/6 double quantity.

TESTED JB

**MOTHERS LET YOUR DAUGHTERS**

**TRY THIS NEW COMPLEXION RECIPE**

**Thousands of women have found well-to-do husbands in the past year by reason of the simple secret explained below.**

**£1,000 GUARANTEE**

99 out of 100 women, and thousands of girls have under-nourished skins. Crème Tokalon Skinfood, Rose Colour (made in Paris), is guaranteed under a forfeit of £1,000 to contain specially prepared food elements which eminent physicians say can be absorbed by the skin and will thereby supply the nourishment to living cells and tissues—food elements which your skin needs to get rid of wrinkles, signs of age, sallow, faded, complexions, and help build up shrunken tissues. There is nothing which appeals to a man like a soft, velvet-like skin and a rosy youthful complexion. Fifty thousand women owe their marriages to rich men in the past year principally to their beauty. Just try increasing your own beauty by this new method of skin nourishment. See how much younger you will look! How much more you will appeal to your admirers! Crème Tokalon, Rose Skinfood, is a Parisian product which has attained tremendous popularity among French women. This remarkable discovery is now offered to British women. Always use the Rose Colour Skinfood before retiring and the White Skinfood (non-greasy) in the morning. The White Skinfood is a perfect Vanishing Cream which makes face powder extremely adherent and invisible. Successful results guaranteed in every case or your money refunded. Crème Tokalon Skinfoods:—Rose Colour for night use, 1/3; White (Vanishing, non-greasy), 1/-. Ask for them by the full name.

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JB

## THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE

THE Christmas Annual admits only advertisements that are trustworthy.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines, drugs, and all articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked .............. TESTED JB

Should however a Reader show reasonable cause for complaint, we will guarantee satisfaction or money back, provided that such a claim be made within a week from the time of purchase and not later than one month after publication date of the issue in which the advertisement appeared, and by the latest, January 31, 1930.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED (Proprietors of "John Bull").

# Uncle Goofus Calling!

By WILL DACEY

*A Tea-time Talk for Tots*

HELLO, kiddies—Hello, kiddies: Merry Christmas greetings to all my little chickabiddies from Uncle Goofus. And have you all had quite enough to eat? Because, if not, better grab another handful of that pudding before it is scooped up and hidden away. There is nothing like good old, home-made Christmas pudding—nothing like it. Crepe rubber is something like the slab I had with my dinner—something like it, but not exactly like it. I think I could chew rubber.

But, if you are sure you have filled your greedy little faces to bursting point, your Uncle Goofus will settle down to a nice, confidential Christmas afternoon chat.

I suppose by now all the grown-ups have sneaked off somewhere to rest after their exertions at table. Isn't it remarkable, kiddies, how eating tires grown-ups? We don't feel tired. Do we? What shall we do to pass away the time until they come out of their trances? Would you like to play games? I thought you would. And so I have invented some new games for you.

But, first of all, where is daddy? Asleep in front of the fire? Good! Leave him there. But remove his slippers, gather up the poker, tongs, fire-shovel, and any flat books in the room and plant them somewhere; down in the cellar will do. Sh! Quietly! Now we are all ready for a good romp. The first game we will play is

### *Storming the Castle*

We must go out in the hall for this game. Sh! And we had better lock the door so that daddy will not be disturbed. And, if he is disturbed, he can't reach us.

Half of us will go to the top of the staircase and the rest of us stop at the bottom. Those at the top are the defenders and those below are attackers. Each defender will be armed with a tea-cup and a bucket of water is the ammunition.

You see, kiddies, in the old days defenders of castles used to pour hot lead on attackers. But we have no time to go melting down a lot of lead—have we? So we will pretend that the cold water is hot lead.

Now, in the old days attackers of castles used to storm them with bows and arrows, and spears, and bits of paving-stones, and things. But we have no spears, and arrows, and things—besides we must not make any noise because daddy is tired. So we will use the umbrellas out of the hall-stand. Now, are we all ready?

When Little Cecil blows a fanfare on his toy bugle, those at the top of the stairs dip their tea-cups in the bucket and wait for the attack. Those at the bottom open their umbrellas and attack. Dash up the stairs and try to knock the tea-cups out of your little enemies' hands—but quietly, as daddy is asleep.

Those defending must try to keep the enemy off with hot lead—or rather cold water—but try not to splash the wall-paper—and don't squeal too loud or you may disturb daddy. When the tea-cups are all broken the attackers have won.

Now, children, we must always put our toys away after a game. So let us put the broken cups out of sight somewhere—shove them inside the clock—and put the bits of umbrellas where we found them. Now what shall we play next? Oh, I know——

### *Ski-ing*

The stairs are just slippery enough for it. But what can we use for skis? Why not dady's real ones? He won't mind. Or perhaps it would be more fun if we tied tea-trays to our feet. But we must not make a noise or daddy will be cross. And if we get a bump just howl quietly. Aren't we having a fine romp? Was that daddy knocking on the door? No. He is resting. The next game for my little chickabiddies is

### Collecting the Rates

Now who shall be the rate-collector? Let Cousin Alfie be the rate-collector. He is a fine little chap—just here to spend Christmas—and nobody likes him. He will do for the rate-collector.

Now, in this game, the rate-collector goes out into the street and counts up to 25,000, while the others watch through the letter-box to see that he doesn't cheat.

If it is raining, or snowing, or cold enough, it would not be a bad idea to leave him there and forget him. But, in that case, he might knock loud enough to disturb daddy. So we must prepare to pay the rates. So we will get together a lot of rates—old boots, a few oranges, the telephone directory—any little odds and ends we can find.

The little rate-collector, having counted to 25,000, knocks quietly (because of daddy) on the door. His little playmates open it, and the spokesman says, "Good morning. And what can we do for you?" The rate-collector replies, "I have called to collect the rates." And then he collects them. If he howls too much push him outside again, or daddy might be disturbed.

Perhaps by this time daddy *has* been disturbed. Let's creep in and see. Why, no. He is still asleep. It must be the trifle that has made him so sleepy. That *is* trifle we can sniff. As long as daddy has not been disturbed, he might as well join in our next little romp, which is a variation of "Postman's Knock," and is called

### Fireman's *Squirt*

Be quiet, kiddies. Daddy is not to know he is playing with us—yet.

We begin this game by putting a paper cap on daddy's head and sticking a folded newspaper in his hand. We then get a couple of syphons of soda and place them in readiness. Then we get a few tea-trays and gather those broken tea-cups—where did we put them? Oh, yes—in the clock. Put the broken cups on the trays and hold the trays up high.

Now, when all is ready (Sh! Don't giggle) one of us will light the paper cap on daddy's head and the newspaper in daddy's hand and wait until daddy gets restless. Then, with a shout of "Fire!" drop the tea-trays, grab the syphons, and put the fire out. Don't be too slow about it, as a joke should never be carried too far.

How daddy *will* laugh when he wakes up and sees our happy little faces all about him!

But, in case he is not laughing when he wakes up, it would be as well if you all ran for your lives. He will play a game on his own:

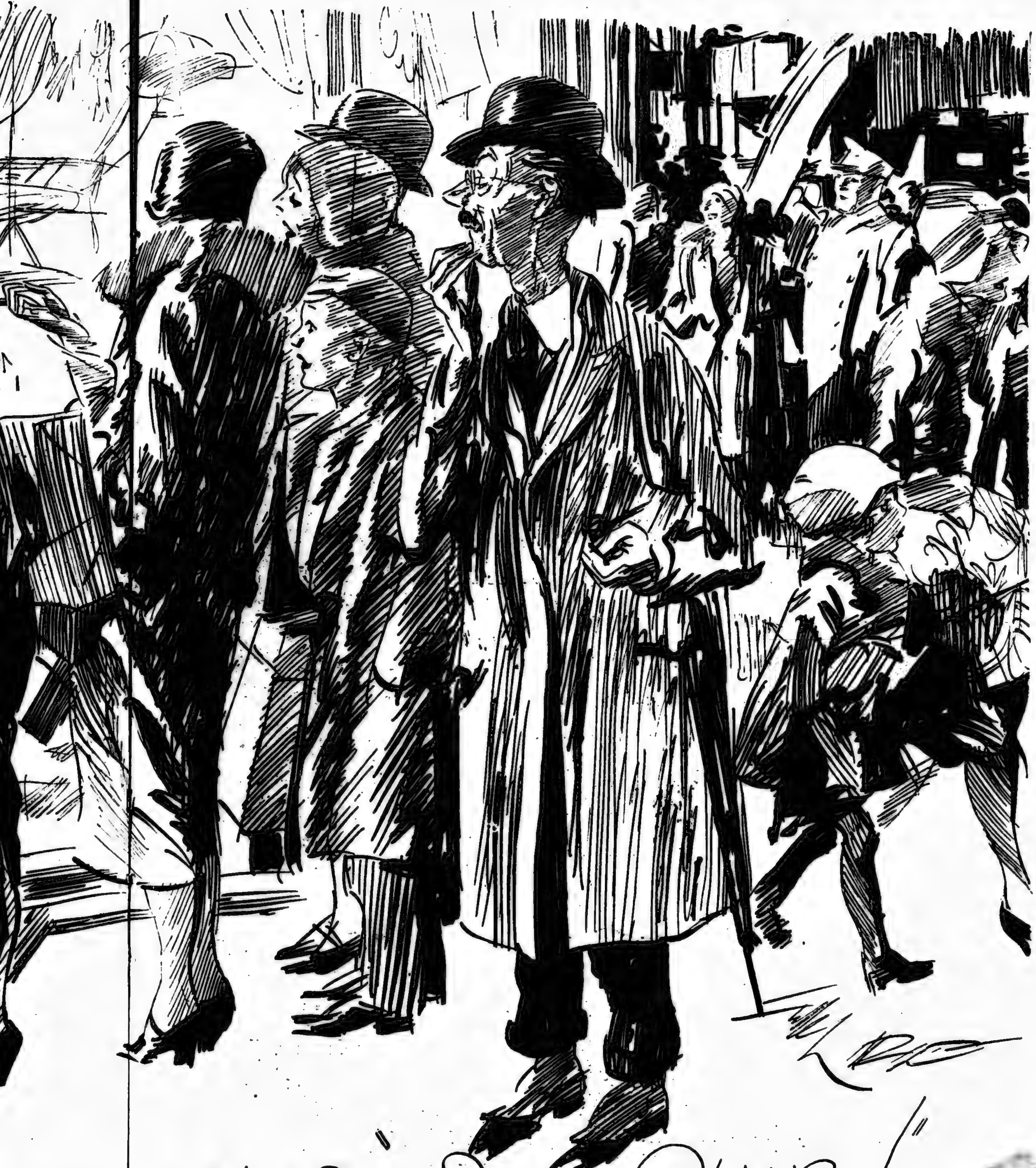
### Hunt the *Slipper*

That is why Uncle Goofus told you to remove daddy's slippers, and gather up the poker, tongs, and other odds and ends before beginning your Christmas romp.

Cheery bye, kiddies. Cheery bye.

Drawn by Gilbert Wilkinson

ALIA



ALIAS "SANTA CLAUS!"

*"Can I have another apple?" asked William*

# *And a* LITTLE CHILD *shall Lead* THEM

*by*

RALPH PLUMMER.

***Children are so intelligent, bless their little hearts***

OUTSIDE the parish room the wind whined thinly. Snow descended soundlessly to thicken the fleecy quilt already draping the earth. From afar, the village band blasted raucously outside the alcoholic shrines where old Christmas ale invested the listeners with warmth of body and maudlin sympathy for the lonely shepherds who tended their flocks by night.

"I will now," droned the vicar, beaming fondly at the twenty-seven rustic juveniles who clustered inside the parish room, "tell you a touching story."

There was a shuffling of feet. The entire audience gathered round in moon-faced expectancy. The aged cleric gazed fondly at his village flock of tender years. Rosy-faced little ones. He sighed. And they had all flocked to his children's meeting. Staunch little souls. He was glad now that he had announced on the bill in the post-office window that there would be apples and oranges and nuts. They deserved them, bless their dear hearts.

"The story is about a little girl. Her name was Audrey St. Juste," said the vicar. "She was a very, very beautiful little girl, and her poor, dear mamma died when she was quite a wee baby. Was that not very sad, my dear children?"

Silence gives consent. The vicar beamed and proceeded.

"Audrey's papa," he said emotionally, "tried to make the poor child feel happier by telling her a wee, wee lie. It was only a white lie, my little ones, and he only told it, and acted it, so that his little Audrey would not feel the loss of mamma so very much.

"The little girl might have fretted, you see, my lambs—and Mr. St. Juste pretended that there were such things as kind, kind fairy god-mothers! And because the thought that there was always a kind, loving fairy god-mother who watched over her made little Audrey happy, her papa was quite happy for her to believe in her existence.

"Well, after a time, Mr. St. Juste had to go abroad. He felt very, very troubled in his mind as to what he should do—take little Audrey to live with him, or leave her behind in England with an auntie. He felt, after much thinking and praying, that it would be best for the little girl for him to leave her with her auntie. He told little Audrey of his decision. And his little daughter just kept a brave, brave face and decided that she must do as papa said—that her father must be obeyed. Nay, she felt that were she to plead with him to let her go abroad, too, that he might be cross and believe her naughty. So she kept a calm, calm face—and only cried to herself when she went to bed at night! For little Audrey *didn't want what her father had decided*—she wanted something else—*to go abroad with him.*"

The vicar beamed round genially. "You all follow me, dear children? Does anyone want to ask any questions?"

Two hands shot up.

"What is your question William?" asked the vicar kindly.

"Can I have another apple?" asked William.

AFTER supplying William with his apple and satisfying the second questioner with her extra supply of nuts, the vicar went on with his story.

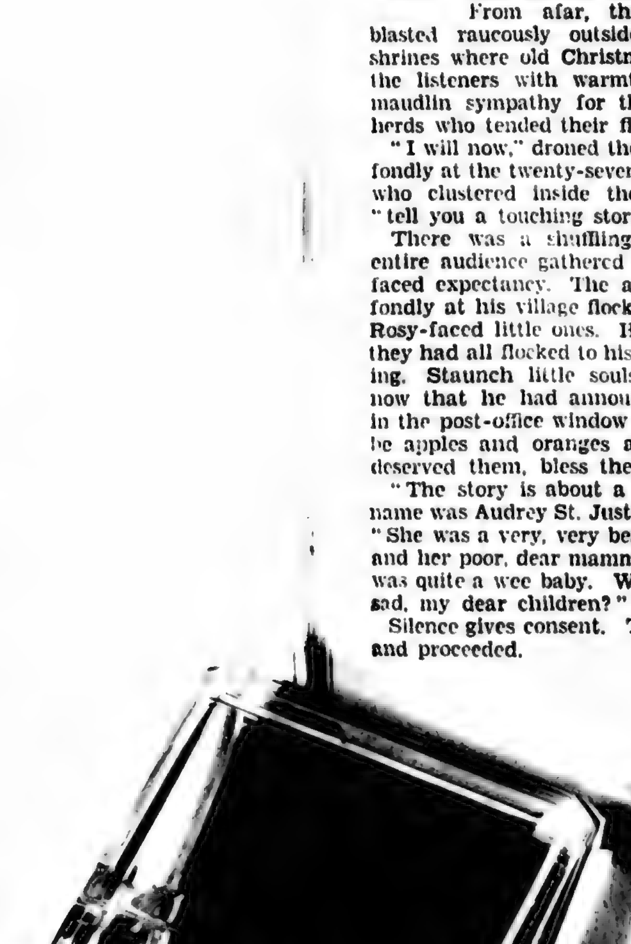
"Poor little Audrey. Her position was very, very pitiful. Grown-up people, she decided, didn't understand little children at all. How she cried on her pillow! It is most touching; indeed, yes, it is scalding to the heart to think of this little maid weeping gently on her tiny bed.

"And then, dearest children, she suddenly thought about her fairy-godmother! Of course! Why had she not thought of dear fairy-godmother before! She decided at once—*she would write to her!*"

The vicar bent forward impressively.

"The very next morning, Audrey wrote a letter to her fairy-godmother. And this, my little ones, is what she wrote in her

(*Continued on page* 38.)



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Drawn by Batchelor.

MASTERFUL LADY (removing stranger's hat): "Oh, I beg your pardon, but I'm looking everywhere for my husband."

## AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

(*Continued from page 36.*)

childish round handwriting: 'Dear fairy-godmother, please, please be good to me and let my papa take me abroad with him. Yours with lots and lots of love, Audrey.'

"And, children, she put the letter in an envelope, sealed it, stamped it, and wrote her address on the back of the envelope so that the kind fairy-godmother would know where to write at once. Then, addressing the envelope 'My Fairy-godmother,' she ran out joyfully and posted the letter!"

THERE was a silence punctuated by sucked-in breaths and slight clicking noises from William Jones busy on dental cleanliness after the last of his apple.

"It is a wonderful, beautiful story," beamed the vicar. "Now listen, children. What happened? I will tell you what happened and how little Audrey St. Juste got her wish gratified. The letter was collected by the postman from the pillar-box. But when it came to be looked at at the post-office, well—the only address on the front of the envelope was in Audrey's writing, 'My Fairy-godmother.' And, of course, that was no guide to them.

"Well, dearest little lambs, when a letter cannot be delivered to the person to whom it is addressed, the postal people just send it back to the person who wrote it. Wasn't that sad?

"Now, at first thought it seems very, very sad; but, it was a blessing in disguise, for the post-office sent back the letter to the address which Audrey had written on the back of the envelope. And, naturally, Mr. St. Juste received the letter from the postman. And—very naturally, doing his duty as a father—he opened the envelope to see what his little girl had been writing."

The vicar paused and winked moist eyes.

"When Audrey's papa read her little note to her fairy-godmother—that beautiful but purely imaginable person, dear children—he was very much moved. His dear little girl. The pathetic side of it stirred him strangely. This sweet belief in a fairy-godmother. The dear belief that she had but to write and the fairy would come to her aid. Well, dear children, Mr. St. Juste decided there and then—as would all parents in like circumstances—that the thing his child wanted so much should come to pass. She should have it! He burned the letter, went straight to little Audrey, and took her in his arms. He kissed her, children. And what did he say? I will tell you what Mr. St. Juste said to his dear little, blue-eyed girlie-wirlie. He said: 'Audrey, my child, your Fairy-godmother advises me to take you abroad with me!' There, wasn't that wonderful?"

Twenty-seven children stared woodenly. Their brows were wrinkled with thought.

"A very touching little story, dear children," beamed the vicar. "We will now clap our hands. All together, let us clap our little handy-pandies."

All together they clapped their little handy-pandies.

"Several of you look a little pensive," said the vicar, benevolently. "Are there any little points on which you are not clear, my lambs?"

"Why did the post-office send the letter back?" demanded William Jones.

"Because, Willie, it was insufficiently addressed. The post-office cannot deliver any letter which bears the name of the person only. Besides, as there was no such person as a Fairy-godmother, the letter *had* to go back. And the address of Audrey's home was written on the back of the envelope, Willie. You remember that Audrey put it there!"

Several juvenile heads bobbed with swift understanding.

"Is it not a beautiful story?" beamed the vicar.

"Yes," said Emily Spriggins, small daughter of the village blacksmith: "but why should Audrey's old pa—why should Audrey's papa let her have what she wanted just because she asked for it in a letter?"

The vicar put some coals on the fire with a noisy clatter from the tin shovel.

"Emily, my dear," he said, "it was the human touch. You may not understand. It is this way, Emily—if Audrey had cried and asked her dear father to alter his decision on what was best for her, he might very easily have decided it was a childish whim, and refused to alter what he had decided for her. But, think, Emily—think! The pathetic side of the whole thing would seize the heart of *any* parent. Here in this letter he would see the childish faith of a little mite in a being which did not exist; he would be moved by the innocent request of a little child. Her letter, written with such trust that it would not be refused. *No parent could do other than grant the expressed wishes in a letter such as that!* Ah, my children, it is beautiful to think that the breath of romance is in us all. Is everything quite, quite clear now?"

"Would every pa have opened Audrey's letter?" demanded three small boys in unison.

"You are very exacting!" chuckled the vicar. "Assuredly, children, parents would open such letters and read them. It would be their duty to do so."

"Can I have another apple?" inquired William Jones, half-heartedly.

IT was during the sorting of the next evening's collection from the village pillar-boxes that the local postmaster opened his eyes and scratched his head.

On his desk were many envelopes separated from the outgoing bulk. They were each transcribed in childish handwriting. On the back of each envelope was religiously written the address of the sender.

"Dear little souls!" murmured the postmaster, smiled tenderly, took up a rubber stamp bearing the words "Insufficiently Addressed," and suffered the surface of each letter to its imprint.

Twenty-seven of them.

Each addressed simply to "Santa Claus."

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**OXO** —*a sure way to maintain Health and Vigour*

# That CHRISTMAS Spirit

### by FLORENCE A. KILPATRICK

*Uncle Silas was full of it*

*"That will be a pair of gloves you owe me"*

"I WANT some new furs, but I wouldn't dream of getting them before Christmas," remarked Myrtle. "It's possible Uncle Silas might hit upon that for my Christmas gift."

A burst of hilarity from the rest of the family followed her words; yet there seems nothing in such a remark to call forth mirth. It is the sort of thing that passes through the minds of many women upon the approach of December.

Also, the very name of Uncle seems to call up a vision of benevolence. Yet the family continued to titter and Myrtle wore the satisfied air of one who has made a good joke.

"I expect the dear old chap is worrying his head off about what he ought to give me," said Hector. "I wonder if I ought to ease his mind by dropping him a hint about the sort of car I'm wanting . . . that sports model. . . ."

Ironic laughter drowned the rest of his sentence, so that by now you will probably have guessed that Silas, though an uncle, was not distinguished by benevolence.

Indeed, his relatives were apt to declare—with the frankness that is so often rampant in domestic circles—that there wasn't a stingier, more avaricious, despicably mean man alive than Uncle Silas. Also . . . like a great many flinty-hearted misers, he was exceedingly wealthy.

"Christmas presents indeed!" interposed Marion. "He's never given me as much as a pin in all his life, although he's my half-brother. All we can hope from him is that he'll die without making his will."

Not he . . . probably he'll make over every penny to found a home for misers," declared Hector. "Chiefly to spite us, of course. No one has ever got the better of Uncle Silas."

"Has any of us ever really tried?" broke in Herbert. "There isn't a living soul without one vulnerable point in his nature. We've never cultivated Uncle Silas. Now, I'm willing to bet that if we try we can catch him in a melting mood."

This time there was an impressive silence instead of cynical laughter. Herbert was considered to be the astute member of the family, and his views were received with respect.

"I suggest," he went on, "that we invite Uncle Silas to spend Christmas with us. . . ."

"That old kill-joy" . . . "the death's head at the feast" . . . the disapproval became general. "You've been looking up 'The Christmas Carol,' Scrooge . . . the softening effect of the Christmas spirit and all that. But it wouldn't work with Silas."

"Yes, I do refer to the Christmas spirit," agreed Herbert, "but not the kind you mean. Let us try the melting effect of liquor on the old chap."

"Do you mean make him drunk?" asked Myrtle, slightly shocked.

"Not too much of it, of course—just get him a bit over the line, you know. I don't suggest that it will even make him genial. But we shall see something of the other side of his nature. He might get talkative. . . ."

"I don't suppose he'll come," decided Aunt Marion. "There's the fare across London to consider, you know."

"He is sure to walk part of the way to give him an appetite for his free Christmas dinner," replied Herbert. 'But I'm certain that he won't refuse a meal like that."

Herbert was right in one respect. Silas accepted the invitation (on a postcard which he omitted to stamp), but he walked all the way from Balham to West Hampstead.

HE arrived rather late, but the warmth of his welcome was in no way diminished. As he stood in the glow of the hall lamp with a bevy of his relations around him all laughing, shaking him by the hand and calling out cheery greetings, he tried to repress a scowl.

He knew what was at the back of all this. They were after his money, and so were trying to "soft soap" him. Let them try . . . they would get nothing out of it, and he was getting a free meal.

"Happy Christmas, Uncle," said Myrtle, running up to him and giving him a peck on the cheek. "And that will be a pair of gloves you owe me," she said, indicating the mistletoe beneath which he stood.

Even Silas joined in the laugh that followed this grotesque suggestion. Then they all passed into the drawing-room.

"How about a cocktail, Uncle?" demanded Hector, getting busy with glasses and a cocktail shaker.

"Never tasted one," he grunted. "I've had nothing stronger than water since I was treated to a glass of beer in the summer of 1905."

"Why that's not so long ago . . . barely twenty-five years," commented Herbert, winking at the others. "You're not going to refuse to drink with us, eh, Uncle?"

"Very well," conceded Silas ungraciously. He looked round the party—how he hated them.

Herbert, the cunning young scoundrel, of whom it was said he would make his name in the City. He would also arrive in the dock, no doubt, through malpractices.

Hector, empty fool, with no ideas beyond tearing about the country disturbing the peace with his motor-cycle.

Myrtle . . . what a pert, forward minx she was, but what could one expect from the offspring of his half-sister, Marion, that greedy, self-seeking, narrow-minded. . . .

"Have another one, Uncle," said the voice of Herbert at his elbow. Silas handed back his glass without protest. He had never taken a cocktail before, and considered the drink was overrated as far as its potent qualities went. Certainly this agreeable liquid, pleasantly flavoured with orange, seemed innocuous.

He did not look with much favour on this idea of drinking before meals when his stomach cried aloud for something more solid; in anticipation of the coming feast he had dispensed with five preliminary meals and was, therefore, feeling extremely hungry. At last, to his great relief, they all rose and trooped into the dining-room.

Silas spoke very little throughout the meal, but ate his way steadily through each course without comment. It was, he considered, an absurdly extravagant meal, but if they chose to waste their money it was no affair of his, except that he was entrenched still further in his determination that not one of these wantonly wasteful people should inherit a penny of his money. Champagne was served, and Herbert saw to it that Silas' glass was repeatedly filled.

"And now what about a Benedictine, Uncle?" said Herbert, when they all sat

(Continued on page 42.)

# AFRIKANDER, *that's all*

BUT THAT'S EVERYTHING. That one word means the joy of pipe-hood to me. And I've got a few years' smoking experience to look back at.

If you want to know what pipe joy is . . . If you want to meet a 'bacco that'll smoke smoothly and coolly . . . If you'd like to try a 'bacco which is marvellously fragrant, mellowed just right and neither too strong nor too mild . . .

If you would keep your smoke appetite while a few around you who haven't smoked Afrikander are losing theirs (and I apologise to Mr. Kipling) . . . You'll pop into the nearest tobacco shop and say "Afrikander." That's all.

One ounce, 7½d.

**Afrikander**

**MIXTURE or FLAKE** 7½D PER OZ.

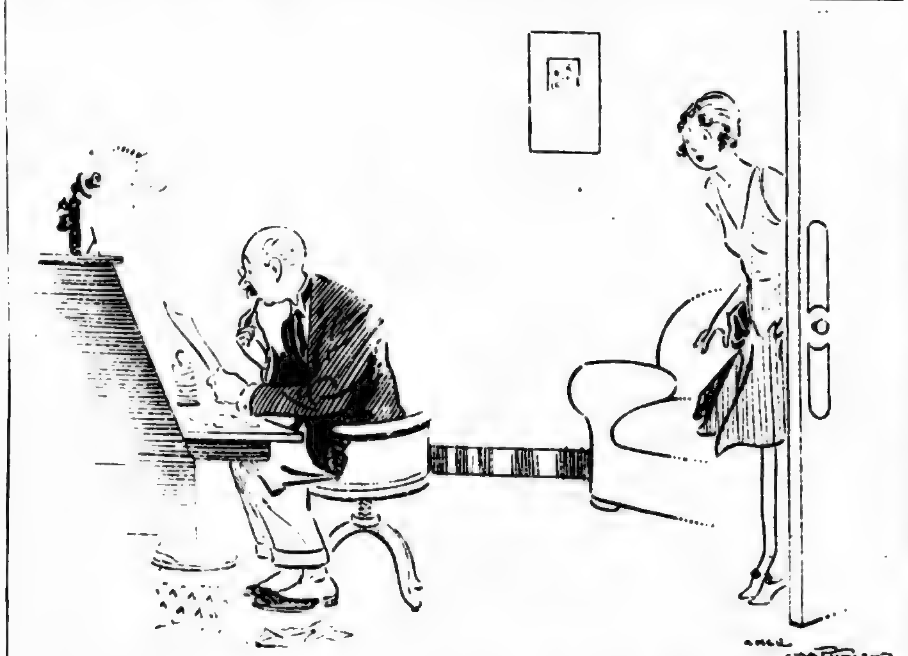
*"It saves and satisfies"*

*Issued by Cohen, Weenen & Co., Ltd.*

*Drawn by C. Harrison.*

MOTHER (to son just returned from Christmas party): "Did you have a good time at the Pogson-Smythe's, Reggie?"

REGGIE: "Rather! I smashed three of their best dessert plates and cut off a slice of their hired pineapple!"



*Drawn by Lance Mattinson*

WIFE: "George, the man is here about the sofa. What shall we have it stuffed with?"

HUSBAND (preoccupied with Christmas budget): "Oh, sage and onions or chestnut stuffing—I'll leave it to you."

## THAT CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

(*Continued from page 40*)

at dessert. "Or would you rather have a Grand Marnier or a Green Chartreuse?"

Silas did not reply immediately, but this time it was not on account of surliness. He was trying to decide which of the three liqueurs was the easiest to pronounce.

"This will put life into you, Uncle," said Herbert. Silas sipped appreciatively.

"Try another," suggested Hector shortly after.

Silas tried another, began to chuckle, and then, most amazingly, to laugh. For Herbert had been right. Under the mellowing influence of liquor, new depths to the old man's hard and twisted nature began to reveal themselves.

HE began to talk, to relate anecdotes of his youth. They were not agreeable stories, for they were mainly records of how he had got the better of his fellow-creatures in the matter of finance. But this was Silas in a genial mood.

Certainly, he had come to regard his nephew in a different light . . . nice fellow, Herbert, and certainly his favourite, for he was the one with brains. If he left his money to anyone it would descend to the one who was likely to increase the capital.

He mentioned something of the sort to Herbert, who seemed affected. Then felt that it was churlish not to include Hector—that pleasant unspoiled lad who possessed so much dash and verve. It wouldn't be fair to exclude Myrtle . . . nor even his half-sister Marion, that amiable mother of a splendid young woman . . . but it was towards the end of the evening that he rose to such magnificent heights.

After a confused apology about not bringing Christmas gifts, he added, "I thought perhaps you'd rather buy your own presents . . . and so, if I make out a little cheque for everyone . . ."

A gasp went round the room as he drew out a cheque book from an inner pocket. After writing out one for every member of the assembled family, pure astonishment descended on them, rendering them momentarily dumb.

"And now I must be getting home," he said. "Will you ring and order a taxi for me, Herbert?"

Long after his departure the family gazed at each other, unable to find fitting words for comment. At last Herbert spoke with visible emotion in his voice.

"It succeeded beyond my wildest imaginings," he said. "Who would have thought there was so much good in the old man?"

"Poor old Silas. I shall never judge anyone hastily again," said Aunt Marion; and there were tears in her eyes.

AS the bank opened at precisely 10.2 a.m., a thin, lean figure that had been hovering near the building for over an hour, hurried through the swing doors. The cashier came to the counter, staring a little curiously at the eager flushed face of the old man.

"I want to stop payment of four cheques which I drew on Christmas Day," said Silas eagerly.

It was December 27; after all, one can't expect the Christmas spirit to last as long as that.

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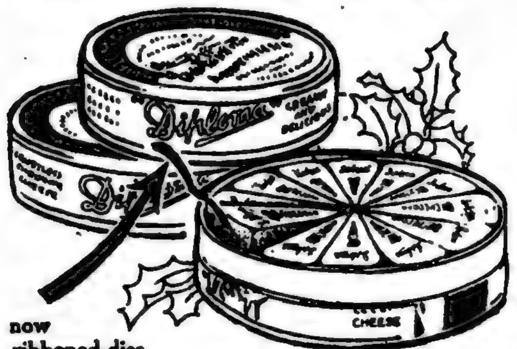
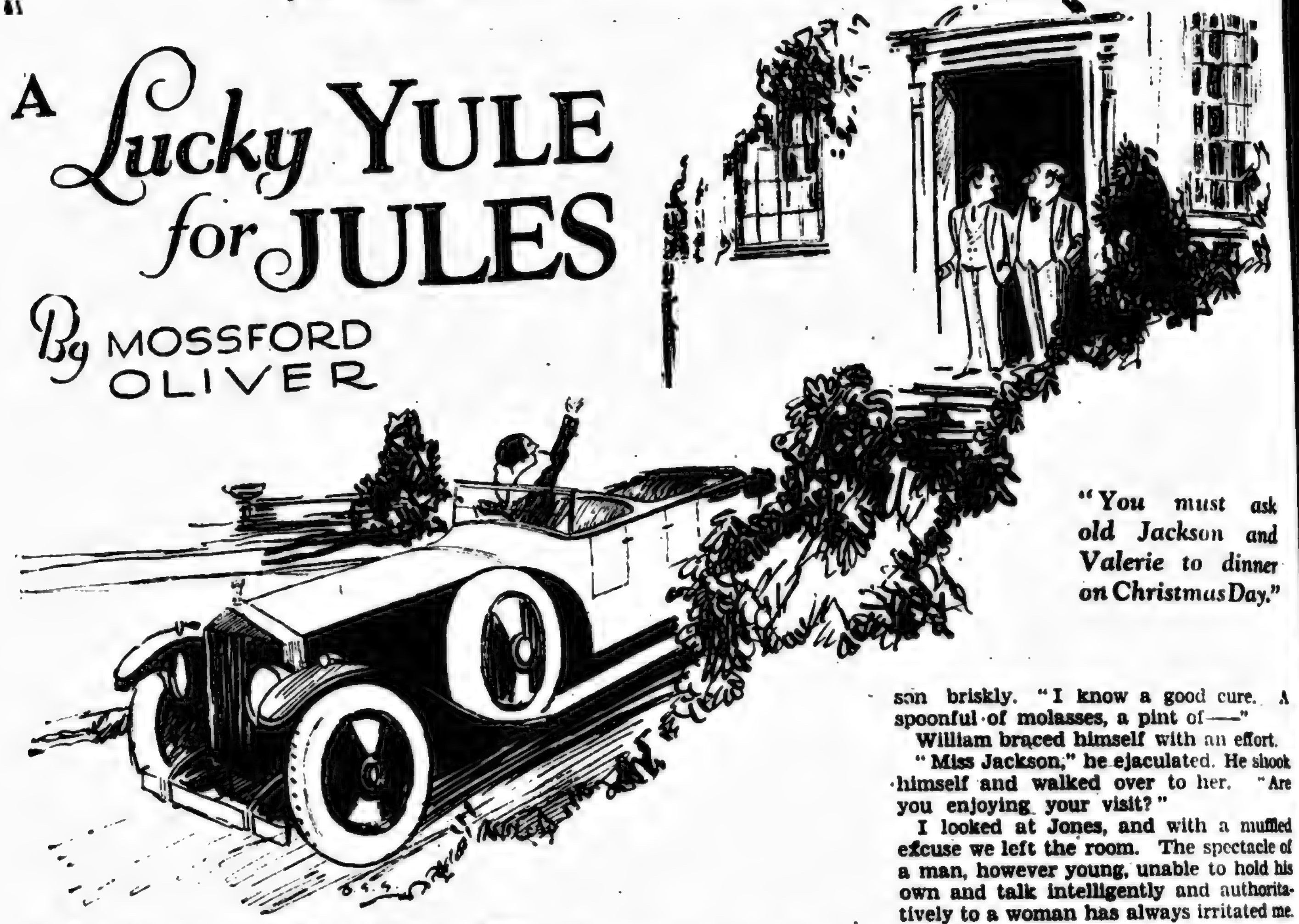


Each box now contains a ribboned-disc which lifts the first portion.

D 104

# A *Lucky* YULE *for* JULES

## *By* MOSSFORD OLIVER



"You must ask old Jackson and Valerie to dinner on Christmas Day."

"LOVE," said Jones, with a snort. "Love is like the effect of alcoholic liquor—it makes the world go round! And I have no wish to see my son intoxicated, either by a frothy glass or a frothy female!"

"But, father," protested young William indignantly. "You haven't ever seen *Her*! She is not an ordinary girl from the village. I only saw her yesterday for the first time, she must be here on holiday."

William took a deep breath. "Her hair is golden, tinted with sunlight, her skin is like whipped cream, her smile lightens the landscape—makes the grass greener and the sky more blue; when she laughs the brooks gurgle with enjoyment and the larks dart from their abiding places, singing their wild and triumphant lays. . . ."

"Sounds more like a volcano than a human being," interposed Jones, bitterly. "And we don't want any human volcanoes in *our* family! Besides, you are much too young to talk such rubbish. What do *you* say?"

I replied somewhat guardedly that William, more or less (probably more) seemed to have been bitten or smitten so badly by this—er—young lady, that abstract arguments seemed futile or useless and the best plan, perhaps, would be to wait until William's boyish infatuation or attraction wore off (which from my experience of ladies was probable) as he got to know the girl.

"She was driving a car," said William with a far-away look in his eyes. "A Rolls. With her dainty hands. . . ."

"A Rolls did you say?" exclaimed Jones, in mollified tones. "But—bah!—probably she's a chauffeur——"

"Chauffeur, indeed!" burst out William. "Why——!"

There came a low purr from the drive and as we looked into the twilight a resplendent Rolls-Royce drew up outside the door.

"Golly!" said William, in a breathless whisper. "Here she is!"

From the car stepped a vivacious young lady, her cheeks whipped with colour, her eyes gleaming with pleasurable anticipation.

"Do *you* know her?" breathed William.

I shook my head. As she rang the bell a spasm of acute inferiority seized William.

"I say," he whispered agitatedly. "Look at my hair—like a clothes-mop! Keep her here whilst I slip home to change——"

"Miss Valerie Jackson," announced the maid.

"Hello, folk!" exclaimed the young lady, bursting in. "I guess I'm real glad to see you. I'm over here with my pop, paying a visit to his birthplace. You older gentlemen will probably remember him—John Jackson, who left Newpool for the States some twenty years back. Since he made his pile he has been just dying to see the old, familiar things. He is detained in London on business, but I came down yesterday, as a sort of vanguard, and I am digging myself in before he arrives."

We introduced ourselves and bade the young lady welcome.

"Not old Puggy Jackson?" exclaimed Jones. "Not the Jacksons from the Bryn."

"I guess you've hit it," said Valerie, with a chuckle. "Everybody asks the same question. Are you feeling ill, sonny?"

She wheeled round and addressed William, who was standing on one leg and making gurgling noises in his throat. William's only answer was a slightly more pronounced gurgle.

"Does he take fits," enquired Miss Jackson briskly. "I know a good cure. A spoonful of molasses, a pint of——"

William braced himself with an effort.

"Miss Jackson," he ejaculated. He shook himself and walked over to her. "Are you enjoying your visit?"

I looked at Jones, and with a muffled excuse we left the room. The spectacle of a man, however young, unable to hold his own and talk intelligently and authoritatively to a woman has always irritated me.

Jones gave a shout of acclamation.

"Did you hear what she said?" he cried, with excitement. "Her father must be Jackson, the pork and beans millionaire. There was a paragraph in the *Daily Bale* about his visit yesterday, but I didn't associate him with Newpool." Jones looked thoughtfully at his shoes. "If William is really in love with the girl, I don't see that I have any *right* to stop him."

"You mean you don't object to a volcano in the family so long as she can emit a shower of dollars," I said. "But from what I remember of Puggy Jackson, I didn't imagine he would turn out like this. Wasn't he the glutton—always stuffing himself?"

WILLIAM helped Valerie Jackson to her car with the air of a conqueror. For some reason, our withdrawal had given him his tongue.

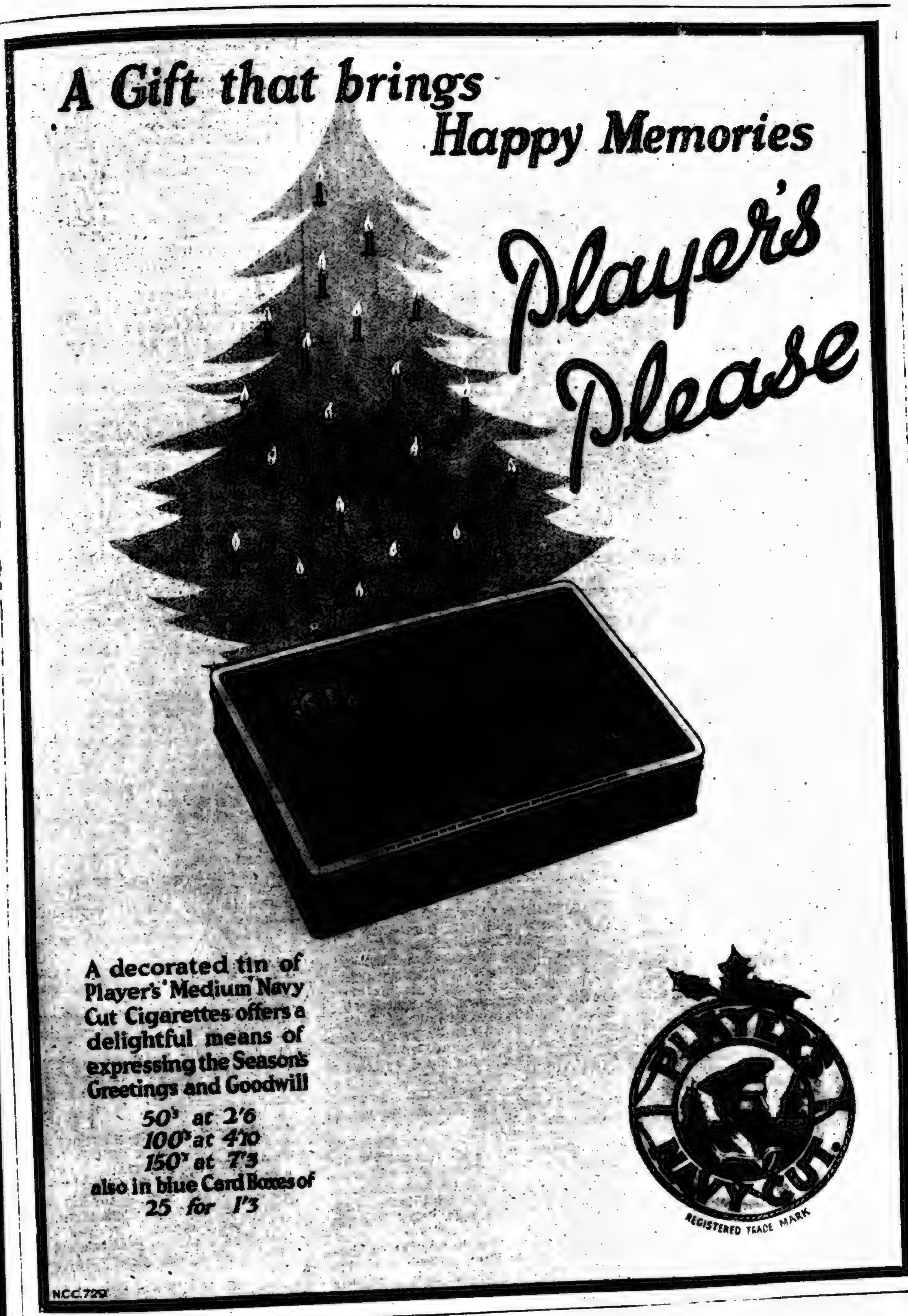
"Father!" he exclaimed, as the car swung round the drive. "You *must* ask old Jackson and Valerie to dinner on Christmas Day."

"Not dinner on Christmas Day!" echoed Jones. "Why, my boy, you forget the man's a millionaire! He's probably accustomed to a seven-course dinner on ordinary days—it's too much to ask him to come down to our five-course Christmas affair, cooked by an ambitious amateur."

"Stuff!" said William, in disgust. "Old man Jackson probably lives on his pork and beans at home. In any case, I've already asked Valerie and she is only waiting to put it to her pa."

"But to impress Jackson a Christmas dinner would cost anything up to a hundred pounds," exclaimed Jones. "We would have to engage a chef. In any case,

(*Continued on page 46.*)



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Drawn by A. Gelli.

"If I catch you dancing with my daughter again I'll kick you out of the house and I won't change my boots either."

## A LUCKY YULE FOR JULES

(*Continued from page* 44.)

we've left it too late. There are only four days to Christmas——"

"I know the very man!" interrupted William excitedly. "There is a French chef staying at Aberberry, only four miles away. He was suffering from a nervous breakdown and came here to recuperate——"

"But the expense!" objected Jones. "I have already enough bills to meet at the year's end——"

"Why don't you sell your old *Venus of the South*?" argued William. "That art dealer will still give you a couple of hundred for it."

"That Old Master was a find!" said Jones deliberately. "I picked it up in a second-hand shop," he explained to me.

HOWEVER, urged on by William, Jones paid a post-haste visit to Aberberry.

"But, non!" said the chef, who was a young man with flashing black eyes. "I am here for my health. It is foolish of you, n'est-ce pas, to ask me to work when I have been temporarily forced to give up my position in London."

"Just for Christmas Day!" pleaded Jones. "I will pay you well."

The French chef flashed an interested glance.

"Excusez-moi, but are you the Mr. Jones from the Laurels?"

"Yes," replied Jones, "but——"

"I am very interested in Art," said the young man. "And—what you call it?—a little bird told me you had a genuine Hogarth?"

"Yes, yes," said Jones impatiently. "I'll show it to you, if you will come. It's one of his earlier things, *The Venus of the South*. But will you——"

The Rolls swung into the village street of Aberberry and with an exclamation of surprise the girl drew up.

"Why, Mr. Jones!" she exclaimed, gaily, darting a quick look at Jules, the chef. "I didn't expect to see you here. Pop has arrived at the local hotel. He's just *dying* to see you again and has gladly accepted your invitation to dinner on Christmas Day. Will you jump in?"

Jules plucked Jones gently by the sleeve.

"I couldn't refuse to prepare dinner for such a charming lady," he whispered, flashing his dark eyes. "What did you say your address was?"

ON Christmas Eve Jules arrived at the Jones' and took immediate command of the situation. On his way he had collected two cooks and the house rang with his excited peremptory orders.

"A good chef always suits his dinner to the circumstances, of course," said Jules. "In this case, we have an Englishman returning to his native heath. Naturally, he will expect a real English dinner. Now, I suggest a hors-d'œuvre, followed by mulligatawny soup, fried fillets of cod, fillets of beef, roast turkey, Christmas pudding and caviare on toast as the general background."

"Do as you like," said Jones. He looked at me glumly. "This will cost me a pretty penny. *My* Boxing Day dinner will comprise of bread and cheese and onions. I don't mind doing this once in a way, though, for Willie's sake. That Hogarth will have to go."

Puggy Jackson, or as he now styled himself, John K. Jackson, arrived in all his humbleness. Millionaires are notoriously humble persons.

The pork and beans magnate was a tall, cadaverous figure with hollow cheeks and ringed eyes. He wore an ill-fitting suit of broadcloth and his boots were half-brothers to clogs.

"I'm real glad to see you again," he said, in a melancholy voice, shaking me by the hand. "Mr. Jones has given me the history of Newpool for the last twenty years." He sniffed the air and a wistful look came into his eyes. "Ah," he exclaimed. "I smell something good!"

"We are to have a real old-fashioned English dinner," exclaimed Jones. "Mulligatawny soup and fried fillets of cod."

"Fried fillets of cod!" repeated Mr. Jackson in a low voice, smacking his lips.

"And, of course, roast turkey," smiled Jones.

"Roast turkey!" echoed Mr. Jackson, a wild light in his eyes. "It must be ten years since I tasted roast turkey."

"Dinner will be served in five minutes," announced Jules. "Can I see you for a moment, Mr. Jones?"

"Can you lend me any money until the bank opens?" whispered Jones. "For some reason Jules insists on being paid before the dinner is served. I haven't got fifty pounds in the house. I'll see about selling *The Venus of the South* tomorrow."

Jules was paid and departed to the kitchen with a happy light in his eyes.

"Now what about dinner!" exclaimed Jones jovially.

John K. Jackson, the famous pork and beans millionaire, relapsed into a seat, a look of despondency on his face.

"Go right ahead, you folk," he said gloomily. "Enjoy yourselves as much as you can."

We fell back in astonishment.

"But—but—" stammered Jones.

"Think of me when you get your teeth across a juicy piece of beef," continued the millionaire, in muffled tones.

"But *you* are coming?" cried Jones.

John K. Jackson smiled wanly.

"I thought you knew," he murmured, tragedy writ on his face. "For ten years I have been unable to partake of a hearty meal. My physician has warned me of the consequences. I live on diluted barley water and radishes." His voice sank to a whisper. "I will join you later. *I can still pull crackers.*"

Jones passed his hand across his brow.

"My daughter will, however, do ample justice to your board," continued Mr. Jackson. "Where is she?"

"Probably on the lawn with William—." I started when there came a sudden interruption. The door was flung violently open and William rushed in, followed by an excited maid.

"They've gone," he cried hoarsely.

"Who's gone? Where?" snapped Erasmus Jones.

"Valerie and Jules!" groaned William. "I saw them together this morning but I thought he was giving her a few household hints."

A DISHEVELLED chauffeur appeared. "The car's gone!" he exclaimed.

We all jumped up.

"Which way have they gone?" roared John K. Jackson, making for his hat.

"West, sir," replied the chauffeur. "Probably to Southampton."

Jones had a sudden presentiment.

"Has anything else gone?" he cried, in alarm.

"Yes," said Mrs. Jones, appearing at the door, holding a gilt frame from which the picture had been cut. "Your *Venus of the South* has also gone west!"

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*And welcomes in the glad New Year?*

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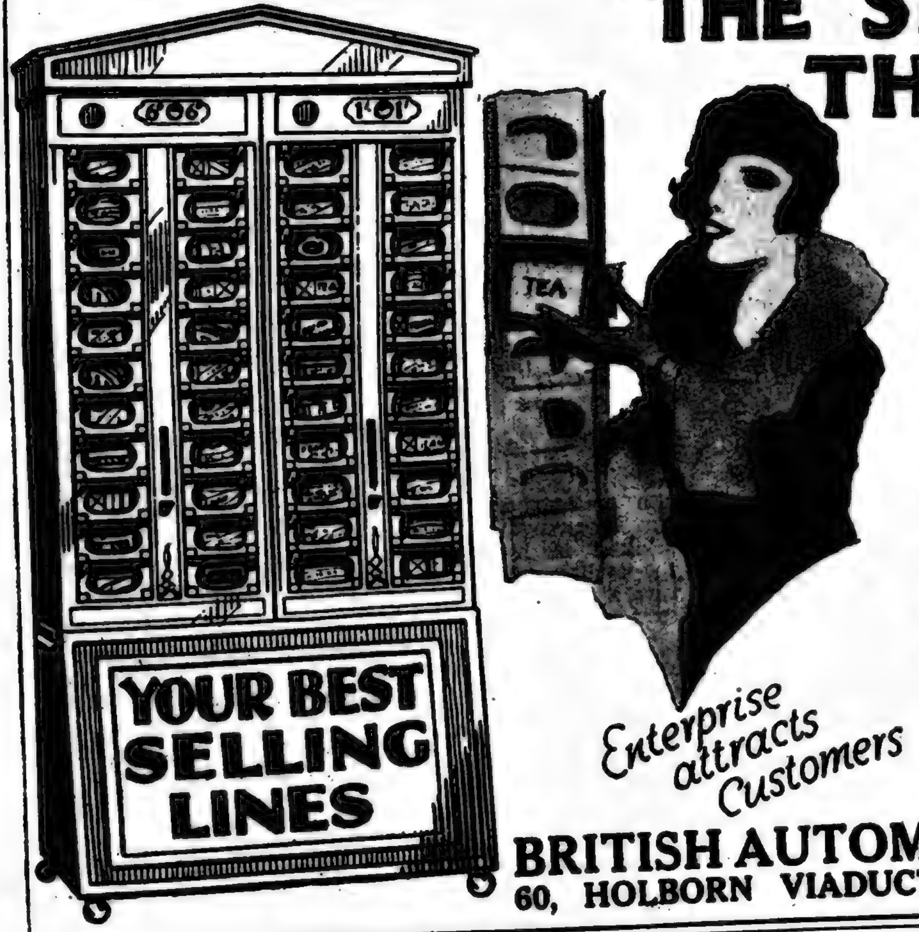

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## TREASURES

(*Continued from page* 48.)

out pausing to glance at his treasure. His eyes swept over it now as he came out of the doorway.

"You got the polish?" he asked.

"The polish? Oh, I know! I didn't get it, for I haven't been out since," Dora said.

He went out and down the street, stopping on his way to call into Arnold's Store for the polish.

"We haven't your usual brand, John," said Arnold, a jovial-faced little man. "But this ought to do as well."

"Is it good?" John asked, holding up the packet pushed towards him. "Silver is apt to tarnish if one uses the wrong——"

"Oh, it's good," Arnold interjected. "It will put a shine on the cup that you could see your face in. It's the coming stuff on the market."

Drury pocketed the packet, left the shop, and strolled down to the Wheatsheaf Tavern a few yards farther on. About a dozen men were in different parts of the bar chatting over their drinks, and the talk—for the house was largely patronised by sportsmen, the proprietor being a retired professional footballer—was mainly of the athletic news of the day. In this atmosphere Drury was at home, having behind him the weight of his reputation gained on the track.

In the course of the conversation, when removing a fistful of change, the packet of silver polish slipped from his pocket to the floor, and a dapper clerk picked it up and restored it to him with a laugh.

"Still keeeping the cup in grand condition, John," he remarked, winking surreptitiously at the company by way of a sly joke, for everyone knew that the big cup was its owner's obsession. Sort of crazy about it was the general verdict. There was some excuse for him, seeing the famous feat the cup represented, but he was carrying the thing too far.

"I'm going to put an extra polish on it to-morrow, boys," said Drury, "for that will be the anniversary of the day I won it. Ever heard the complete yarn, Taylor?"

"Get it off your chest," said the clerk, feeling that, in decency, the teller would stand him a drink for the pleasure of having him as listener.

BUT when the story was half-way through a small boy burst in the glass swing doors of the tavern and cried excitedly: "Mr. Drury, your—your house is on fire! Quick!" The bar soon drained of its customers.

In less than ten minutes there was an excited crowd opposite Drury's house, which was well alight, with puffing clouds of smoke rolling through the top windows. When the rising wind scattered the smoke momentarily, behind could be seen curling, licking tongues of flame.

"Where—where's my wife?" Drury asked, knowing she must be out of the house, else she would have appeared.

"She's gone shopping," cried a girl at his elbow. "We've sent a messenger after her. Crikey, isn't it flaming!"

The flames were spreading rapidly, timbers were crackling, and there was a sibilant roaring noise going on within the building.

"What's keeping the damned fire brigade?" said Taylor, who, having taken lavishly of Drury's hospitality at the tavern, was now swaying on his legs, his face flushed with drink.

Suddenly the proprietor of the shop started forward, rushed to the front door, and attempted to enter; but arms were thrust out to stay him.

"For heaven's sake, go back!"

"You can do nothing. . . . You'll be roasted. . . ."

"It's sheer madness!"

Cries broke around him, buffeted his ears. With a savage oath he tore himself free of restraining arms, flung his weight against the door, which crashed before him, and dived through a drifting curtain of smoke. A groan of horror arose.

"He'll never come back!" exclaimed a bystander.

FIVE minutes passed, and the tension grew acute. Then, when the crowd had given up hope, Drury came stumbling through from the doorway and reeled across the street, a bundle dropping from his arms. His clothes were smouldering, and on them here and there, like tiny stars, were wisps of flame. The crowd closed in on him and beat out the flames.

He stood there, wild-eyed, waiting for his wife, who was approaching him, having just rushed up the street. He glimpsed a pitiful question in her eyes.

"Did—did you s-shave the cup—the grand c-cup?" hiccoughed Taylor foolishly, plucking him by the sleeve.

"The cup?" Drury echoed, speaking like a man awakened from sleep. "What cup?" His mind cleared. "Why, the thought of it never entered my head. Stand back, Taylor; stand back, all of you!" He stepped towards the bundle that had fallen from his arms on the street. "Stand back, I say! Do you want to trample my son!"

*Drawn by A. T. Smith.*

DEAR OLD LADY (examining Christmas cards): "I never knew Shakespeare wrote poetry for Christmas cards!"

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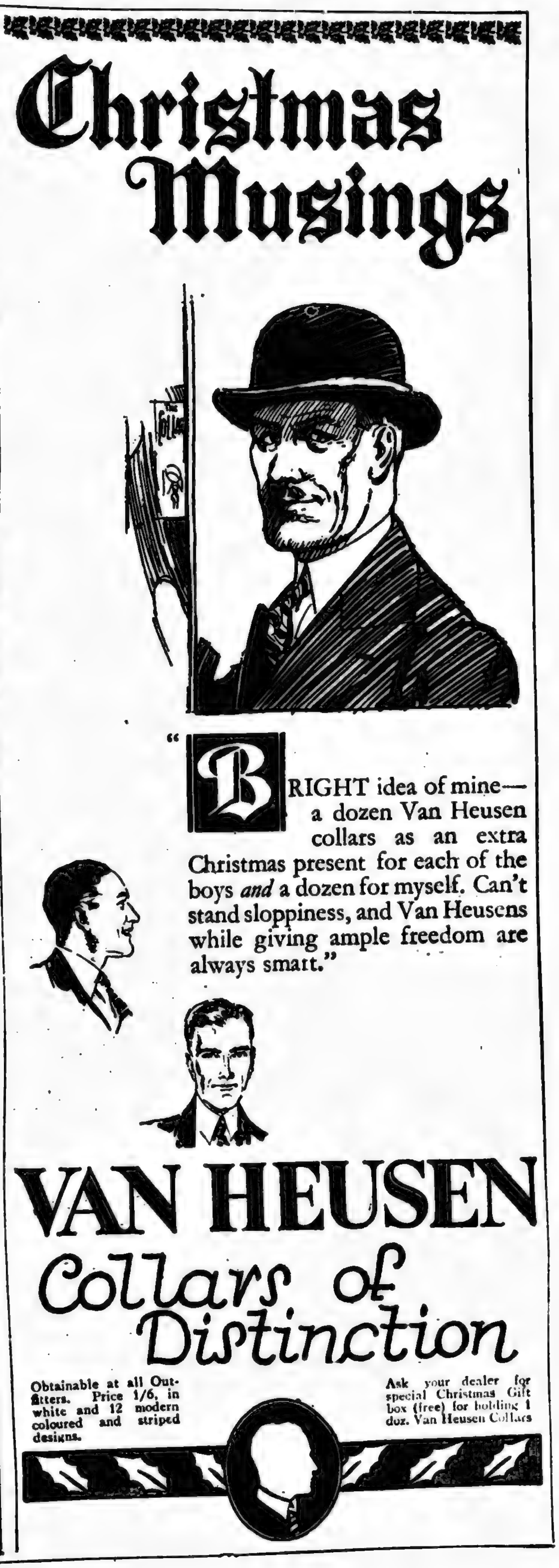

**Christmas Musings**

"BRIGHT idea of mine—a dozen Van Heusen collars as an extra Christmas present for each of the boys *and* a dozen for myself. Can't stand sloppiness, and Van Heusens while giving ample freedom are always smart."

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*Collars of Distinction*

Obtainable at all Outfitters. Price 1/6, in white and 12 modern coloured and striped designs.

Ask your dealer for special Christmas Gift box (free) for holding 1 doz. Van Heusen Collars

# The Mistletoe Victim

by J. Jefferson Farjeon

*The army descended upon him and bore him away*

"ARE you serious?" I asked.

"Quite serious," responded Bickerstaff solemnly. "I have never kissed a girl under the mistletoe, and I hope that I never do."

Our Oxford undergraduate looked almost pained.

"What do you do at Christmas?" he enquired.

Bickerstaff turned on him with somewhat surprising venom—for, after all, who really cares what an Oxford undergraduate says?

"What I do is my affair!" he snapped. "But what I do *not* do is to make a fool of myself, or to let a fool girl make a fool of me. If anybody tried any nonsense of that sort with me, I'd jolly soon put them in their place!"

"Sour grapes?" queried the undergraduate in a discreet undertone.

Bickerstaff was certainly no beauty, and it might have been sour grapes. All the same Christmas is the season of peace on earth and good will to men, so I changed the subject.

Unfortunately, however, Bickerstaff's remarks had drifted towards the vicinity of the feminine department, who had been decorating the room at the time. The most beautiful member of the department—my own sister as it happened—descended from a ladder five minutes later, beckoned to me, and commanded me to repeat what Bickerstaff had said.

"Never," I retorted, and gave it to her word for word.

She listened thoughtfully. Danger glinted in her eye. I advised her to be careful.

"It's Mr. Bickerstaff who'll have to be careful," she answered darkly.

"Don't forget," I reminded her, "that he said he would jolly well put any girl in her place who didn't know it!"

"At Christmas any girl's place is under the mistletoe," she responded. "Perhaps Mr. Bickerstaff doesn't know *his!*"

I shrugged my shoulders. After all, Christmas comes but once a year, and therefore let's be merry. Still, I made one more effort to stem the Yule tide.

"I cannot imagine," I murmured, "that to kiss Mr. Bickerstaff, even under the mistletoe, would appease one's sense of romance!"

"No, but it might appease one's sense of revenge," she countered. "The little rat! I'll teach him!"

I knew then that Bickerstaff's number was up, and that by this time to-morrow he would no longer be able to classify himself as a Christmas abstainer.

FROM across the room the subject of our conversation eyed us. I thought the eye looked a trifle worried. It approached me, with the rest of the Bickerstaff anatomy, after my sister had slipped away, and the close-up revealed the worry all the more plainly.

"What were you and your sister talking about just now?" asked Bickerstaff suspiciously.

"Pickled pork," I replied.

After all, it really was rather an impudent question! Bickerstaff was in no way chastened, however, by my answer.

"I'm not going to be got by any tricks," he frowned, with ineloquent significance.

"You don't suppose *I'm* going to kiss you under the mistletoe, do you?" I snapped back.

"Because if any tricks *are* played," said Bickerstaff, "*someone'll* get a surprise!"

### *The Never-Been Kissed Man*

Before we retired to dream of Santa Claus I warned my sister of the surprise in store for her.

"Don't you believe it," she laughed. "*I* won't be the one to get the shock!"

In due course Christmas Day dawned, with all its presents and permissions. I was up before Bickerstaff and I lingered near his door expecting to see him emerge in chain armour, with visor well down. As a matter of fact, I was not the only one who hovered. My sister began hovering almost as soon as I did, and when I was about to address her she put her fingers to her lips.

"Sh!" she whispered. "Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas!" I whispered back. "What's the idea?"

THE idea began to dawn the next instant. Another girl approached. Then another. And then another. They all had their fingers to their lips, and they all whispered, "Sh! A Merry Christmas!"

"Sherry Christmas," I muttered. "I say—you're not going to——?"

I stopped short. There was a sound behind Bickerstaff's door. I listened anxiously for the click of a pistol.

Two more girls hurried up. There were now half-a-dozen, of all ages and in all stages. Bickerstaff's door creaked again, as they ranged themselves on either side. Then it opened, and Bickerstaff came out.

"What's this?" he gasped, as he saw the army.

The army did not waste words. It descended upon him, and enfolded him, and bore him away.

"Merry Christmas!" exclaimed a voice in my ear—the voice of the Oxford undergraduate. "What's up?"

"They've got Bickerstaff," I replied. "Merry Christmas!"

He joined me. We followed the struggling procession along the hall and down the wide, gaily decorated staircase. At the foot of the stairs, beneath a mistletoe-obliterated electric light fitting, was the spot of sacrifice. Here the procession halted.

"Help!" yelled its middle.

"There is no help for you, wicked young man," replied my sister, sepulchrally, "unless you abjectly apologise for your aspersions on our sex."

"Let me go!" shouted Bickerstaff.

"The prisoner is found guilty!" boomed my sister. "Leave him to me!"

The procession dissolved, and all at once Bickerstaff found himself under the mistletoe alone with a girl. She threw her arms round him and gave him a hearty kiss.

"There!" she cried.

"And there!" retorted Bickerstaff, exultingly holding her tightly. "Now, at last, for the time of my lonely life!"

It was a minute-and-three-quarters before the procession was able to save my sister. When she was rescued she bore the traces of 127 Bickerstaffian salutes.

She was the first to agree that Bickerstaff had won.

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HONEY
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*Little Dolly Daydream*

YOU'RE THE CREAM IN MY COFFEE
*To Know You is to Love You*

THAT'S YOU BABY
*I'll see you again*

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10 for 6d.—20 for 11½d. Plain or CORK Tips. COUPONS ALSO IN EVERY PACKET OF B.D.V. TOBACCO 11d. PER OZ.

# FINIS

## by M.O. SALE

THEY called him The Ghoul [said my little South American friend, Miguel Espinosa] those few who really knew him among the habitués of the Casino of Del Joya, that sunny hell on the Pacific Coast whither come the wealthy ones of Montevideo and Rio and Buenos Ayres to love, and laze, and gamble, and play.

To the casual visitor he would appear just what he desired to appear, an easy-going man of the world, too wise to gamble at the tables himself, but tolerant of the speculations of others. . . . Ah, my friend, how deceptive are appearances! He was a cold-blooded one, that ghoul. But listen, and I will tell you.

The majority of those who come to the tables at Del Joya are rich men to whom the loss of so many thousand pesos is not a calamity. But now and then one meets another type, the young fool who has come into easy money, the crazed one who has devised a new method of infallible accuracy to beat the bank, the poor wretch who has wasted a fortune on the gambling madness and comes to Del Joya for a last mad fling against Fate.

The Ghoul's system was quite simple. He wormed his way into the confidence of his victims. He wrung their secrets out of them. And then, hey presto, he gambled against them! . . . Always he won.

"One cannot help winning," he confided to me once after he had satisfied himself that I was to be trusted. "It is impossible to cheat Fate as these poor mad ones seek to do. The dice are loaded. The mood is wrong. The nerves are unstrung. One needs poise, balance, to gamble successfully. If one needs desperately to win, then to win is impossible. It is the Law. For twenty years I have watched and seen. I am telling you that which I know."

*The Casino at Del Joya was a gay place, but it staged many a tragedy, too*

What The Ghoul did *not* tell me, though I knew it from other sources, was that he not only traded on the madness of his victims, but definitely encouraged them in it. Nature had dowered him with a kindly face. Never, my friend, had Nature been in a more cynical mood.

* * *

THERE came to Del Joya a young fellow from one of the small Republics whose father had died leaving him heir to a fortune at twenty-one. He had a sister, too, but she apparently had not been considered. All had gone to the boy unfettered, and the usual thing had happened. There had been racing, speculation, stage ventures, and a thousand other follies. And now here he was at Del Joya with his last 20,000 pesos. His name was Del Monte.

I do not know for certain if it was his intention at the beginning to risk everything on one final throw, but from the moment The Ghoul's vulture eye spotted him I knew that his fate was sealed.

I was in the Casino when the culmination of the drama arrived. The boy came in about 9 o'clock. His face was flushed and his hand shook as he took his place at the table and bought his chips.

The Ghoul, looking for all the world like a benignant uncle, sat next him. It was not his habit to gamble in person on these occasions. He had a shadow—a wizened old man called Caso, a former victim, whom he kept for this special purpose. Caso sat opposite where he could watch his master's eye for instructions and stake accordingly. . . . Oh yes, my friend, it was a prettily staged performance, and, if you had not known, you would never have suspected.

The boy watched for half an hour before staking anything. Then I saw his nervous hand fumbling with his chips. The Ghoul did not advise him. He never advised on these occasions. He only had to wait and watch. The boy had a gamble on red. Probably his mentor had advised him to stick to the even chances, for that suited his own purpose best. . . . Caso's eyelids just lifted. Then he staked an equal sum of money on black. Black came up.

The boy winced at this early setback. About a tenth of his total capital had vanished at a stroke. He fidgeted and bit his lip. What was he to do next? He hesitated, and missed the next spin of the wheel. Again black came up.

That decided him. Another 2,000 pesos went on black. Red was the winning colour. Again the boy missed a spin through indecision. Red again came up. "Ah, they go in couples," he said, and plunged on black. Red came up for the third time in succession. He decided to follow red. This time, however it was black.

So the wretched farce went on, and only once did the boy do right. Just once, my friend, in the twelve stakings it took to dissipate his whole capital! His hot face paled to a ghastly grey, his mouth hung open limply, and he shivered, so that hardened gamblers glanced at him with interest, and one or two even with compassion. Twenty thousand pesos lost in a dozen throws with Fate! And The Ghoul had netted exactly the same amount.

The boy got up. The Ghoul got up too, and took his arm.

"Promise me you will do nothing rash, Del Monte," I heard him whisper. "Remember, there is always—work!"

"Work!" exclaimed the boy in bitter derision, and rushed out of the Casino.

*(Continued on page 56.)*

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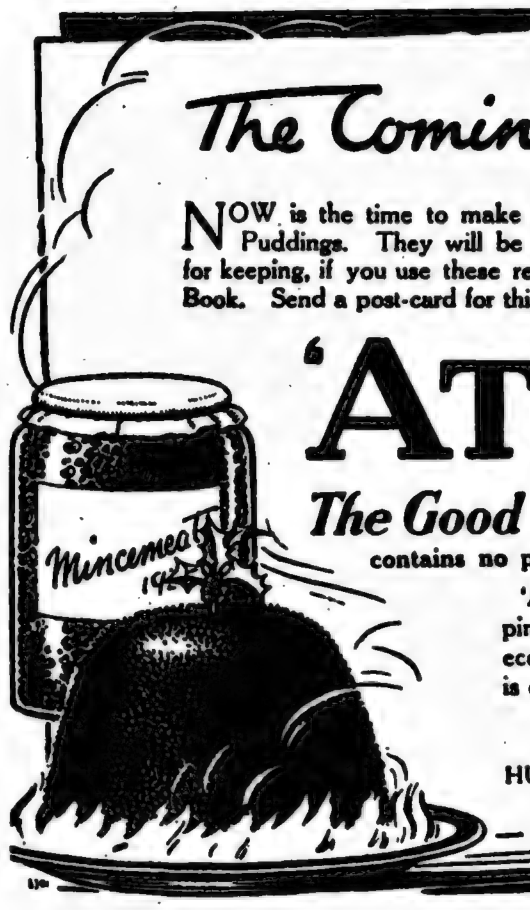

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NOW is the time to make your Mincemeat and Christmas Puddings. They will be most delicious, and all the better for keeping, if you use these recipes from the 'Atora' Cookery Book. Send a post-card for this free Recipe Book.

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contains no preservative or adulterant.

'Atora' saves all the work of chopping unprepared suet, and is more economical, because 1 lb. of 'Atora' is equal to 1½ lbs. of raw suet.

*In 2d. packets, and 4-oz., 8-oz. and 16-oz. cartons.*

HUGON & CO., Ltd., MANCHESTER.
*The originators of Refined Beef Suet.*

### Christmas Pudding.

*(Sufficient for 2 or 3 puddings.)*

1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 2 lb. Raisins. 1 lb. Currants. 1 lb. Sultanas. ½ lb. Candied Peel. ¾ lb. Sugar. 2 teaspoonsful Baking Powder. ¾ lb. Flour. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds. Rind and juice of 1 Lemon. 6 Eggs. 1 lb. Breadcrumbs. ½ Nutmeg. 1 eggspoonful Salt. Milk—sufficient to make right consistency. ¼ pint Rum.

Clean currants, stone raisins, put all the dry ingredients into a basin, blanch and chop almonds, add eggs, well beaten, grated rind of lemon, and the juice strained. Mix all thoroughly, put into greased pudding basins, cover with greased paper and steam 6 hours.

### Mincemeat.

1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1 lb. Currants. 1 lb. chopped Apples. 1 lb. Brown Sugar. 1 lb. chopped Raisins. ½ lb. Citron Peel. ½ lb. Candied Orange Peel. 1 Lemon. ¾ lb. Candied Lemon Peel. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds, blanched and chopped. ½ Nutmeg, grated. ½ teaspoonful Salt. 1 lb. chopped Sultanas. ¼ pint of Brandy or Whisky.

Dry the sultanas and currants after washing, mix all dry ingredients together after chopping. Lastly, add the grated rind and strained juice of lemon and the brandy or whisky. Mix all thoroughly. (Ingredients can be put through small mincing machine instead of being chopped).

Drawn by Leslie P. Marchant

MAC (who has been given a bottle of wine by his grocer as a Christmas present): "Thankee, Mr. Smith, and er will ye be givin' me tuppence on the bottle when I bring it back empty."

## FINIS—*(continued from page 54.)*

That night he shot himself. Next day The Ghoul bought a new car.

A year or two passed, and The Ghoul waxed fat. About £2,000 in your English money was the income he reckoned to make. I suppose he only gambled, on the average, about three or four times a year. The rest of the time was just waiting, watching, baiting the ground for prey.

HIS victims came and went. Their names and faces have left my memory, for I am not always at the tables. But then, just before Christmas, there arrived one whose personality, appearance, every little detail about him, linger vividly in my mind.

He was a boy, about twenty-one, perhaps, slim and graceful, with dark hair and eyes, an olive skin, regular features of the Græcian type, and soft delicate hands like a woman's. His name was da Guaya, and I found him reticent.

But to The Ghoul, of course, he chummed up at once and unburdened all his woes. He had been brought up in affluence, but at his father's death the lawyer had found there was very little of a once large fortune left.

Naturally, he had learned no trade, and, indeed, had not the slightest inclination for work. Better a fling at Fate, and a quick pass-out if things went wrong, than a lifetime of drudgery—that was his motto, and The Ghoul agreed with him wholeheartedly, as you can imagine.

"He is quite philosophic about it. Says it's in the blood," he confided to me. "Christmas Eve he's having his fling. He's got about 10,000 pesos, I gather."

You may be sure I was at the Casino on the appointed night. Things were in the wind which I would not have missed on any account.

The Ghoul, you must know, who had a queer distrust of banks, and liked to have his money where he could get at it quickly, kept his whole fortune in a safe at his villa in notes. You must imagine him, therefore, on this fateful evening unlocking this safe, taking out the exact sum he wanted, passing it surreptitiously to Caso in the quiet street, and then strolling leisurely down to the Casino, which he entered smiling benignantly like the excellent man he was.

Da Guaya was late in arriving, but he, too, came in at last and took the seat next The Ghoul, which the latter had kept for him. Caso, inconspicuous as ever, sat opposite, watching unobtrusively for his master's signals.

From the very first I fancy The Ghoul was uneasy at the way the boy played. Certainly I have never seen play like it under similar circumstances. He had a light-hearted, almost jocular air about him, as though, far from the result being a matter of life and death, he had not a care in the world.

He did not even wait to see how the colours were running before he began, but, with the casual remark, "Red's a pretty colour, isn't it?" put 1,000 pesos on it. Caso, receiving the signal, put the same on black. Red came up.

MY friend, never in my long experience of the Casinos of the world have I seen such play as followed that night. The boy could simply do no wrong. He seemed to observe no system, just planking down his money as fancy dictated, but always winning—winning—winning!

The Ghoul's 10,000 pesos vanished in a twinkling, and Caso sat back saturnine and unsmiling. He had no love for his master, had Caso, to whom indeed he was only bound by some rash oath or peculiar obstinacy of his own. Presently the Bank sent out for reserves, but still the boy went on winning. Notes and gold to an incredible amount lay piled in a heap before him. Everybody else stopped gambling, wondering how it would all end.

And then, suddenly, the boy pushed back his chair.

"Enough," he said quietly, though his eyes danced with triumph, and began stuffing notes in his pockets.

Congratulations poured in upon him, but he waved them aside.

"My head is going round and round," he said. "I will go straight back to my hotel."

The Ghoul, who was simply stupefied, came with us. The loss of 10,000 pesos was a blow, but it was the shattering of his faith in his system which shook him worst.

We parted outside the boy's hotel, and I went for a walk by the seaside to cool my fevered brain.

The Ghoul went home, and no one saw him alive again, for, when he came to his so snug villa, he found the safe broken open and every centavo of his life's savings gone.

AND the boys? Oh SHE (yes, my my friend, she was poor young Del Monte's forgotten sister), she got safely across the frontier that Christmas morning and was never heard of again.

And how did she come to plan this so surprising coup? How did she find out where The Ghoul kept his money? How did she open the safe? How, indeed, came she to Del Joya at all?

. . . My little friend Miguel Espinosa shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah, my friend, we are a patient people, we Latins. We can wait, but we do not forget. Perhaps I myself had a score to settle with The Ghoul. Perhaps the poor Caso, bound to an evil Fate by the chains of his own folly one dreadful Christmas years ago, was my own dear brother."

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# A merry Christmas thanks to Cassell's Tablets! .... *going strong at 2-30 am.!*

## Mother joins in the fun again!

**Eats all the food she likes, joins in the fun, keeps it up till after midnight! Yet she had been a complete wreck till she took Dr. Cassell's Tablets! Others may fail, but Cassell's succeed, because they do good in three ways. They act on nerves, digestion and blood. And they are nourishment as well as a tonic. They nourish the nerves, build up the digestion, and purify the blood. Instead of poor thin blood with its headaches, backaches and indigestion, Cassell's make rich red blood that carries buoyant health and vitality to every part of the body.**

### HER LETTER

**"For many years I have been a wreck suffering from headaches, backaches, nerves, sleeplessness and indigestion. Then all by chance my husband was told of your Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I have only been taking them little more than a fortnight, and I am quite a happy strong woman. This Xmas I was able to go out and enjoy myself with my husband and children, and keep up with them in every way, even going strong at 2.30 a.m."**

**Mrs. A. LANHAM, 49, Manson Road, Mill Hill, Cambridge.**

*1/3 & 3/-*

**For Headaches, Neurasthenia, Nerve Fatigue, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Neuritis, Indigestion, Palpitation, Flatulence, Anæmia.**

*A Veno Product.*

# CASSELL'S TABLETS

# THE HAUNTED HALF-MILE

BY GEOFFREY WILLIAMSON

*It was the most nerve-racking walk Witherspoon ever experienced*

WITHERSPOON had always considered his nerves to be without flaw, but he is willing to admit that they were taxed to their uttermost on the Christmas Eve that he traversed the Haunted Half-mile between Pott's Corner and the Lone Lane Inn.

Pott's Corner is a tiny hamlet, tucked away behind the Sussex Downs, and the "Haunted Half-mile" is a narrow gully following the line of an ancient wall which skirts one ridge of the rolling hills.

It is a crooked half-mile, and on this particular Christmas Eve it was also a Stygian half-mile, while an icy, impenetrable mist had crept in from the sea, knitting itself to the contour of the hills in ghostly folds.

Witherspoon undertook the walk for a wager. His friends Jermyn, Peterson and Grimes had goaded him into it, promising to pay a guinea apiece should he accomplish the journey through the gully after dark. Discussed over drinks in the cosy bar-parlour of the Lone Lane Inn it had sounded absurdly simple; yet when Witherspoon trudged to Pott's Corner for the start he began to feel less sure of himself.

However, there was nothing in the terms of the wager to debar him from taking a dog with him, so he was accompanied by his fox-terrier, "Snooker" on a lead—an abbreviated lead. Witherspoon felt happier that way.

Grimes, whose duty it was to act as official starter, seemed to sense Witherspoon's uneasiness; and he could afford to gloat as he was going round by the road to join the others at the Lone Lane Inn.

"I wouldn't be in your shoes, old man!" was his encouraging comment as they parted at the entrance to the gloomy gully.

Witherspoon laughed.

"Don't worry," he replied. "The ordeal might be too much for you and the others; but it won't trouble me. What's half a mile, anyway, even if there were ghosts at every yard? Why, I'll be comfortably sipping hot punch at the 'Lone Lane' while you're still plodding round the roads!

He plunged doggedly into the gully and set off at a swinging pace. But soon he was obliged to shorten his stride, for the uneven ground made the going difficult.

The great thing, he reflected, was to keep his thoughts in check; so he began earnestly to go over the multiplication tables in his head. But by some unaccountable caprice he found it impossible to concentrate, and as the mist closed in upon him in an enveloping sheath, his thoughts strayed involuntarily to the legend of the Haunted Half-mile.

He had heard it unfolded a hundred times, but always round crackling log fires in the hospitable bar parlour of the Lone Lane Inn. Even when related in an atmosphere of cheer the legend was a grim one, and Witherspoon, chilled to the bone and drenched in mist, sought resolutely to banish it from his mind.

But the deeper he plunged into the lonely gully the more intensely every detail seemed to take root in his thoughts. The legend told of a farmer and his son who had set out through the gully one dark Christmas Eve many years ago, accompanied by their dog.

As they had trudged along through the snow they had suddenly become conscious of a vague but baleful influence about them, which they had been about to attribute jestingly to their own nerves when their dog set up a sudden, uneasy whimpering.

Several times, so the legend ran, they had paused to listen, but had heard nothing save the fretful whimpering of their dog. Yet, all the time, father and son were equally conscious of the imminence of some unseen influence.

Then, out of the swirling snow had come some unknown, half-glimpsed horror, shapeless yet menacing. At daybreak the farmer's son had been found wandering aimlessly through the snowdrifts, a white-haired gibbering wreck. But of the farmer or his dog there was no trace; they had disappeared completely and had never been seen again.

When the son ultimately regained his reason he could throw no light on the affair; but never again could he be persuaded to traverse that sinister hill track after dark.

FROM that day it had become known as "the Haunted Half-mile," and many yokels in the vicinity held the firm conviction that the lost farmer and his dog patrolled the path every Christmas Eve.

All these things took possession of Witherspoon's thoughts as he trudged on; and what had seemed a fantastic legend in the firelight's glow now took on gruesome reality. Yet, he reminded himself, all his searching after first-hand knowledge had been in vain. Not a soul amongst all the local inhabitants could give the legend any date or testify to having seen the alleged spectres. Each had been told of the legend by someone else, who, in turn, relied solely upon hearsay. It was doubtful if it had any foundation in fact.

And then, even while turning this more comforting thought over in his mind Witherspoon's pulses quickened as he felt "Snooker" give a sudden, vicious tug at his lead. A second later the terrier began to sniff the air and whimper.

Chilled as he was, Witherspoon felt his blood go several degrees colder as a sound which could only be interpreted as an answering whimper seemed to float faintly out of the mist, a little to his left.

He listened tensely and half thought that he heard the sound of a footfall—a light, ghostly footfall, also on his left, though seemingly emanating from mid-air and having no link with the ground

It was baffling, disconcerting, uncanny. But in spite of his present high-strung condition his brain functioned calmly. Of course! How idiotic! The straggling stone wall, fit birthplace for a thousand ghostly sounds, was only a few paces away on his left He must have been listening fearfully to echoes!

Witherspoon chuckled aloud at the sheer absurdity of it—but in the same instant he realised that there was no answering chuckle! He tried again, tensely, desperately, but without result.

AND then, before Witherspoon could grope for an alternative explanation of the phenomenon, which had clearly nothing to do with accoustics, his puzzled ears caught the indisputable sound of a low growl. It was indisputable, because "Snooker" heard it too and growled apprehensively in reply. Then came a strangled snarl, followed by faint, hastening footsteps. Then silence, while the mist swirled round in grotesque eddies.

Witherspoon could not move. He admits that at this juncture all his philosophy and common-sense seemed to forsake him. He was desperately inclined to turn back and run for Pott's Corner, but realised with a sinking feeling that he must by now be in the very heart of the gully, and therefore fully a quarter of a mile from the open whether he retired or went forward.

The stake money meant nothing to him now. He thought of his journey's end only in terms of light, warmth and companionship. The mist was atrocious; he would far rather have encountered snow. There was something clean and crisp and pure about snow; the mist was evil, drenching, dispiriting. Had he not been in the gully he would assuredly have lost his bearings: he could see nothing ahead of him: only by groping for the wall could he regain his full sense of direction.

Reassured by the long silence he moved forward once more, but with straining ears and a firmer grip upon the staff that he carried in his right hand.

(*Continued on page 60.*)

## MISS LAURA LA PLANTE,

the Famous Film Actress, says:

"Acting for the films entails a great deal of travelling, so that scenes may be 'shot' in the right surroundings. I have one constant companion on every journey—a tube of Odol—which I never forget. For me there is no other dentifrice to take its place—no understudy, in fact! And I am sure nobody who has not used Odol can realise how fragrant and refreshing it can be."

**Odol**

**1/- PER LARGE TUBE**

*British Made with British Capital.* **TOOTH PASTE**

Aldwych

---

# A MESSAGE TO MEN

## She'd Wear Her Fingers to the Bone For You—Take Her This Tonic

Scrubbing, cooking, washing! Truly a woman's work is never done. Can you wonder that sometimes she needs a tonic? And how delighted she will be when you come home with a bottle of Wincarnis for her. It is the very tonic she needs. It will do her the world of good.

All the body-building properties of the finest beef extract, the richness of red wine, vitamin malt and a wonderful hypophosphite nerve tonic. These are the ingredients of Wincarnis—the very things to do a woman good. And how happy you will be to see her looking so well—with such rosy cheeks, with such shining eyes. Take her home a bottle of Wincarnis to-night.

**WINCARNIS**

THE WINE OF LIFE

**FOR THE WOMAN WHO THINKS OF YOU**

W.D. 101 29

Aldwych

Drawn by Seymour Hurley.

"But why are you letting the other little boy do all the singing?"
"He's my latest discovery, lady, I'm 'is manager."

Drawn by Wal Lax

WIFE: "Quick, John, run downstairs. I hear a burglar."
NERVOUS HUSBAND (remembering that it's Christmas Eve): "Hush, dear, there may be something in this Santa Claus story after all."

## THE HAUNTED HALF-MILE

(Continued from page 58.)

But a dozen yards further on "Snooker" began to whimper curiously again; and whimpers that were still more curious came floating eerily from space. Witherspoon stooped and gripped his pet's moist muzzle, at the same time whispering a command for silence.

The sound of his own whisper seemed magnified to his straining ears, while certain indistinct sounds came drifting out of the mist ahead. A moment later a savage snarling broke the comparative stillness, and "Snooker," emitting a truly terrifying whine, tugged so frantically at his restricted lead that Witherspoon was forced into an involuntary run.

Man and dog both received a rude check almost immediately, however, for Witherspoon's hurrying feet caught in a deep rut and brought him crashing to the ground.

While he lay panting on hands and knees his frenzied ears caught the protesting whine of an invisible dog, mingled with stumbling and confused footfalls. His perplexed brain swirling in a nightmare of uncertain fears, Witherspoon managed to scramble slowly to his feet.

His one thought now was to get out of the gully as quickly as possible, so he plunged desperately on. "Snooker" was panting noisily and whimpering in a most disconcerting manner at every few yards; but Witherspoon could not be sure whether the ghostly echoes that were not echoes also continued.

He only knew that he gulped with relief when he presently blundered round a bend in the gully and realised that he was at last in the open.

Presently the lights of the Lone Lane Inn showed dimly through the relentless mist, and the sight acted as something of a stimulant to his harassed nerves.

Standing there, near the end of the gully, with the winking lights of the inn just discernible, he tried to think rationally. Had it all been imagination?

"Anyway," he mused with a sigh, "I know one thing. I wouldn't go through that gully again to-night for a fortune!"

SO, feeling immensely relieved that the ordeal was past, he pushed forward at a leisurely pace, and as he emerged out of the mist into the little circle of light shed from the Lone Lane Inn he saw that his three friends were standing together in the doorway, waiting to welcome him.

With a desperate effort he pulled himself together and waved his hand in a flourish of bravado.

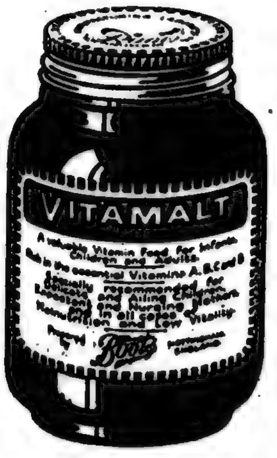
"Hello!" he called lustily. "Thought I'd never do it, eh. Get ready to hand over the stakes!"

"S . . . sh! Don't make a noise, old man!" called Peterson softly. "There's a fellow just got in ahead of you who's in a dead faint. Got lost on the downs in the mist and has been groping his way along the wall on the wrong side with his dog.

"Must have heard you and Snooker coming along the gully and taken you for the spooks! He's in a bad way! D'ye mind popping back through the gully to Pott's corner for a doctor? You'll probably find your way quicker than either of us. Why, what . . ."

He broke off suddenly and rushed forward, Jermyn following at his heels.

For Witherspoon had fainted, too!



# VITAMALT

*A valuable vitamin food for infants, children and adults.*

## WHY VITAMINS?

A sufficient supply of vitamins is essential for good health, otherwise many ailments and disorders—now classified as deficiency diseases—will arise. Lack of Vitamin A is very serious in children, as growth is arrested, and resistance to infectious disease is considerably lowered. Absence of sufficient Vitamin B leads to loss of appetite, loss of weight, anæmia, etc. Scurvy arises as a result of deficiency in Vitamin C. Vitamin D is the growth-promoting Vitamin and in the absence of this important factor, children may develop rickets.

Vitamin D is essential to the formation of healthy bone and good teeth.

FOR PERFECT HEALTH ALL THE VITAMINS MUST BE PRESENT IN THE DIET.

## WHAT IS VITAMALT?

Vitamalt is a well-balanced food giving a plentiful supply of Vitamins A, B, C and D. To those unable to take Cod-Liver Oil, Vitamalt will be especially welcome, as it supplies those Vitamins—A and D—upon which the value of Cod-Liver Oil depends.

Vitamalt contains a tasteless oil, ensuring a good supply of Vitamin A—the anti-infective vitamin—Extract of Malt and a yeast extract—supplying Vitamin B, while Vitamin C is introduced by the addition of fresh orange juice. A higher percentage of Vitamin D than that offered by Cod-Liver Oil is obtained by the addition of irradiated Ergosterol.

This combination of Vitamins in Vitamalt provides a supply adequate for children and adults, and is easily assimilated and pleasant to take.

*Specially recommended for delicate children and for expectant and nursing mothers*

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"CHEMISTS TO THE NATION"
OVER 850 BRANCHES IN GREAT BRITAIN

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO., LTD., NOTTINGHAM.

# THE SENTIMENTAL SEX

By PEARKES WITHERS

*A comedy of Christmas Eve in which sentiment plays an important part*

THE small electric torch was extinguished a fraction of a second before the drawing-room door was flung open, and the man who held the torch pocketed it and made a hasty movement with his right hand in the darkness.

There followed a click as the switch near the door was depressed, flooding the room with light, and then the man behind the table in the bay-window gasped—and gaped. A girl was standing in the doorway, tall, slim, graceful, and very self-possessed; and in her hand was a small but efficient-looking revolver.

"If you move, I'll shoot!" she said calmly. "What are you doing here?"

"Only just come in out of the snow, miss," said the man behind the table with a feeble attempt at levity. "You didn't 'arf give me a shock!"

"Come away from behind that Christmas-tree," she commanded. "I can't see you properly."

"You said you'd shoot if I moved," said the man.

"I'll shoot if you don't! I want to see your face."

It was a small oval table behind which the man was lurking, and upon it, in a pot covered with crêpe paper, stood an imposing young fir-tree, its branches weighed down with little toys, socks of net filled with sweets, coloured candles in miniature Chinese lanterns, glass ornaments of German origin, and tinsel.

The man stepped away from the table, fascinated either by the girl in blue silk marocain who faced him, or by the weapon she held so steadily in her hand.

She regarded him critically. His eyes were small and set close together; his hair was red, and looked as though it had been too often cropped to be able to lie down. His nose reminded her of a pug dog's, and his chin was blue, although, evidently, it had been shaved that day. He was dressed shabbily in black, and a dilapidated cap was upon his head.

"You called me 'miss,'" she said severely. "I am both a wife and a mother!"

"Must ha' started very young, then, miss," ventured the man.

"Don't keep calling me 'miss'!" she snapped. "My name is Mrs. Saunderson. What's yours?"

"B—Binks, miss—Joseph James Binks. Perishin' cold it is outside—and snowin' hard. And—er—and it's Chris'mus Eve."

"Thanks for the information," she retorted icily. "Which of it is your excuse for breaking into my house?"

Joseph James Binks blinked. It had occurred to him that she was a remarkably cool customer, and he abandoned his original intention of defying her weapon and making a dive for the window behind him, although he had left it open.

"As a matter o' fact," he said ingratiatingly, "it was this 'ere Chris'mus tree!"

Her blue eyes opened incredulously.

"The Christmas tree, Joseph?" said she. "Keep still, please—what are you fumbling about for? I hate to imitate the films, but I think you'd better put your hands up. Yes, I *mean* it—go on!"

Joseph James Binks, without any undue reluctance, raised a pair of grimy hands above his head. Whereupon the blue eyes of young Mrs. Saunderson opened still wider. For in his right hand he was clutching a little dressed doll, flaxen-haired, pink-skirted, and very round-cheeked.

He shifted his grip on the doll as though ashamed to be caught with it in his possession—and Mrs. Saunderson's gaze immediately embraced the top of the Christmas tree. The top of the Christmas tree was bare—the fairy doll was missing from it!

She laughed, rather harshly.

"This is the real Christmas touch!" she cried. "Naturally you look perfectly ridiculous, but I'm sure it's intended to be quite pathetic. Shall *I* tell *you* your sad story—or will you tell it to me?"

"Madam," said Joseph James reprovingly, "it's easy to mock at sentiment—if you 'aven't got a 'eart!"

"Oh, I'm quite fond of Dickens," she informed him coldly, "but if you're *really* a married man with a little girl for whom you coveted that doll, why did you call me 'miss' after I had told you I was a wife and mother?"

Joseph James tilted his head and tried to look languishingly at her.

"You seem so young," he said, "and you are so beautiful. I'm sure you've got a nice character."

"I'm positive you haven't! If you'd been young and tall and handsome, Joseph James Binks, the story you want to tell might have impressed me. But you're short, and thick-set, and ugly—and I believe you're slightly bandy. Come out into the middle of the room!"

HE blinked and coughed and moved across the Axminster carpet, still holding aloft the fairy doll, to a spot indicated by her left forefinger. His legs, as she had suspected, were inclined to bow. She surveyed him with complete disapproval, and shook her head.

"Lady," he said earnestly, "appearances was always deceptive. It's Chris-mus Eve, and——"

The sound of a key in the lock of the front door caused him to break off abruptly.

"My husband," said young Mrs. Saunderson. "It's rather a pity he's come home—he's so sentimental!"

Presumably the front door had opened, since suddenly it was closed with a bang that reverberated through the house.

(*Continued on page 64.*)

## *The Secret of Good Xmas Fare*

## —BE GENEROUS with the Currants.

More Currants used in the Christmas cooking means better, plumper, fruitier puddings, cakes and pies. For Currants are full of juicy, fruity flavour and are the *most nourishing of all dried fruits.* That's why you should be generous with them. Currants are so good for everybody, too. Besides their energising sugars they contain valuable mineral salts of potash and lime and these prevent acid conditions arising in the blood and body tissues. For the sake of good health and good cheer—use plenty of currants.

## Currants

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**100 BRANCHES PLYMOUTH TO INVERNESS**

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## Welcome Always!

A favourite with all—young and old alike! Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy is Britain's Supreme Liqueur, with a 100 years' reputation.

*In bottles, half-bottles, quarter-bottles, flasks, & "Baby Grants" (miniatures).*

Most licensed houses keep it—all can get it. If any difficulty, write Grant's, Maidstone.

## GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

*Sweet or Dry*

**BRITAIN'S SUPREME LIQUEUR**

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## —And now glance through the Advertisements.

*When replying to the excellent offers made by our Advertisers it is very important to write clearly, give full name and complete postal address. Send Postal or Money Orders and always register Treasury Notes so that a record of your transaction is thus kept.*

*Drawn by Herbert Helps.*

VILLAGE POSTMAN (who has had a narrow escape, to local road-hog): "Sarves ye right!—it's yer own Christmas parcel ye've squashed!"

## THE SENTIMENTAL SEX

(*Continued from page* 62.)

Footsteps sounded in the hall without—footsteps none too certain. Something fell.

"D——!" said a masculine voice with violence; and then into the drawing-room there came a young man, tall, handsome, wearing his bowler hat on the back of his head, and blinking in the brilliance.

His overcoat was mantled with snow; his boots were covered with slush, some of which trickled on to the carpet; and in one hand he was carrying a stick on which he leaned heavily for support, while in the other he carried by the neck a turkey that looked as though it had been left out in the weather for quite a period.

"Frank!" exclaimed young Mrs. Saunderson reproachfully.

"Merry Chrishmus," said the newcomer, and stared. "W'a'sh all this 'bout? Whoosh your frien'? Don't think I know him! And wash you got my gun for? O—o—h! Burglar, is it? I shee it all. Burglar! How do, burglar?"

It was an awkward moment for young Mrs. Saunderson, and, in a way it was an awkward moment for Joseph James Binks as well, standing there before another member of his own sex with a fairy doll held ceilingwards.

"Where have you been, Frank?" demanded young Mrs. Saunderson in a still small voice.

"All over shop," was the comprehensive reply. "Shay, Mabel, ole thing—whatcher doin' with that gun?"

"I'm holding up this man," said young Mrs. Saunderson. "I think you had better go to bed."

"I think I berrer *not* go bed! I'm head o' this house, I am, an' I wanter know whatcher doin', entertainin' stranger. W'a'sh he holdin' that doll for? Looks so dam' silly! W'a'sh all about? Sit down, burglar—make 'self at home. W'a'sh yours?"

"*Frank!*"

"I'm head o' this house, I shay. Have drink, stranger?"

Joseph James Binks permitted himself the luxury of a grin.

"If I move, she shoots," he explained.

"Shoots, eh? She *can* too, me lad! Won the Roehampton Minasher Rifle Trophy las' year, she did. Fac'! Oh, yes—and I'm proud of her! You drop that dam' doll, and I'll bring you drink. Yes, I will! Now, now, Mabel, be reasonable—let a fellow have a drink! Shoot him af'wards, tha'sh what I say!"

"Go to bed!" thundered young Mrs. Saunderson, "I'm ashamed of you, Frank. This is a common burglar, and I caught him in here, and now you—you're offering him——"

"I'sh Chrishmas Eve. Peace an' good will, and all that sorter thing. And he—I shay, ole thing, you can't shoot him for pinchin' a doll! 'Sides, he hasn't got away with it. An' look what *I* found! Turkey—tha'sh what it is. Turkey! Lyin' out in the front garden in shnow near gate, all lonely an' cold, and mis'ble. Abandoned by's parents! Orphan! So I brought it in—do for Boxing Day, what?"

"It's my turkey," said Joseph James Binks mildly.

"Your turkey, ole man? Goo' gracious—then *I'm* thief! Wha'sh he holdin' that dam' doll for? Sit down!"

Joseph James looked wistfully at young Mrs. Saunderson, who bit her lip. There seemed to be complications.

"All right," she said finally. "Sit down then, Joseph. Frank, I'm ashamed that my husband should come home in such a state and let me down before a common housebreaker."

"Not a housebreaker 't all," protested her husband. "Hasn't broken the house—and I got his turkey. Oh, dam' that doll!"

He lurched forward, dropped the turkey on the carpet, and sent the fairy doll flying into the fireplace. Joseph James realised that he had now an excellent opportunity of making for the window, since the tall young man was between himself and the revolver. But instead of making for the window he made for a big and very comfortable chair near the fireplace, and sat down in it.

Frank Saunderson eyed his wife with stern disapproval, then turned and eyed Joseph James Binks with sympathy.

"I'sh Chris'mus Eve," he said somewhat thickly, "and the shnow lies on the groun', thick an' crisp, an' even—added to which I've got his turkey! Lemme give him a drink, darlin'." And he wandered, a trifle uncertainly, towards the door.

"I think I'd better tell my story," ventured Joseph James. "You see, it happens to be a true one."

"Don't you bother, ole chap," urged Mr. Saunderson with a wave of the hand that still held the rush-bag. "Won't be a bit interestin' if i'sh true."

But Joseph James was not to be denied.

"There's a street lamp out there," he said. "By the gate. And the curtains in that window haven't been drawn. I saw this lady dressin' the Chris'mus tree, and I saw the doll she put on the top of it. I promised my little girl kid a doll—and all the shops were shut."

Frank Saunderson nodded vigorously.

"All shut!" he endorsed. "Pash time! Never mind, whatcher havin'—whisky, port, brandy, or beer?"

"Thank you kindly," responded Joseph James with gratitude. "I'll have a glass of ale, since you ask me. You see, the lights went out, and the house was in darkness, jest as I was a-passin' on. I'd won the turkey—in a raffle down at the 'Swan and Sugarloaf,' s'welp me, I had. I left it jest inside the gate, and I found the window unfastened. Thought everybody was in bed——"

"Shame," said young Mr. Saunderson feelingly. "*Oughter* been in bed, Mabel. I'll get drinks!"

Young Mrs. Saunderson backed to the door and closed it with an elbow, still brandishing the revolver.

"So you climbed in and helped yourself to the doll?" she suggested with sarcasm.

"Solemn fact I did," nodded Joseph James. "Hadn't I got it in me hand when you finds me here?"

"Mabel," said young Mr. Saunderson with excessive dignity, "you're cold-hearted—tha'sh what you are—cold-hearted! And disbelievin', too! I c'n see that poor l'il girl child of our frien's waitin' fash ashleep in her li'l old cot, with her l'il old stockin' hanging on bed-post, waitin' for fairy doll. Mush have fairy doll! Mos' pa—pathetic! Tears your heart-strings, doesn't it? No? Well—does mine! Mos' pa—pathetic! An' you wanter shoot him! Shoot kind-hearted father! Grosshly unfair! Shoot *me—I* got *his* turkey!"

"I don't want the turkey," said Joseph James sadly and with a shake of his ugly head. "I only want the doll. What does a turkey matter to a child, compared with a fairy doll?"

Young Mr. Saunderson nodded his distinct approval.

"And wha'sh fairy doll matter to men like us compared with a drink?" he demanded. "Beer—you said beer? And I said whisky, didn't I? I'll get 'em!"

(*Continued on page 66.*)

# A Cordial Invitation

THE "John Bull" Xmas Annual by reason of its excellent value, has won for itself the popularity of all classes of people, and it is certain that this year's issue is assured of its usual wide welcome.

Of special importance, and perhaps one of the most marked contributions towards its success, is the support given by many well-known advertisers whose announcements appear throughout the issue. Many old advertisers renew their acquaintance — and there are some new ones too!

An invitation is, therefore, extended to all readers of the "John Bull" Xmas Annual to look through the advertisement pages which are full of interest.

They may provide a welcome solution to a difficulty that often presents itself at this very moment, as to what to buy for Christmas gifts. It's a peculiar thing, but we all seem to be fellow sufferers from this extraordinary complaint! Veritably a shop window are the offers made in this issue, and your choice and undivided attention can be directed in the comfort of your own chair and in perfect ease.

It is of great interest to find that the "John Bull" Xmas Annual is the means of bringing together so many of the buying public and the sellers of good goods and good service. You have only to go through the advertisement pages when suggestions are presented to both sexes and all ages.

Of course, every care is taken to ensure that no reader of the "John Bull" Xmas Annual suffers any disappointment or loss through any of the goods purchased from advertisers' announcements appearing in it. That is why the "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 32.

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*of a*

**WONDERFUL REMEDY**

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Buy a packet of 5 "Eclipse" Blades from your usual supplier. If you are not entirely satisfied, return the Blades direct to the makers and your 1/8 will be refunded.

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# SANE SEX BOOKS

IF ever there was a time when informative teaching was needed on the subject of marital relationships, it is NOW. Our newspapers bear evidence to the fact that many people who commence married life with prospects of success and happiness end up by being wrecked on rocks of ignorance. Is it not strange that we arm ourselves with a variety of knowledge of ordinary concerns of life, yet in matters affecting our highest destiny we remain in utter ignorance? It is high time that the searchlight of truth was focused upon this subject, and this the authors of the volumes listed below do with accuracy and precision.

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| **WISE WEDLOCK (BIRTH CONTROL)** By Dr. G. Courtenay Beale. Treating the subject frankly, fully, but without erotism. | 6/9 |
| **THE REALITIES OF MARRIAGE** By Dr. G. Courtenay Beale. A Complete Guide to Marriage and Parenthood ... ... ... | 6/9 |
| **INTIMATE LETTERS TO HUSBANDS AND WIVES** By Dr. G. Courtenay Beale. Nothing like these studies of human relationship has ever appeared in print. | 6/9 |
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Full of important information and advice.
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A wonderful book of advice for the Husband of to-day and to-morrow.
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Will provide unequalled help to many bewildered young people.
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The final chapter of a wonderful survey. Every woman will be the better for the reading of this book.

**The above five volumes are all by that popular author, Dr. G. Courtenay Beale, and are offered at 1/2 each. The complete set forming an A.B.C. of the subject can be had for 5/4.**

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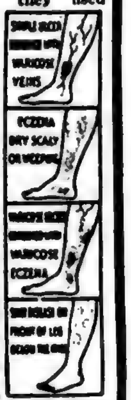
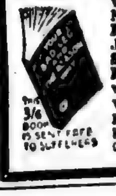
# BAD LEGS CONQUERED

**Without Rest, Relapse or Painful Operation.**

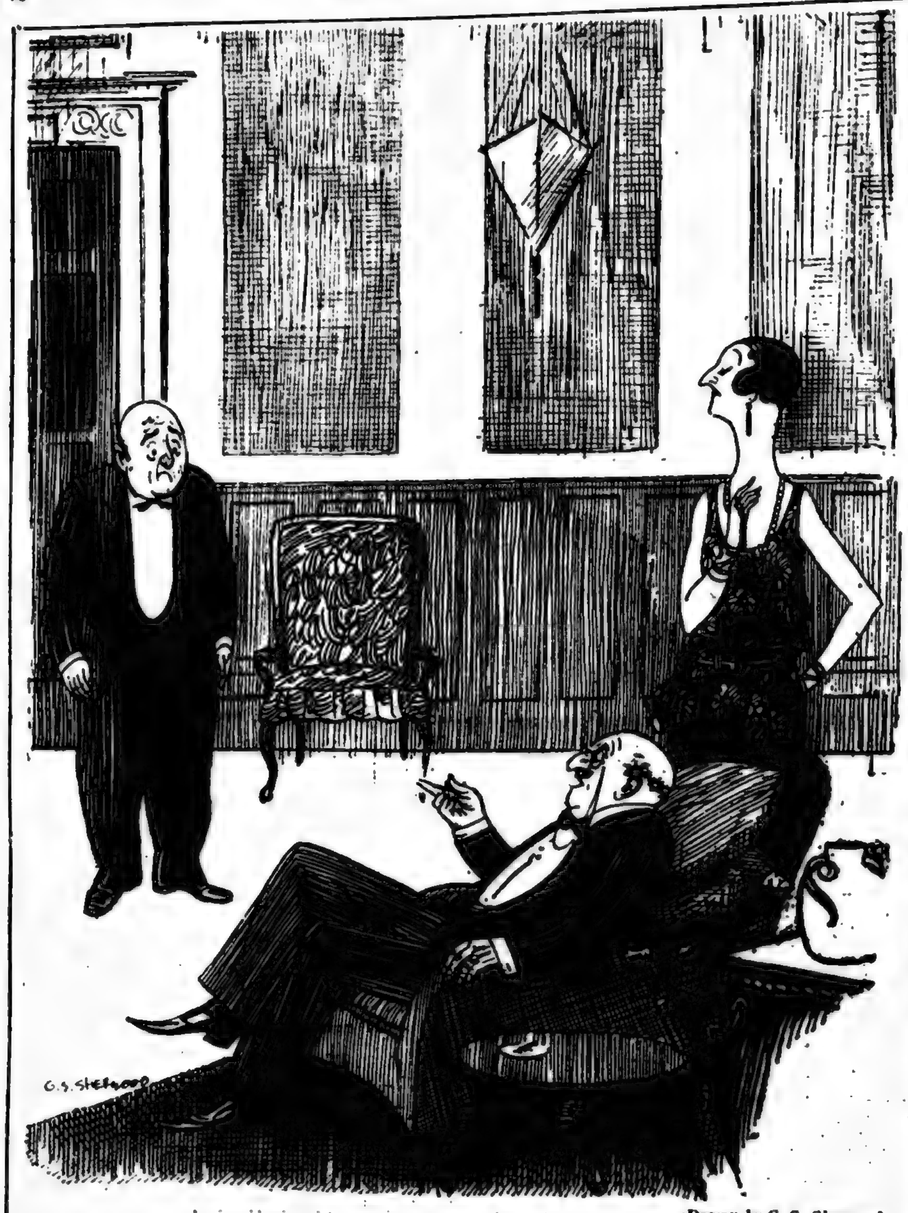


THOUSANDS of Cured Patients praise the day they used Tremol Treatment; the most successful treatment in the world for all forms of Bad Legs. With this powerful Treatment Varicose Ulcers melt away, and even when combined with Varicose Veins, disappear. Eczema vanishes. Inflammation, irritation and pain become things of the past. You conquer your leg in your own home without resting and without relapse, even if you have suffered for years and all other treatments have failed to help you. Think what Tremol means to you! No more resting your leg — No more pain—No more sleepless nights—Able to enjoy life—Better health—Your work made a pleasure.—Your legs made well and strong.

A Valuable Book entitled "Your Bad Leg and the Reason Why" gives full particulars of this powerful Treatment, teems with sound advice on all leg troubles and shows how to bring about a speedy and lasting relief. Sufferers desiring a free copy of this Book should write to-day to the **NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS** (Ward J.R.), **GREAT CLOWES ST., BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER**, and you will then receive the valuable Book (published price 3/6) by return of post, and absolutely free of all charge.



This 3/6 BOOK IS SENT FREE TO SUFFERERS



*Drawn by G. S. Sherwood.*

BLASE GENTLEMAN (to butler): "If you care to bring in a 'cracker,' Perkins, her ladyship will pull it with you."

*Drawn by Harold Beards.*

JONES (under a misapprehension): "Good gracious!—even [illegible] ing at Father Christmas now."

5 NOV 29

## THE SENTIMENTAL SEX

(*Continued from page* 64.)

He fumbled at the door-handle and lurched out into the hall. His wife turned to Joseph James Binks with a curious expression on her beautiful face.

"The window's open," she said significantly, and picking up the turkey which her husband had dropped on the carpet she tossed it full into the face of Mr. Binks. "Where you stole that bird from," she proceeded, "I can't imagine; but you can have the fairy doll—if you really want it. I think you'd better go before my husband comes back."

Joseph James got to his feet with alacrity.

"Thank you, miss," he said with emotion. "I mean, madam! You *have* got a kind heart, after all!"

"Yes," said young Mrs. Saunderson gravely. "Oh, yes. How you dodged me I don't know, but it was because my rings were missing when I went to bed that I came down again. One diamond ring, with sapphires, set in platinum, and one of plain gold with a ruby. Will you give them to me before you go? I'd sooner my husband didn't find you still here."

Joseph James Binks rubbed his blue chin, hesitated, then plunged his left hand into the left pocket of his coat.

"I didn't mention the pearl necklace," said young Mrs. Saunderson casually, "but I think you had better leave that as well, although it's only a guinea one. And that tie-pin of my husband's is rather valuable."

A NUMBER of articles were showered upon the carpet, and then a depressed and slightly bow-legged figure scrambled over the sill of the bay-window out into the snow and the night—without the turkey, or the doll!

"You see," said young Mrs. Saunderson, following him to the window, "my husband is far too sentimental at Christmas-time. But if I were you I shouldn't go out by the front gate—I telephoned for the police, from the extension in our bedroom, before I came downstairs—your footsteps were so very plain in the snow when I looked out of the window. I suppose you climbed up the drainpipe. Good-night! Merry Christmas!"

◆

## Stranger than Fiction

ALL the world enjoys a good story. Therefore all the world ought to buy JOHN BULL each week because it contains the best stories of all—True life stories by famous authors.

JOHN BULL had often heard that old tag "Truth is stranger than fiction," and one fine day he made up his mind to discover whether it was true or not.

So he asked the most famous authors of fiction to write the best tale of true life they knew.

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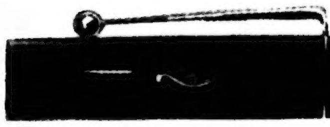
They are the very stuff of life—stark and compelling, told to you in the words of the greatest living story-tellers.

# Platignum Pens *for* Presents!

THIS YEAR there is a wider, better range of Platignum pens for you to choose from than ever before. Go to your stationer to-day, ask him to show you Platignums in their gay, attractive colours. Choose from the wide range of models, with their five entirely different nib points, the gift you think that each recipient will most appreciate. Because Platignum pens are guaranteed, each having passed extensive tests before leaving the factory, you can, with confidence, give a Platignum to your greatest friend. Platignums hold more ink than any other pen of like size. They are trouble free, and low in price. There is no better form of gift, from every point of view.

## Select your Christmas Gifts from the Platignum range—there's no pen writes so well



**Instant Flow Device**

When cap is screwed on, nib is enclosed in air-tight compartment. Thus it is always moist and ready to write. This high-price-pen-feature is found in all Platignum models.

**The 1/3 PLATIGNUM**

There are nine 1 3 Platignum models, all with fine, medium, broad, oblique or A.1. nibs. Black, Tan, Triple Wave, Blue, Green and Yellow Plain colours (as illustrated), and Green, Blue and Red Mottled (as illustrated).

1/3

2/6

**The PLATIGNUM SENIOR**

Extra large pen in Handsome Mottled Jade Green, Lapis Blue (as illustrated) and Red Marbled, also in Black. Fine, medium, broad or oblique nibs fitted.

**The A. 1. MAJOR —— with the A. 1. NIB**

The latest Platignum triumph. Super ink capacity without clumsiness. With the new shaped A.1. Nib to improve handwriting and make writing easier. In Triple Mottle (as illustrated) and Handsome Black Chased.

**The PLATIGNUM DESK SET**

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Beautiful tapering Platignum Lever-filling pen, with choice of coloured tips, and pen stand with ball joint enabling pen to be tilted at any angle. An ideal gift. Stand serves as an ash or pin tray. Pen or stand separately 2/6 each.

**PLATIGNUM WRITING SET**

Consisting of any one of the famous 1 3 Platignum pens and a Platignum Propelling Pencil to match, in handsome mottled presentation case, in variety of mottlings.

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MENTMORE MFG. CO., LTD., *Dept.* B.J.X., TUDOR GROVE, HACKNEY, LONDON, E.9.

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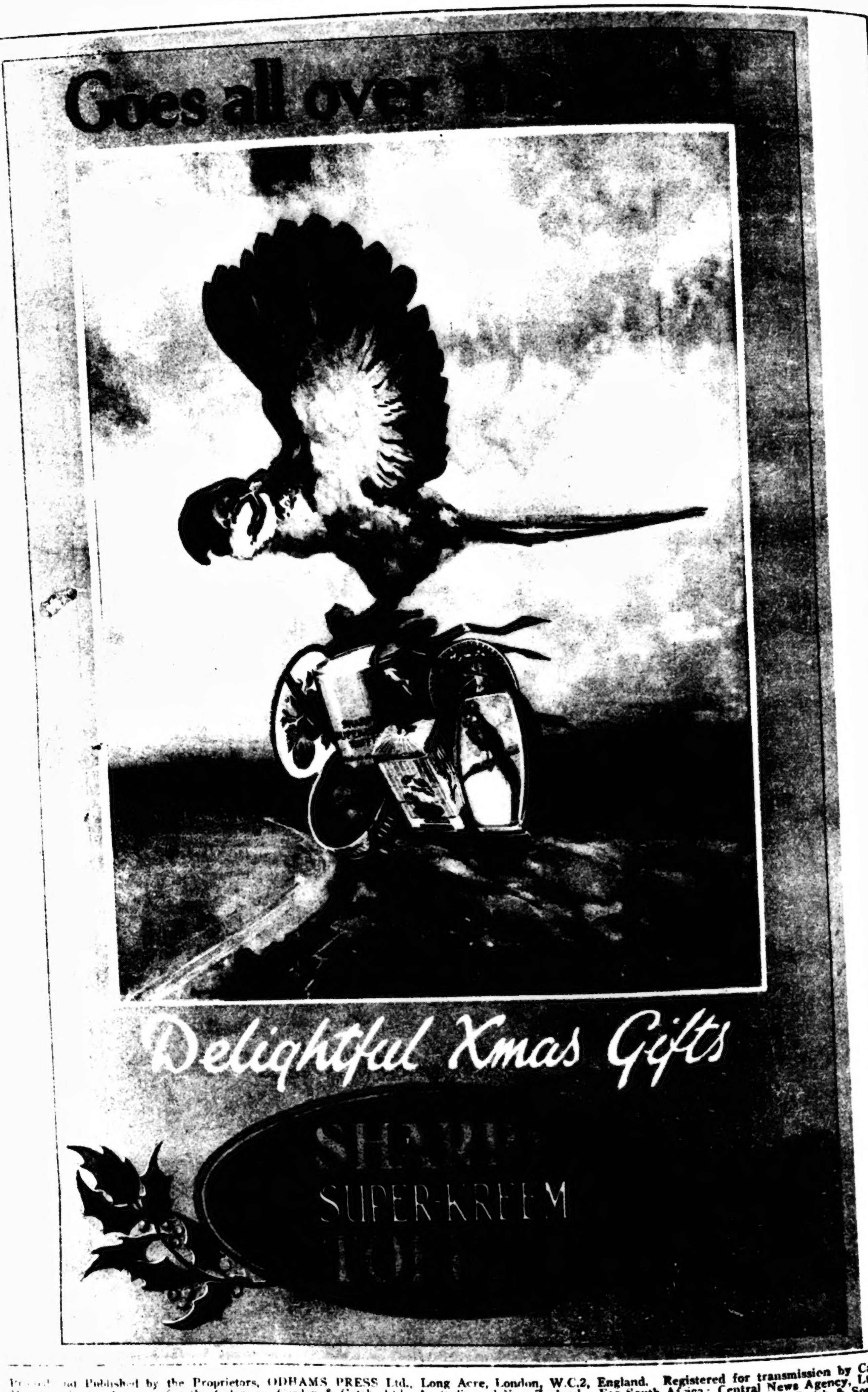

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